Changelical Hymnal





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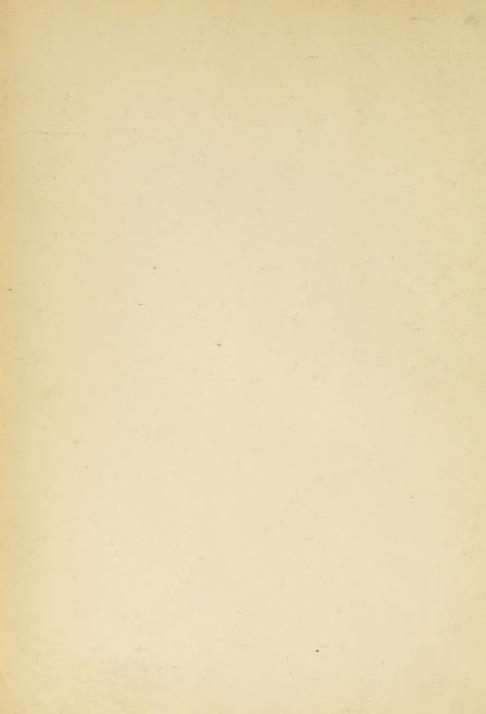
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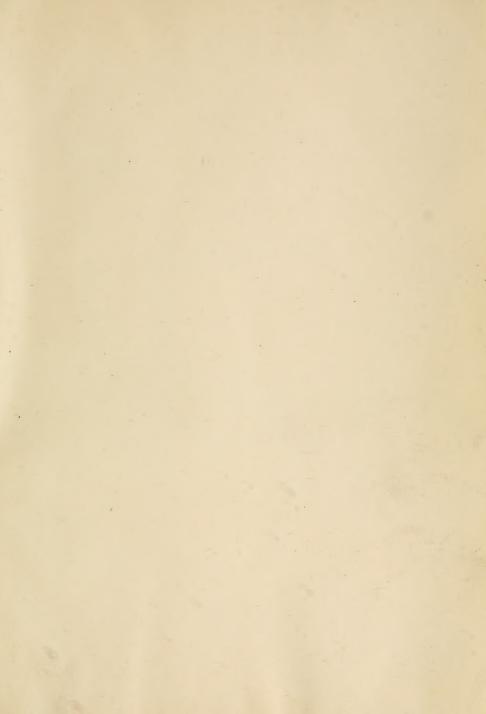
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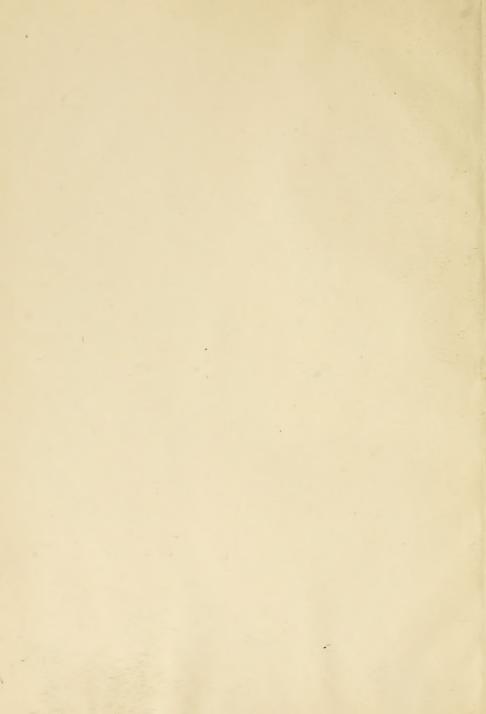
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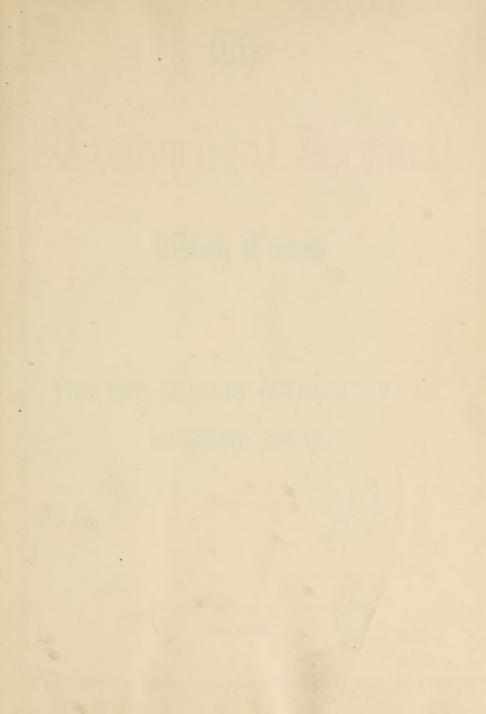
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RHymn

The

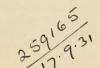
Evangelical Hymnal

With Tunes

COMPILED BY

THE REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL

SIGISMOND LASAR.



A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,

NEW YORK.

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The late Very Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., the Dean of Westminster;

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Frederic Weber, Organist of Her Majesty's German Chapel Royal, St. James Palace, London;

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PREFACE.

THE Compilers of THE EVANGELICAL HYMNAL desire briefly to set forth the reasons which have led them to add another to the many existing collections of Hymns and Tunes.

The Compilers believe:

- Ist. That the best interests of Hymnody in America have suffered through the popular use of Hymns and Tunes which perhaps have been more attractive to the ear than appropriate to the sacred offices of religion;
- 2d. That danger of a declining appreciation of the dignity and glory of God's House is to be apprehended, if the younger generation be not met with some earnest attempt to educate a taste for the highest and best forms and methods of praise;
- 3d. That the traditions of Christians in America have joined certain admirable Hymns to Tunes of less merit; and a true reformation of taste is impossible till some firm stand shall be taken against these preconceived associations of Hymns with Tunes, and in favor of a careful and reverent adaptation of worthy Hymns to Tunes of equal worth, regardless of that public sentiment which may at first declare itself unequal to the task;
- 4th. That a Book, taking this firm and definite position, would at once assert its right to be; since it would enter into no competition with Books aiming at a compromise between the good and the bad; but would stand alone, and offer to the Church a means of accomplishing a new work of radical change.

Influenced by these considerations, the Compilers have labored to secure the following ends:

I. THE HYMNS.—An unusually large reduction has been made in their number. It has been observed, that only a small proportion of the Hymns incorporated in the larger Collections are in general use; and of

these, many might well be spared; it is believed therefore that six hundred is a liberal estimate of useful Hymns for Public Worship. The effort has been to gather together the best of the old and the best of the new. Large use has been made of the writings of WATTS, the WESLEYS, DODDRIDGE, Miss Steele, Toplady, and others whose associations are with the past; and with equal freedom the compositions of Faber, How, Newman, Neale, Plumptre, Palmer, Bonar, Wordsworth and Stanley are used; while the voice of the mediæval and primitive Hymnwriters is also heard. The Compilers trust all these Hymns are "Evangelical," as expressing the devout and fervent piety of Christ's Holy Catholic Church; they do not present their Hymnal as the organ of any denominational controversy. The Hymns have been arranged after a system of subjects which appeared simple and comprehensive; and the place of the young in the worship of God is recognized by an ample selection of Hymns for Children.

II. THE TUNES.—Here is the main field of that change and reform for which the Compilers have labored. Believing the time has come for an earnest movement toward nobler adaptations than those which the Church at large has been accustomed to use, the selection of Tunes has proceeded in the line of devotional fitness combined with musical excellence. The older Tune Writers are largely represented; and among their works familiar Tunes of true merit have been retained; e.g., "Dundee," "The Old 100th," "Mear," "Winchester Old," and "New"; the German Choral writers have been frequently sought, and the whole work abounds in that Tune writing of the modern Anglican School which, in the judgment of the Compilers, has so faithfully caught the spirit of Divine Worship, and affords a vehicle for the best emotions of a congregation. The hope of effecting such a musical compromise as might secure the favor of all tastes, has never for a moment been entertained; and the fact is well considered that many may reject the music of this Book, at first sight, supposing it to be impracticable; while others, it is hoped, will suspend judgment till careful study shall have admitted them to the true meaning and value of these more sober measures. The position taken in the matter of Tunes, is in substantial harmony with that previously assumed by one of the Compilers in a smaller work now and for some years before the public, and received with increasing favor.

III. THE BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.—This portion of the work appeals to all who desire a closer fellowship with those who have furnished the

The Compilers beg to offer these suggestions relative to the use of THE EVANGELICAL HYMNAL. The successful use of this Book is conditioned on—Ist. The existence of a strong, active, industrious Chorus, (either with or without the aid of a Quartet;) guided by a zealous, Godfearing Organist and Choir-master, and receiving the earnest co-operation of the Pastor. 2d. The sympathy and support of the Congregation, who shall be willing to work at the Book in their families, and then to enter heartily into the worship of the Church.

The Compilers deem it proper to record their opinion that the unity and power of these hymns may be greatly conserved in Divine Service by the omission of the customary interludes. When, however, the use of interludes is desired, it is suggested that the same be deeply religious in their character, and studiously consistent with the spirit of the hymn.

It is earnestly hoped that this Hymnal may find its way into Schools and Colleges, and thus meet the younger generation at that period of their lives when the mind is most open to new and progressive ideas, and the heart susceptible of deep and abiding impressions.

In concluding these prefatory words, the Compilers invoke the blessing of God upon a Book, the preparation of which has for two years been to them not only a delightful toil, but a humble offering upon the altar of true religion.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., September, A.D. 1880.

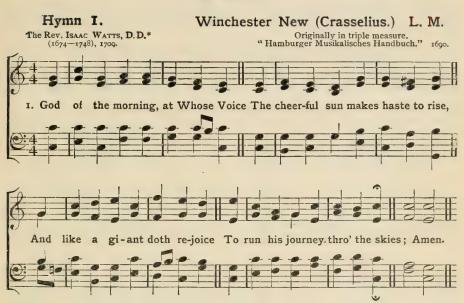
NOTE.—In publishing the Third Edition of the Evangelical Hymnal, the Compilers desire to call attention to the fact that the plates have been revised and corrected, so as to embody the results of the latest research.

October, A.D. 1883.



Evangelical Hymnal

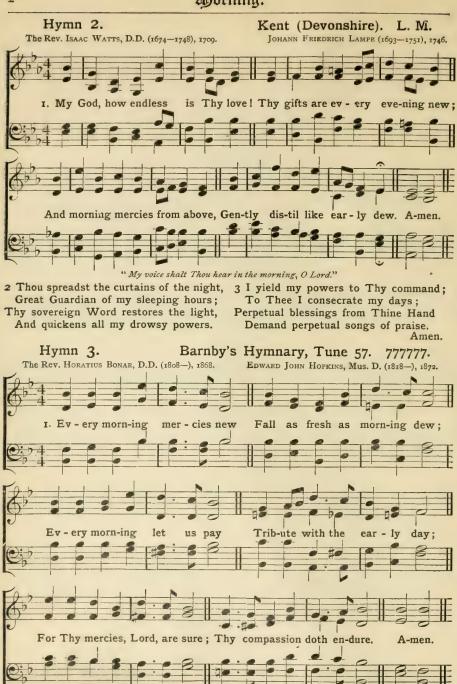
Worning.



"Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
 The circuit of his race begins;
 And, without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
 Th' appointed duties of the day,
 With ready mind and active will
 March on, and keep my heavenly way!
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race, If God, my Sun, shall disappear, And leave me in the world's wide maze To follow every wandering star.
- 5 Lord! Thy commands are clean and pure.
 Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
 Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure;
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me Thy counsel for my guide, And then receive me to Thy bliss: All my desires and hopes beside Are faint and cold, compared with this! Amen.

^{*} When the venerable poet, at the age of 74, approached his end, he expressed himself as "waiting God's leave to die," and thus he entered into rest.



" The Lord is Thy Keeper."

- 2 Still the greatness of Thy love
 Daily doth our sins remove;
 Daily, far as east from west,
 Lifts the burden from the breast;
 Gives unbought to those who pray
 Strength to stand in evil day.
- 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail, That these gifts may never fail; And, as we confess the sin

And the tempter's power within, Feed us with the Bread of Life; Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise. Amen.

Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 272. Hymn 4. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE (1759—1829), 1813. Abridged. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. D. (1810-1876), 1872. When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light sa-lutes mine eyes, Sun of right-eous-ness Di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine; Chase the dark clouds of guilt away, And turn my darkness into day.

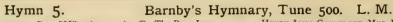
"Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy Countenance upon us."

- 2 And when to Heaven's All-glorious King My morning sacrifice I bring, And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame, Ask mercy in my Saviour's Name, Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy Blood, And be my Advocate with God.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close, And wearied nature seeks repose, With pardoning mercy richly blest,

Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest; And as each morning sun shall rise, O lead me onward to the skies.

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy Face, and sing Thy praise.

Amen.





" He that followeth Me, shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

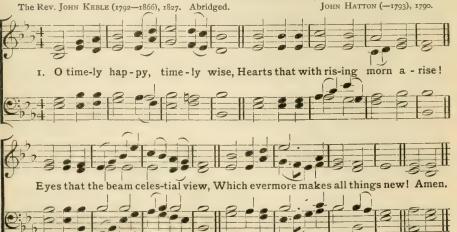
- 2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love, Shower down Thy radiance from above, And to our inward hearts convey The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 May He our actions deign to bless, And loose the bonds of wickedness; From sudden falls our feet defend, And bring us to a prosperous end.
- 4 May faith, deep rooted in the soul, Subdue our flesh, our minds control,

May guile depart, and discord cease, And all within be joy and peace.

- 5 O hallowed be the approaching day! Let meekness be our morning ray; And faithful love our noonday light; And hope our sunset, calm and bright!
- 6 O Christ! with each returning morn
 Thine Image to our hearts is borne:
 O, may we ever clearly see
 Our Saviour and our God in Thee! Amen.

Hymn 6.

Duke Street (Windle). L. M.



"His compassions fail not, they are new every morning."

- 2 New every morning is the love Our wakening and uprising prove, Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day, Hover around us while we pray; New perils past, new sins forgiven, New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.
- 4 If, on our daily course, our mind Be set to hallow all we find, New treasures still, of countless price, God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be, As more of Heaven in each we see,

- Some softening gleam of love and prayer Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 6 We need not bid, for cloister'd cell, Our neighbor and our work farewell, Nor strive to wind ourselves too high For sinful man beneath the sky:
- 7 The trivial round, the common task, Will furnish all we ought to ask; Room to deny ourselves; a road To bring us, daily, nearer God.
- 8 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love Fit us for perfect Rest above; And help us, this and every day, To live more nearly as we pray!

Amen.

Hymn 7.

Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 53.

GREGORY the Great, circa 540-614. Tr. Anon. JOHN STAINER, Mus. D. (1840-), 1872-1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night re-treat - ing the sun's red ban-ner swift - ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are fleet - ing, 0 Lord, we lift our thank-ful hearts to Thee. A - men.

- "Let us walk in the light of the Lord." 2 Look from the height of Heaven, and send to cheer us Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still; Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us, And lead us safely to Thy holy Hill.
- 3 So, when that Morn of endless light is waking, And shades of evil from its splendors flee, Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking, Through all the long bright Day to dwell with Thee. Amen.



- 2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart, 4 O Lord of lights! 'tis Thou alone [own; Fresh force to do our daily part; Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore, A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.
- 3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue, Oft what we would we cannot do; The sun may stand in zenith skies, But on the soul thick midnight lies.
- Canst make our darkened hearts thine Though this new day with joy we see, Great Dawn of God! we cry for Thee!
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend, Praise Him thro' time, till time shall end; Till psalm and song His Name adore Thro' Heaven's great Day of Evermore. Amen.





- "The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."
- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us; Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us; In soul and body Thou from harm defend us, Thine angels send us.
- 3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us, Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us; All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing Thy praise pursuing.
- 4 As Thy beloved, soothe the sick and weeping, And bid the captive lose his griefs in sleeping; Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them, Do Thou befriend them.
- 5 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us, Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us; But Thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely, Who seek They, only u, or upon as.

2 Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were 3 All Glory to the Father be, All Glory to the Son, stretched To draw Thy people nigh;

O grant us then that Cross to love, And in those Arms to die.

All Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee, While endless ages run.

Amen.



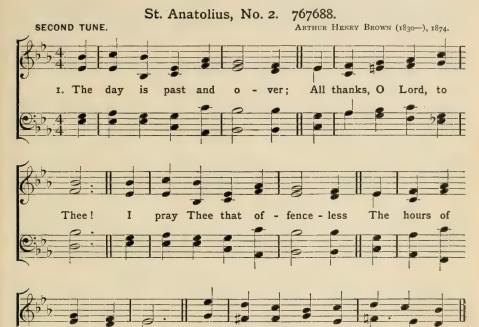
"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of night may be:

The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask, that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

- 4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
 Or sleep in death shall I;
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphantly shall cry:
 "He could not make their darkness
 - "He could not make their darkness light; Nor guard them thro' the hours of night!"
- 5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go:
 Lover of men! O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!
 Amen.



- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, myself and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed! To die, that this vile body may Rise glorious at the awful day!
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose;
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
 Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
 To serve my God when I awake!
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 The faster sleep the senses binds, The more unfetter'd are our minds; O may my soul, from matter free, Thy loveliness unclouded see!
- 7 O when shall I, in endless day, For ever chase dark sleep away, And hymns with the supernal choir Incessant sing, and never tire?
- 8 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below! Praise Him above, ye heavenly host! Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

^{*} This tune, one of eight tunes by Tallis, appended to Archbishop Parker's Psalter (circa 1555), is believed to be that to which this hymn was originally sung.

[†] At this note the Tenor, it will be seen, takes up the melody of the Soprano.



2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers, Dwelling in the midst of foes, Us and ours preserve from dangers; In Thine Arms may we repose; And, when life's sad day is past, Rest with Thee in Heaven at last. Amen.



" I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask, that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

"The Lord shall be unto thee an Everlasting Light."

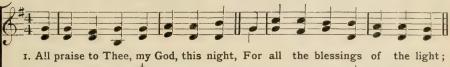
- 2 Our life is but a fading dawn; Its glorious noon how quickly past! Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone, Safe Home at last.
- 3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace Uplift our hearts to realms on high; Help us to look to that bright Place Beyond the sky ;-
- 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace, In undivided empire reign, And thronging angels never cease Their deathless strain;-
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless And evening shadows never fall, Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light, Art Lord of all. Amen.

Hymn 16.

The Rt. Rev. THOMAS KEN, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells, (1637-1711), 1695, 1709. Abridged.

Tallis' Canon. L. M.

* THOMAS TALLIS (1520-1585), 1565.





Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own Almighty wings. Amen.



- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, myself and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed! To die, that this vile body may Rise glorious at the awful day!
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose; And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close; Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make To serve my God when I awake!
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie, My soul with heavenly thoughts supply: Let no ill dreams disturb my rest, No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 The faster sleep the senses binds, The more unfetter'd are our minds; O may my soul, from matter free, Thy loveliness unclouded see!
- 7 O when shall I, in endless day, For ever chase dark sleep away, And hymns with the supernal choir Incessant sing, and never tire?
- 8 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below! Praise Him above, ye heavenly host! Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

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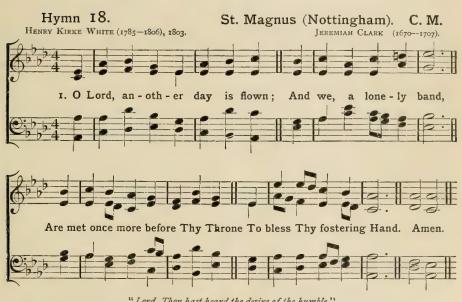
[†] At this note the Tenor, it will be seen, takes up the melody of the Soprano.

of an important Church Movement.



"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For ever on my Saviour's Breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve. For without Thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine. Now Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store: Be every mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take, Till in the ocean of Thy love We lose ourselves in Heaven above. Amen.



"Lord, Thou hast heard the desire of the humble."

- 2 And wilt Thou lend a listening Ear To praises low as ours? Thou wilt; for Thou dost love to hear The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And, Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign As we before Thee pray; For Thou didst bless the infant train, And we are less than they.
- 4 O let Thy grace perform its part, And let contention cease; And shed abroad in every heart Thine everlasting peace!
- 5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine. A flock by Jesus led, The Sun of holiness shall shine In glory on our head.
- 6 And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet, And Thou wilt bless our way, Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet The dawn of lasting day. Amen.



"As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me."

- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from Thee; Thou art He Who, never weary, Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb, When the judgment day shall wake us, May we rise in deathless bloom. Amen.

This favorite Hymn was written many years ago, after reading, in Saltte's Travels in Abyssinia, the following words: "At night their short evening hymn, 'Jesus, forgive us,' stole through the camp."



2 And when morn again shall call us To run life's way,

May we still, whate'er befall us Thy will obey.

From the power of Evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy Smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie;

When the last dread Call shall wake us, Do not Thou our God forsake us, But to reign in Glory take us With Thee on High.

4 Holy Father, throned in Heaven, All Holy Son,

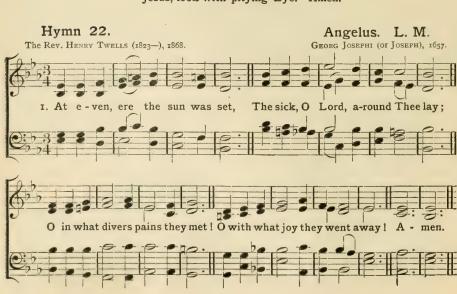
Holy Spirit, freely given! Blest Three in One!

Grant Thy grace, we now implore Thee, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, And in worthier strains adore Thee, Whilst ages run. Amen.

Not to be confounded with Heinrich Albert's (1604-1651) Hymn, "God, Who maketh earth and heaven."



- "Let the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord."
- 2 Thou, Whose all-pervading Eye
 Naught escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day Shall forever pass away: Then, from sin and sorrow free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
- 4 Thou Who, Sinless, yet hast known All of man's infirmity; Then, from Thine eternal Throne, Jesus, look with pitying Eye. Amen.



- "And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and all that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door."
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we, Oppressed with various ills, draw near; What if Thy form we cannot see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel; For some are sick, and some are sad; And some have never loved Thee well; And some have lost the love they had.
- 4 And some have found the world is vain, Yet from the world they break not free; And some have friends who give them pain, Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee.
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest, For none are wholly free from sin; And they who fain would serve Thee best, Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man; Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried; Thy kind but searching glance can scan The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power; No word from Thee can fruitless fall; Hear in this solemn evening hour, And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.



- "Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass, And every gentle, rolling hour, Are monuments of wondrous grace, And witness to Thy love and power.
- 3 My numerous wants are known to Thee, Ere my slow wishes can arise; Thy goodness, measureless and free, Is ready still with full supplies.
- 4 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
 Too oft regardless of Thy love,
 Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
 And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.
- 5 Seal my forgiveness in the Blood Of Jesus; His dear Name alone I plead for pardon, Gracious God! And kind acceptance at Thy Throne.
- 6 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close, With sleep refresh my feeble frame; Safe in Thy care may I repose, And wake with praises to Thy Name. Amen.



- "Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit'tle day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass' away; Change and decay in all around' I see; O Thou, Who changest not, abide' with me!
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a pass'ing word; But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disci'ples, Lord, Familiar, condescending, pa'tient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but abide', with me!
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King' of kings;
 But kind and good with healing in' Thy Wings;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for ev'ery plea;
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide' with me!
- 5 Thou on my head in early youth' didst smile, And though rebellious and perverse' meanwhile, Thou hast not left me, oft as I' left Thee, On to the close, O Lord, abide' with me!
- 6 I need Thy Presence every pass'ing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the Tempt'er's power?
 ' Who like Thyself my guide and stay' can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide' with me!

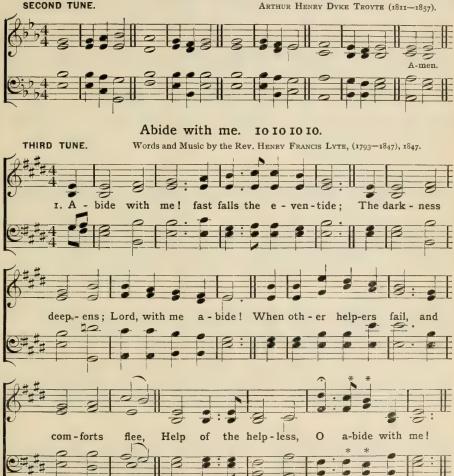
The accents (') designate the adaptation when sung chantwise to Second Tune.

- 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit terness;
 Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy vic tory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!
- 8 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes!

 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!

 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

Troyte, No. 1. Chant.



It is related, that in the Autumn of 1847, just before taking his final journey to Nice, the Rev. Mr. Lyte made an effort to preach to his congregation once more; that he addressed to them his solemn and affecting parting words, and administered to them the Lord's Supper, and on retiring to rest presented to a dear relative this Hymn, with the music (this third tune) he had adapted to it. This Tune is given here only on account of its historical interest.



" Even the night shall be light about me."

- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end, Onward to darkness and to death we tend; O Conqueror of the Grave, be Thou our Guide, Be Thou our Light in Death's dark eventide; Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom, No sting in Death, no terror in the Tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
 Upon the waves, and Thy Disciples cheer,
 Come Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
 And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
 When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
 And hear Thy Voice, "Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary World is mouldering to decay,
 Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
 In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
 May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
 With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
 In that blest Day which has no eventide. Amen.



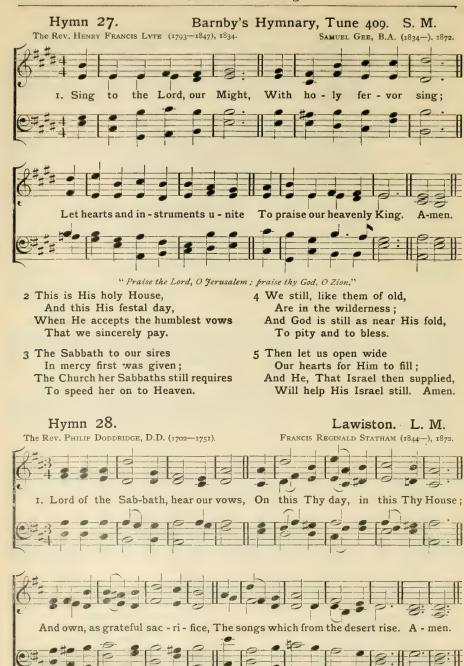
St. Ignatius. S. M.



" The Lord shall be thine Everlasting Light."

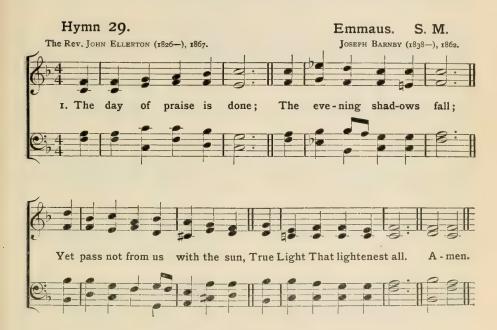
- 2 We have not reach'd that Land, That happy Land, as yet, Where holy angels round Thee stand, Whose Sun can never set.
- 3 Our sun is sinking now;
 Our day is almost o'er;

- O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou Shine on us evermore!
- 4 From men below the skies,
 And all the Heavenly Host,
 To God the Father praise arise,
 The Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.



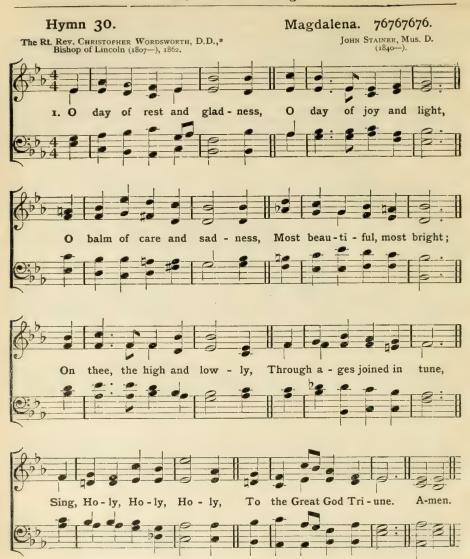
"There remainsth therefore a Rest to the people of God."

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, 4 No rude alarms of raging foes, But there's a nobler Rest above; To that our laboring souls aspire, With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place: No groans to mingle with the songs Which warble from immortal tongues.
- No cares to break the long repose, No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin! Dawn on these realms of woe and sin: Fain would we leave this weary road, And sleep in death to rest with God. Amen.



"They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy Countenance."

- 2 Around Thy Throne on high, . Where night can never be. The white-robed harpers of the skies Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint, our anthems here; Too soon of praise we tire: But oh! the strains, how full and clear Of that Eternal Choir!
- 4 Yet Lord to Thy dear will If Thou attune the heart, We in Thine angels' music still May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm, Each wayward thought reclaim, And make our daily life a psalm Of glory to Thy Name.
- 6 Shine Thou within us, then, A Day That knows no end, Till songs of angels and of men In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.



"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

- 2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from Heaven,
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of Paradise;
 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our Promised Land.

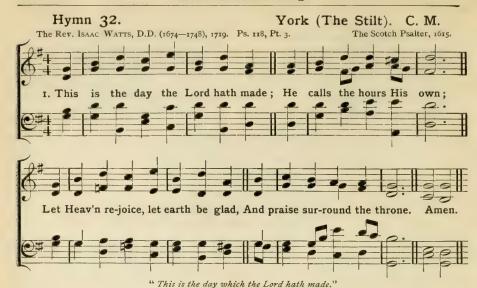
^{*} This is Hymn No. 3, a Sunday Hymn on Psalm cxviii. 24, in a collection of 127 hymns, entitled, "The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays, Holydays, and other Occasions throughout the Year," (1865).

- 4 Thou art a holy ladder
 Where angels go and come;
 Each Sunday finds us gladder,
 Nearer to heaven, our home;
 A day of sweet reflection,
 A day thou art of love;
 A day of Resurrection
 From earth to things above.
- 5 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly Manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where Gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.
- 6 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the Rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.



"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

- 2 This is the day of rest;
 Our failing strength renew;
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace;
 Thy peace our spirits fill;
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer; Let earth to Heaven draw near; Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there; Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days; Send forth Thy quickening Breath, And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Vanquisher of death! Amen.



- 2 To-day He rose, and left the dead, And Satan's empire fell;
 - To-day the saints His triumph spread, And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King, To David's Holy Son: Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring Salvation from the throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord Who comes to men With messages of grace; Who comes, in God His Father's Name, To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains The Church on earth can raise; The highest Heavens, in which He reigns, Shall give Him nobler praise. Amen.

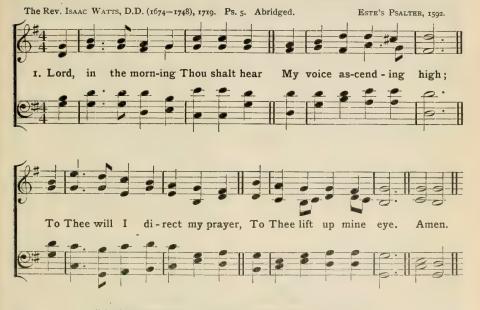


"A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."

- 2 The King Himself comes near, And feasts His saints to-day; Here we may sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day, amidst the place Where my dear God hath beer Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss. Amen.

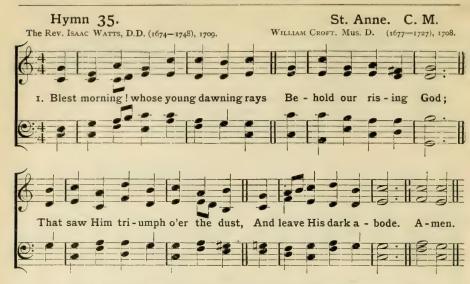


Winchester Old. C. M.



"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints, Presenting at His Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before Whose sight The wicked shall not stand; Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight, Nor dwell at Thy right Hand.
- 4 But to Thy house will I resort
 To taste Thy mercies there;
 I will frequent Thine holy court,
 And worship in Thy fear.
- 5 O, may Thy Spirit guide my feet In ways of righteousness! Make every path of duty straight, And plain before my face.
- 6 The men that love and fear Thy Name Shall see their hopes fulfill'd, Th' Almighty God will compass them, With favor as a shield. Amen.



- "Thou art the God That doest wonders, and hast declared Thy power among the people."
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb The dead Redeemer lay, Till the revolving skies had brought The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our God in vain;
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To Thy great Name, Almighty Lord, These sacred hours we pay, And loud Hosannas shall proclaim The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King!
 Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
 With glad Hosannas ring. Amen.



* Hymn 414 has an arrangement of this Tune in 4 time.

"For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work."

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest; No mortal cares shall seize my breast: O! may my heart in tune be found. Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works and bless His Word; Thyworks of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels! how Divine!
- 4 But I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart, And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desired or wished below: And every power find sweet employ, In that eternal World of joy. Amen.

Hymn 37. Neander (Düsseldorf). 878777.



"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the House of the Lord."

- 2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee, Come Thou also down to me: Where we find Thee and adore Thee, There a heaven on earth must be. To my heart, O enter Thou, Let it be Thy Temple now.
- 3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted, Here Thy seed is duly sown, Let my soul where it is planted Bring forth precious sheaves alone; So that all I hear may be Fruitful unto life in me.
- 4 Thou my faith increase and quicken, Let me keep Thy Gift Divine, Howsoe'er temptations thicken; May Thy Word still o'er me shine, . As my pole-star through my life, As my comfort in my strife.
- 5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee, Let Thy will be done indeed; May I undisturbed draw near Thee Whilst Thou dost Thy people feed. Here of Life the Fountain flows, Here is Balm for all our woes. Amen.



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep, we

And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,

He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care— Our souls, and all our mortal frame: What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to Thy Name! 4 We'll crowd Thy gates, with thankful songs,

High as the heaven, our voices raise; And earth, with all her thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command; Vast as eternity Thy love;

Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move. Amen.



"Praise our God all ye His servants."

- 2 Earth to Heav'n, and Heav'n to earth, Tell His wonders, sing His worth; Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him evermore!
- 3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace; Praise His providence and grace-

All that He for man hath done, All He sends us through His Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts. In the concert bear your parts: All that breathe, your Lord adore: Praise Him, praise Him evermore!



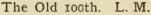
- "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in."
- Toons our Lord, arise, 4 Come, Holy Comfortage!
 - 2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care, And all Thy Work from day to day declare! Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned? Does not Thine Arm encircle us around?
 - 3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love, Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove; But now, encouraged by Thy Voice, we come, Returning sinners, to a Father's Home.
 - 4 O, by that Name in Which all fulness dwells, O, by that Love Which every love excels, O, by that Blood so freely shed for sin, Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in. Amen.



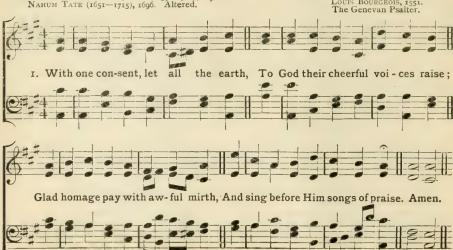
- 2 One privilege my heart desires,-O! grant me an abode, Among the churches of Thy saints, The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests, And see Thy beauty still; Shall hear Thy messages of love, And there inquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear, There may His children hide; God has a strong pavilion, where He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high Above my foes around; And songs of joy and victory Within Thy temple sound. Amen.



The Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D. (1659-1726), 1696.



(Or sus, Serviteurs du Seigneur.) Louis Bourgeois, 1551. The Genevan Psalter.



"Let the people praise Thee, O God."

- 2 Convinced that He is God alone, From Whom both we and all proceed; We, whom He chooses for His own, The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then His temple gate, Thence to His courts devoutly press,
- And still your grateful hymns repeat, And still His Name with praises bless.
- 4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
 His mercy is forever sure;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure. Amen,



- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favor To our fathers in distress; Praise Him, still the same as ever, Slow to chide, and swift to bless; ||: Praise Him, praise Him, :|| Glorious in His faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His Hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes;
 ||: Praise Him, praise Him, :||
 Widely as His mercy goes.
- 4 Frail as summer's flowers we flourish,
 Blows the wind and it is gone;
 But while mortals rise and perish,
 God endures unchanging on.
 ||: Praise Him, praise Him, :||
 Praise the High, Eternal One.
- 5 Angels help us to adore Him!
 Ye behold Him Face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
 Dwellers all in time and space,
 ||: Praise Him, praise Him, :||
 Praise with us the God of Grace.
 Amen.



The Very Rev. William Bullock, D.D., Dean of Nova Scotia, 1854. Altered by the Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart. (1821—1877), 1861. Abridged.

Quam dilecta. 6666.

The Rt. Rev. Henry Lascelles Jenner, D.D. (1820-).



"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy House; and the place where Thine honor dwelleth."

- 2 It is the house of prayer, Wherein Thy servants meet; And Thou, O Lord, art there Thy chosen flock to greet.
- 3 We love the Word of Life, The Word that tells of peace, Of comfort in the strife, And joys that never cease.
- 4 We love to sing below
 For mercies freely given;
 But O! we long to know
 The triumph-song of Heaven.
- 5 Lord Jesus, give us grace
 On earth to love Thee more,
 In Heaven to see Thy Face,
 And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

Hymn 48.

Winchester New (Crasselius.) L. M



"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House."

- 2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode, My panting heart cries out for God: My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and Thee?
- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest, And for her young provides her nest But will my God to sparrows grant That pleasure which His children want?
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high Around Thy throne of majesty; Thy brightest glories shine above, And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place Within the temple of Thy grace; There they behold Thy gentler rays, And seek Thy Face, and learn Thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zion's gate; God is their Strength, and thro' the road They lean upon their Helper, God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,

Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy Face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Amen.



2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight Lie in deepest darkness shrouded, Till Thy Spirit breaks outright With the beams of truth unclouded; Thou alone to God canst win us,

Thou alone to God canst win us, Thou must work all good within us. 3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
Light of Light, from God proceeding,
Open Thou our eyes and heart,

Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading; Hear the cry Thy people raises, Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

Amen.

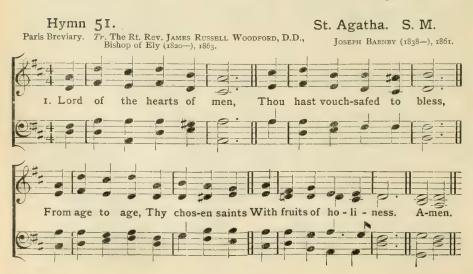


"Serve the Lord with gladness, come before His Presence with thanksgiving."

- 2 The sorrows of the mind Be banished from the place! Religion never was designed To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God;
 But fav'rites of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found Glory begun below;

Celestial fruits on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.

- 5 The hill of Sion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound And every tear be dry, We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high. Amen.



"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three: but the greatest of these is charity."

- 2 Here Faith and Hope, and Love Reign in sweet bond allied; There, when the little day is o'er, Shall Love alone abide.
- 3 O Love, O Truth, O Light!
 Light never to decay;
 O rest from thousand labors past,
 O endless Sabbath day!
- 4 Here amid cares and tears
 Bearing the seed we come;

There with rejoicing hearts we bring Our harvest burdens home.

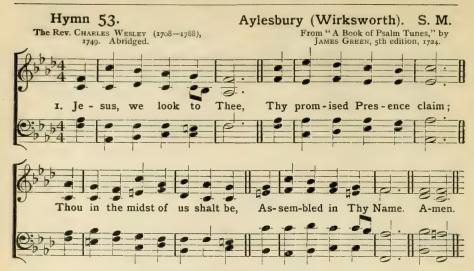
- 5 Give, Mighty Lord Divine,
 The fruits Thyself dost love; [seat,
 Soon shalt Thou, from Thy judgmentCrown Thine own gifts above.
- 6 From all the Heavenly Host, And all on earth below, To Father, Son and Holy Ghost Let endless praises flow. Amen.

Hymn 52. Sarum Hymnal, Tune 330. 878787. Unknown author, from the Latin (8th century). Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818—1866), 1851. Altered and abridged. JOHN STAINER, Mus. D. (1840-), 1872. 1. Christ is made the sure Foun-da-tion, the precious Cor-ner-stone, And the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the Church in one, Ho - ly Si - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone. A-men. "Behold, I lay in Sion a Chief Corner-Stone, elect, precious."

2 All that dedicated City, Dearly loved by God on high, In exultant jubilation Pours perpetual melody; God the One in Three adoring, Singing everlastingly.

3 To this Temple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day: With Thy wonted loving-kindness, Hear Thy people, as they pray, And Thy fullest benediction Shed within its walls alway.

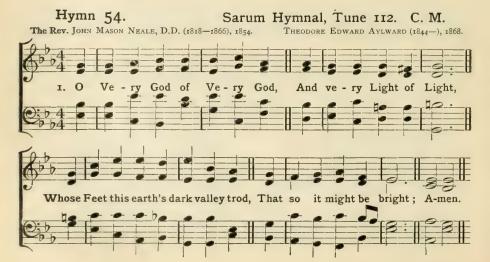
4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they supplicate to gain,
Here to have and hold forever
Those good things their prayers obtain;
And hereafter in Thy glory
With Thy blessed ones to reign.
Amen,



- "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."
- 2 Thy Name salvation is, Which here we come to prove; Thy Name is life, and health, and peace, And everlasting love.
- 3 Not in the name of pride
 Or selfishness we meet;
 From nature's paths we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forget.
- 4 We meet, the grace to take
 Which Thou hast freely given;

We meet on earth for Thy dear sake, That we may meet in Heaven.

- 5 Present we know Thou art, But O, Thyself reveal; Now, Lord, let every bounding heart The mighty comfort feel.
- 6 O might Thy quickening Voice The death of sin remove; And bid our inmost souls rejoice, In hope of perfect love. Amen.



"But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

- 2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong, Thick darkness blinds our eyes; Cold is the night, and O we long That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise!
- The east is brightening fast, And kindling to the perfect Day, That never shall be past.
- Where Thou, our Everlasting Sun. Art shining evermore.
- 5 We wait in faith, and turn our face To where the daylight springs, Till Thou shalt come, our gloom to chase With healing on Thy Wings.



- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn, Unaccompanied by Thee; Joyless is the day's return, Till Thy mercy's beams I see; Till they inward light impart, Glad my eyes and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of sin and grief; Fill me, Radiancy Divine! Scatter all my unbelief; More and more Thyself display, Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

^{*} The Rev. Charles Wesley wrote about 6000 hymns, appearing under various titles, between the years 1738 and 1788—50 years. His brother, the Rev. John Wesley (1703—1797), translated hymns from the German. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. Doc. (1810—1876), is the grandson of the Rev. Charles Wesley, and a son of Samuel Wesley, a very celebrated Organist and Composer in his day.



- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man This holy seed remove; But give it root in praying souls To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy,
 But may it in converted minds
 Produce the fruits of joy.
- 4 Let not Thy Word, so kindly sent
 To raise us to Thy Throne,
 Return to Thee, and sadly tell
 That we reject Thy Son.
- 5 Great God! come down, and on Thy Word Thy mighty power bestow; That all who hear the joyful sound Thy saving grace may know. Amen.



"Night and day praying exceedingly."

- 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn, And blest that solemn hour of eve, When, on the wings of prayer upborne, The world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed; Then are my sins by Thee forgiven; Then dost Thou cheer my solitude With hopes of Heaven.
- What strength for warfare, balm for grief, What peace of mind.
- 5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear; My spirit seems in Heaven to stay: And e'en the penitential tear Is wiped away.
- 6 Lord, till I reach that blissful Shore, No privilege so dear shall be As thus my inmost soul to pour In prayer to Thee. Amen.





"The Lord will give strength unto His people, the Lord will bless His people with peace."

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way; With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this House have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night, Turn Thou for us its darkness into light; From harm and danger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy Voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine Eternal Peace. Amen.



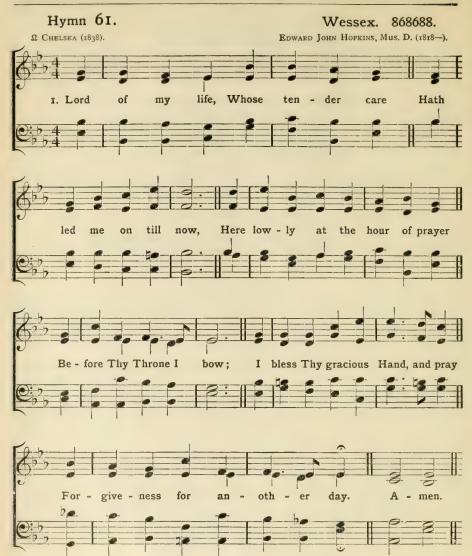
This Hymn was written (1866) for a Festival of Parochial Choirs at Nantwich, Cheshire.



- "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."
- 2 The day is done, its hours have run; And Thou hast taken count of all, The scanty triumphs grace hath won, The broken vow, the frequent fall. Through life's long day and death's dark night, O Gentle Jesus! be our Light.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release;
 And bless us, more than in past days,
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O Gentle Jesus! be our Light.

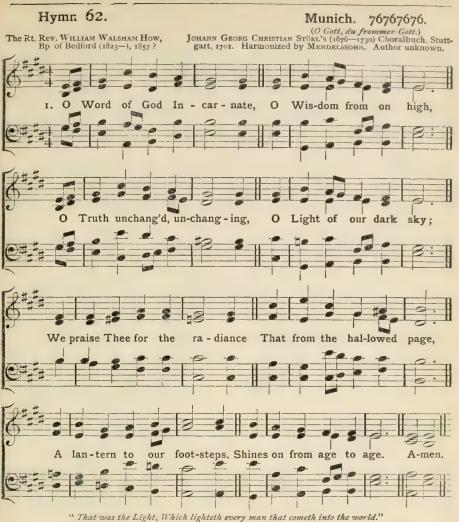
- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And loving hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O Gentle Jesus! be our Light.
- 5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
 Let not our works with self be soiled,
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O Gentle Jesus! be our Light.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad;
 Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O Gentle Jesus! be our Light. Amen.





"Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation."

- 2 O may I daily, hourly, strive
 In heavenly grace to grow;
 To Thee and to Thy glory live,
 Dead else to all below;
 Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
 Though thorny, yet the path to God!
- 3 With prayer my humble praise I bring,
 For mercies day by day:
 Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
 Lord, teach me how to pray!
 All that I have, I am, to Thee
 I offer through Eternity! Amen.



2 The Church from her dear Master Received the gift Divine, And still that light she lifteth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the golden casket, Where gems of truth are stored; It is the heaven-drawn picture Of Christ, the Living Word.

5 It floateth like a banner Before God's Host unfurled; It shineth like a beacon Above the darkling world.

It is the Chart and Compass, That o'er life's surging sea, 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands, Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour, A lamp of burnished gold, To bear before the nations

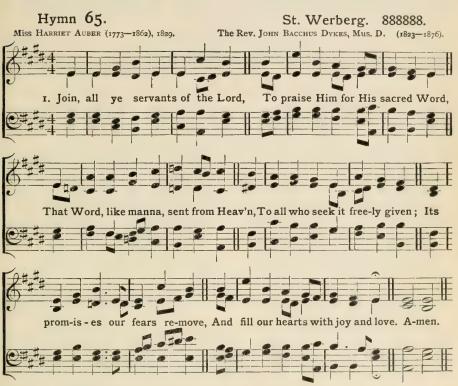
Thy true light, as of old. O, teach Thy wandering pilgrims By this their path to trace

Till, clouds and darkness ended, They see Thee Face to face. Amen.



"I will speak of the glorious honor of Thy Majesty, and of Thy wondrous works."

- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find:
 - Riches, above what earth can grant, And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome Voice, Spreads heavenly peace around; And life, and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heav'nly pages be My ever dear delight, And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord, Be Thou forever near; Teach me to love Thy sacred Word, And view my Saviour there. Amen.



"Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of His Holiness."

- 2 It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
 The God of mercy hears our prayers;
 Though steep and rough the appointed way,
 His mighty Arm shall be our stay;
 Though deadly foes assail our peace,
 His power shall bid their malice cease.
- 3 It tells Who first inspired our breath,
 Whose Blood redeemed our souls from death;
 It tells of grace, grace freely given,
 And shows the path to God and Heaven:
 O bless we, then, our gracious Lord
 For all the treasures of His Word. Amen.



- 2 Here, sinners of an humble frame May taste His grace, and learn His Name; May read, in characters of Blood, The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains; The weary rest from all his pains; The captive feel his bondage cease;
- 4 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes, A brighter world beyond the skies; Here, shinesthelight which guides our way From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 O! grant us grace, Almighty Lord! To read and mark Thy Holy Word, Its truths with meekness to receive,



"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

- 2 When our foes are near us, Then Thy Word doth cheer us, Word of consolation, Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds before us, Then its light directeth And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure, Who recount the treasure, By Thy Word imparted To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving Succor to the living; Word of life, supplying Comfort to the dying!
- 6 O, that we, discerning Its most holy learning, Lord, may love and fear Thee, Evermore be near Thee! Amen.



"O how love I Thy Law."

- 2 Its light, descending from above, Our gloomy world to cheer, Displays a Saviour's boundless love, And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways, And where his feet have trod; And brings to view the matchless grace Of a forgiving God.
- 4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 5 This lamp, through all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way, Till we behold the clearer light Of an Eternal Day. Amen.

The Anthem, "Lord, for Thy tender mercy's sake," from which this tune is arranged, is attributed to John Hilton, Organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster, in the 17th century.



- "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever, for they are the rejoicing of my heart."
- 2 I'll read the histories of Thy love, And keep Thy laws in sight; While through the promises I rove With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown, Where springs of life arise,
- Seeds of immortal bliss are sown, And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have:
 It makes our sorrows blest;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our Eternal Rest. Amen.



- " One cried unto another and said, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory."
- 2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven, Earth is with its fullness stored; Unto Thee be glory given, Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"
- 3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy! Holy! Holy!" singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"
- 4 With His seraph-train before Him, With His holy Church below, Thus conspire we to adore Him, Bid we thus our anthem flow:
- 5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven, Earth is with its fullness stored; Unto Thee be glory given, Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!" Amen.



2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with His Blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives,
And now He reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's Name Immortal worship give, Whose new-creating power Makes the dead sinner live: His work completes
The great Design,
And fills the soul
With joy Divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The Undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails,
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores. Amen.



"Thousand thousands ministered unto Him."

- 2 Since by Thee were all things made, And in Thee do all things live, Be to Thee all honor paid, Praise to Thee let all things give. Singing everlastingly To the Blessed Trinity.
- 3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
 Spirits blest, before the Throne,
 Speeding thence at Thy command,
 And, when Thy behests are done,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.
- 4 Cherubim and seraphim
 Veil their faces with their wings;
 Eyes of angels are too dim
 To behold the King of kings,
 While they sing eternally
 To the Blessed Trinity.
- 5 Thee Apostles, Prophets Thee,
 Thee the noble Martyr band
 Praise with solemn jubilee;
 Thee the Church in every land,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; Godhead One and Persons Three; Join us with the Heavenly Host, Singing everlastingly To the Blessed Trinity. Amen



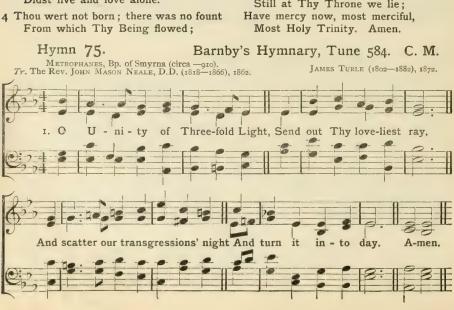
- 2 Light of lights! with morning shine, Lift on us Thy Light divine; And let Charity benign Breathe on us her balm,
- 3 Light of lights! when falls the even, Let it close on sin forgiven; Fold us in the peace of Heaven, Shed a holy calm.
- 4 Three in One, and One in Three,
 Dimly here we worship Thee:
 With the saints hereafter, we
 Hope to bear the palm. Amen.



- 2 Most Ancient of all mysteries, Before Thy Throne we lie; Have mercy now, most merciful, Most Holy Trinity.
- 3 When heaven and earth were yet unmade. When time was yet unknown, Thou, in Thy bliss and majesty, Didst live and love alone.
- From which Thy Being flowed;

There is no end which Thou canst reach, But Thou art simply God.

- 5 How wonderful creation is, The work that Thou didst bless; And oh, what then must Thou be like. Eternal Loveliness?
- 6 Most Ancient of all mysteries, Still at Thy Throne we lie; Have mercy now, most merciful, Most Holy Trinity. Amen.



" God is Light."

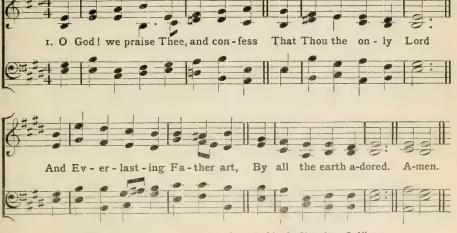
- 2 Make us those temples pure and fair Thy glory loveth well, The spotless tabernacles where Thou may'st vouchsafe to dwell.
- 3 The glorious hosts of peerless might
 That ever see Thy Face,
 Thou mak'st the mirrors of Thy Light,
 The vessels of Thy grace.
- 4 Thou, when their wondrous strain they
 Hast pleasure in the lay; [weave,
 Deign thus our praises to receive
 Albeit from lips of clay.
- 5 And yet Thyself they cannot know, Nor pierce the veil of light That hides Thee from the thrones below, As in profoundest night.
- 6 How then can mortal accents frame Due tribute to the King? Thou, only, while we praise Thy Name, Forgive us as we sing! Amen.

Hymn 76.

The Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D. (1659—1726.) Nahum Tate (1652—1715). Supplement, 1703.

Dundee (French). C. M.

From the Scotch Psalter, 1615.



"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the City of our God."

- 2 To Thee, all Angels cry aloud; To Thee the Powers on high, Both Cherubim and Seraphim, Continually do cry:—
- 3 O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,
 The world is with the glory filled
 Of Thy majestic sway!
- 4 The Apostles' glorious company, And Prophets crowned with light,

- With all the Martyrs' noble host, Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The Holy Church throughout the world, O Lord, confesses Thee, That Thou Eternal Father art, Of boundless majesty.
- 6 Thy honored, true and only Son And Holy Ghost, the Spring Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ Of glory Thou art King. Amen.

A part of a version of the "Te Deum Laudamus," whose date and author are as yet undetermined, but to which a very high autiquity is by common consent assigned.



- "And they rest not day and night saying Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come."
 - 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea, Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
 - 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee, Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see, Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee, Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
 - 4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!

 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea;

 Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!

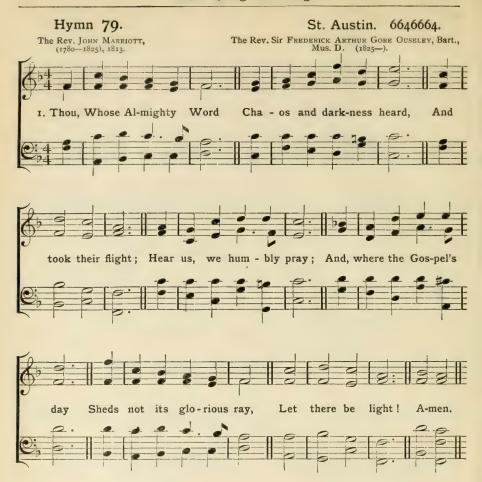
 God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.



"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power."

- 2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
 Angel-choirs above are raising:
 Cherubim and Seraphim
 In unceasing chorus praising,
 Fill the Heavens with sweet accord:
 Holy! Holy! Holy Lord!
- Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
 Prophets swell the loud refrain,
 And the white-robed Martyrs follow;
 And from morn till set of sun,
 Through the Church the song goes on.
- 4 Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,
 While in Essence, only One,
 Undivided God, we claim Thee;
 And, adoring, bend the knee,
 While we own the mystery.

- 5 Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
 Son of God, yet born of Mary.
 For us sinners sacrificed,
 And to death a Tributary,
 First to break the bars of death,
 Thou hast opened Heaven to faith.
- 6 From Thy high, celestial Home, Judge of all, again returning, We believe that Thou shalt come, On the dreadful Doom's-day morning, When Thy Voice shall shake the earth, And the startled dead come forth.
- 7 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray, By a thousand snares surrounded: Keep us without sin to-day, Never let us be confounded. Lo! I put my trust in Thee, Never, Lord, abandon me. Amen.



"Let there be Light."

- 2 Thou, Who didst come to bring On Thy Redeeming Wing Healing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the inly blind, O, now to all mankind Let there be light!
- 3 Spirit of Truth and Love,
 Life-giving, Holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight!
 Move on the waters' face
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light!
- 4 Holy and blessed Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might!
 Boundless as ocean's tide
 Rolling in fullest pride
 Through the earth, far and wide,
 Let there be light! Amen.



"Bless the Lord, all His Works, in all places of His dominion."

2 Sun and moon, bright,
Night and moonlight;
Starry temples, azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory;
fs where tumbling sea

Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared; Pulse of waters, blithely beating, Wave advancing, wave retreating, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and highland

Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-clearing, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Rolling river, Praise Him ever,

From the mountains' deep vein poured: Silver fountain, clearly gushing, Troubled torrent, wildly rushing, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

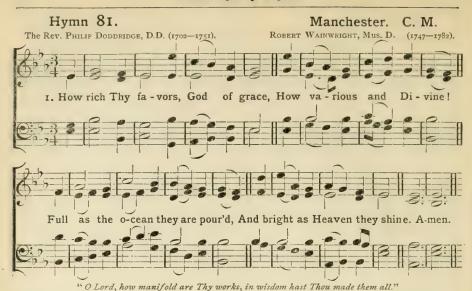
6 Bond and freeman,
Land and seaman,
Earth with peoples wisely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

7 Praise Him ever, Bounteous Giver;

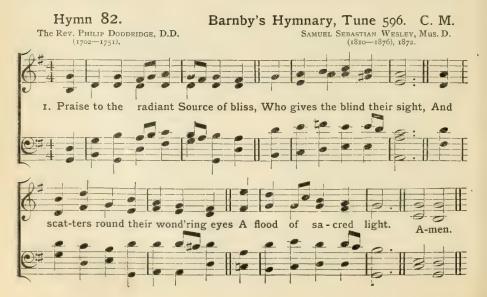
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

Amen.

^{*} This is from "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems" (1857)



- 2 He to eternal glory calls, And leads the wondrous way To His own Palace, where He reigns In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the Herald of His love, Displays the radiant prize, And shows the purchase of His Blood To our admiring eyes.
- 4 He perfects what His Hand begins, And stone on stone He lays, Till firm and fair the building rise, A temple to His praise.
- 5 The songs of everlasting years
 That mercy shall attend, [hour,
 Which leads, through sufferings of an
 To joys that never end. Amen.



"I will speak of the glorious honor of Thy Majesty, and of Thy wondrous works."

- 2 In paths unknown He leads them on 3 The ways all rugged and perplex'd To His Divine abode,
 - And shows new miracles of grace Through all the heavenly road.
- He renders smooth and straight, And strengthens every feeble knee To march to Zion's gate.
- 4 Through all the path I'll sing His Name, Till I the Mount ascend. Where toils and storms are known no more. And anthems never end! Amen.

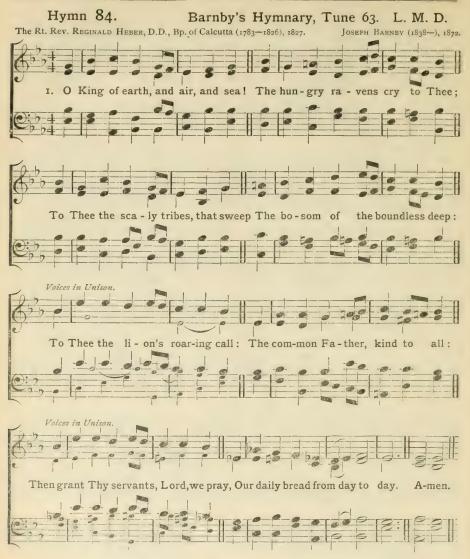


"Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise Him in the heights."

2 Thou, moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day: Ye glittering stars of light, To Him your homage pay: His praise declare, Ye heavens above, And clouds that move In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord, And praise His Holy Name, By Whose Almighty Word They all from nothing came: And all shall last From changes free: His firm decree Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown His wondrous fame to raise, Whose glorious Name alone Deserves our endless praise. Earth's utmost ends His power obey: His glorious sway The sky transcends. Amen.



"Thou openest Thine Hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

- 2 The fishes may for food complain,
 The ravens spread their wings in vain,
 The roaring lions lack and pine;
 But, God, Thou carest still for Thine:
 Thy bounteous Hand with food can bless
 The bleak and lonely wilderness;
 And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
 For daily bread from day to day.
- 3 And O! when through the wilds we roam,
 That part us from our Heavenly Home;
 When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
 Our faithless tears begin to flow;
 Do Thou the gracious comfort give,
 By which alone the soul may live;
 And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,
 The bread of life from day to day!

Amen.



" Now unto the King Eternal-be glory."

- 2 O tell of His might,
 O sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy space;
 His chariots of wrath
 Deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is His path
 On the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store
 Of wonders untold,
 Almighty, Thy power
 Hath founded of old,
 Hath 'stablish'd it fast
 By a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast,
 Like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care,
 What tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air,
 It shines in the light;

- It streams from the hills,
 It descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils
 In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail:
 Thy mercies how tender!
 How firm to the end!
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 O Measureless Might!
 Ineffable Love!
 While angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.



- "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds."
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains; Unfathomed depths Thy judgments are; Thy Providence the world sustains; The whole creation is Thy care.
- 3 Since of Thy goodness all partake, With what assurance should the just Thy sheltering wings their Refuge make, And Saints to Thy protection trust!
- 4 Such guests shall to Thy courts be led To banquet on Thy love's repast, And drink, as from a fountain's head, Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 5 With Thee the springs of life remain;
 Thy Presence is eternal day;
 O let Thy saints Thy favor gain!
 To upright hearts Thy truth display!

 Amen.





2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord, Be by all that live adored: Let the nations shout and sing, Glory to their Saviour-King; At Thy Feet their tributes pay, And Thy holy Will obey.

Hymn 88.

The Rev. ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748), 1719. Ps. 117.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord, Earth shall then her fruits afford: God to man His blessing give, Man to God devoted live; All below, and all above, One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

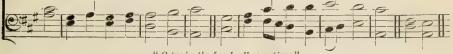
The Old 100th. L. M.

(Or sus, Serviteurs du Seigneur.)
Earliest Form. Louis Bourgeois, 1551.
The Genevan Psalter.





Let the Redeemer's Name be sung, Thro' ev-ery land, by ev-ery tongue. A-men.



"O praise the Lord, all ye nations."

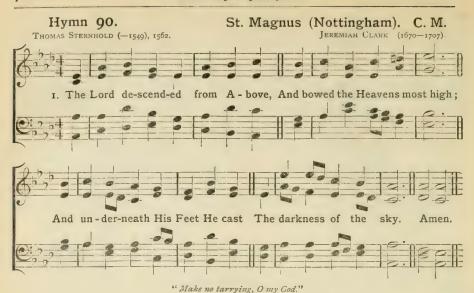
2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord! Eternal truth attends Thy Word: Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

Hymn 89. "
The Rev. WILLIAM KETHE, 1561?

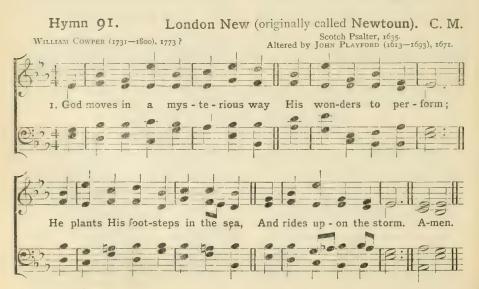
"O be joyful in the Lord-all ye lands."

Tune: THE OLD 100TH.

- I All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed, Without our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O, enter, then, His gates with praise; Approach with joy His courts unto; Praise, laud, and bless His Name always, For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is forever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.
 Amen.



- 2 On Cherub and on Cherubim
 Full royally He rode;
 And on the wings of all the winds
 Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain;
 And He, as Sovereign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.
- 4 The Lord will give His people strength
 Whereby they shall increase;
 And He will bless His chosen flock
 With everlasting peace.
- 5 Give glory to His awful Name, And honor Him alone; Give worship to His Majesty Upon His holy Throne. Amen.



"For My Thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My Ways, saith the Lord."

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up His bright designs, And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace;

Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling Face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain;
 God is His own Interpreter,
 And He will make it plain. Amen.

The Rev. WILLIAM FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D., says the Hymn was "composed during a solitary walk in the fields when under apprehension of a second attack of lunacy." It was called: "Light shining out of darkness."



"In the Lord put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?"

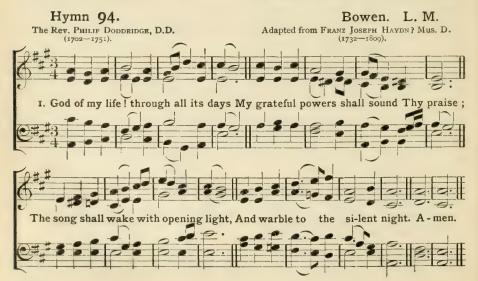
2 The wicked may assail,
The Tempter sorely try,
All earth's foundations fail,
All nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in His holy Shrine,
And I am strong while He is mine.

3 His flock to Him is dear, He watches them from high; He sends them trials here To form them for the sky; But safely will He tend and keep The humblest, feeblest of His sheep.

4 His foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
But ah! the hour is near
When all their hopes must fail;
While, like the sun, His saints shall rise,
And shine with Him above the skies.
Amen,



- "The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season."
- 2 God reigns on High, but not confines His goodness to the skies; Thro' the whole earth His bounty shines, And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food;
 Thy liberal Hand provides their meat
 - Thy liberal Hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
 How slow Thine anger moves!
 But soon He sends His pardoning Word
 To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race, Thy power and praise proclaim; But saints that taste Thy richer grace Delight to bless Thy Name. Amen.



"While I live will I praise the Lord."

- 2 When anxious care would break my rest, And grief would tear my throbbing breast, Thy tuneful praises raised on high, Shall check the murmur and the sigh,
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail, And all its powers of language fail, Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break, And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But, O! when that last conflict's o'er, And I am chained to flesh no more,

With what glad accents shall I rise To join the music of the skies!

- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains Which echo o'er the heavenly plains, And emulate, with joy unknown, The glowing Seraphs round Thy Throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give, Long as a deathless soul can live; A work so sweet, a theme so high, Demands, and crowns, eternity. Amen.



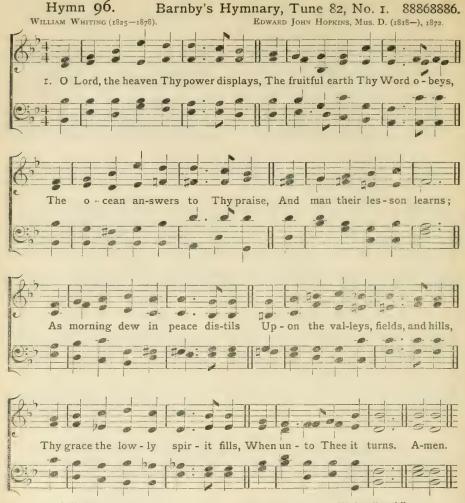
Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 363. 8884



- "God loveth a cheerful giver."
- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air, Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare; When harvests ripen, Thou art there, Who givest all!
- 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days, For all the blessings earth displays, We owe Thee thankfulness and praise, Who givest all!
- 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
 But gav'st Him for a world undone,
 And freely with that Blessed One
 Thou givest all.
- 5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower, Spirit of life, and love, and power, And dost His sevenfold graces shower Upon us all.

- 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of Heaven,
 Father, what can to Thee be given,
 Who givest all?
- 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend, We have as treasure without end Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend, Who givest all!
- 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee, Repaid a thousand-fold will be; Then gladly will we give to Thee Who givest al!!
- 9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive Our life, our gifts, our power to give; O may we ever with Thee live, Who givest all! Amen.

With the author's latest alterations.



- "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."
 - 2 At Thy command the untiring sun Throughout the day his course doth run, And when at eve his course is done, Reposes in the West; So we, throughout our life's increase, Work on until our day shall cease, And, at our eve, lie down in peace, In Thee to take our rest.
 - 3 As in the ground the seed we cast, And wait till winter's night be past, In hope, when spring returns at last, Thou wilt the increase give:

So sleep our bodies in the tomb,
Secure, that when Thy Day shall come,
Thou wilt revive us from earth's womb,
In Thee for aye to live.

4 As nature works Thy will, O Lord,
As grace Thy mercy doth record,
So we, submissive to Thy word,
Thy great behests obey:
O Holy Father, Holy Son,
Who hast for us Redemption won,
And Holy Ghost, blest Three in One,
To Thee be laud alway. Amen.

Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 82, No. 2. 88868886.

The Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, Bart.,





"I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth."

- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast, Till all that are distrest From my example comfort take, And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me. With me exalt His Name; When in distress to Him I called. He to my rescue came.
- Who on His succor trust. 5 O make but trial of His love! Experience will decide How blest are they, and only they, Who in His truth confide.

4 The hosts of God encamp around

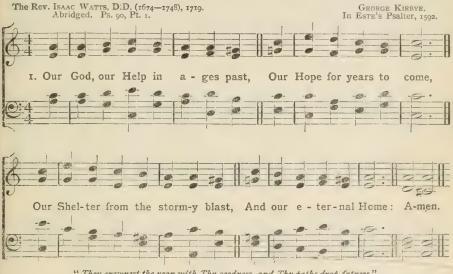
The dwellings of the just:

Deliverance He affords to all

6 Fear Him, ye Saints, and you will then Have nothing else to fear; Make you His service your delight. Your wants shall be His care. Amen.

Hymn IOI.

Windsor (The Old 116th). C. M.



- "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness, and Thy paths drop fatness."
- 2 While as the wheels of nature roll, Thy Hand supports the steady pole; The sun is taught by Thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at Thy command Embalms the air, and paints the land; The summer rays with vigor shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy Hand, in autumn, richly pours, Through all our coasts, redundant stores: And winters, softened by Thy care, No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days, Demand successive songs of praise; Still be the cheerful homage paid, With opening light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in Thy House shall incense rise, As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes, Still will we make Thy mercies known, Around Thy board, and round our own.
- 7 O may our more harmonious tongues In worlds unknown pursue the songs; And in those brighter courts adore, Where days and years revolve no more. Amen.



"Praise the Lord, O my soul."

2 Why should I make a man my trust? Princes must die and turn to dust: Vain is the help of flesh and blood, Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,

And thoughts all vanish in an hour; Nor can they make their promise good.

- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God!—He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train:
 His truth forever stands secure,
 Hesavesthe oppressed—He feedsthe poor,
 And none shall find His promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord supports the sinking mind; He sends the laboring conscience peace;

He helps the stranger in distress, The widow and the fatherless, And grants the prisoner sweet release.

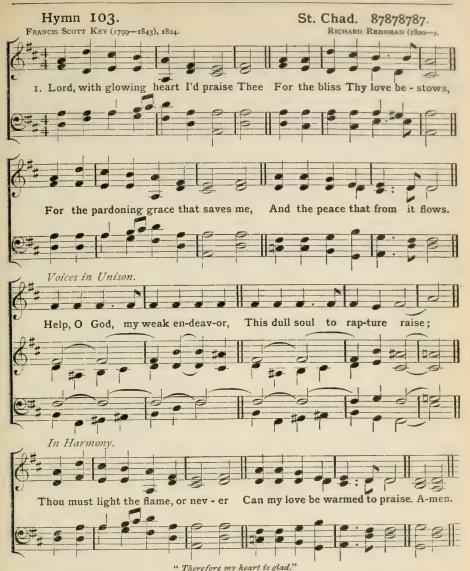
5 He loves His saints, He knows them well,

But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns!
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage,
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath, And when my voice is lost in death

Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures. Amen.

This version has a special interest as the last psalm used by the Rev. John Wesley. When very weak, he suddenly broke forth in these most appropriate words.



2 Praise, my soul, the God That sought thee, 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling Wretched wanderer, far astray; Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death away. Praise, with love's devoutest feeling, Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear, And, the light of hope revealing, Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

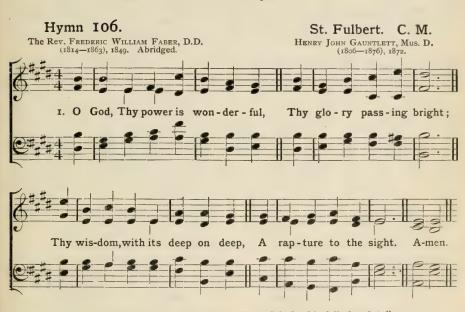
Vainly would my lips express; Low before Thy footstool kneeling, Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless. Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame within me raise; And since words can never measure, Let my life show forth Thy praise. Amen.



"Thou crownest the year with Thy Goodness, and Thy paths drop fatness."

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth The sower hid the grain, Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth, And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine, The plants in beauty grew; Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine, And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above, Matur'd the swelling grain; A yellow harvest crowns Thy love, And plenty fills the plain,
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone Thou dost on man bestow; Let him not then forget to own From Whom his blessings flow!

6 Fountain of love! our praise is Thine; To Thee our songs we'll raise, And all created Nature join In sweet harmonious praise. Amen.



"The Voice of the Lord is powerful, the Voice of the Lord is full of majesty."

- 2 I see Thee in the eternal years In glory all alone, Ere round Thine uncreated fires Created light had shone.
- 3 I see Thee walk in Eden's shade, I see Thee all through time; Thy patience and compassion seem New attributes sublime.
- 4 I see Thee when the doom is o'er,
 And outworn time is done,
 Still, still Incomprehensible,
 O God, yet not alone.
- 5 Angelic spirits, countless souls, Of Thee have drunk their fill; And to eternity will drink Thy joy and glory still.
- 6 From Thee were drawn those worlds of The Saviour's Heart and Soul; [life, And, undiminished still, Thy waves Of calmest glory roll.
- 7 O little heart of mine! shall pain Or sorrow make thee moan, When all this God is All for thee, A Father all thine own? Amen.



2 The host of Heaven Thy praises tell,
All powers and thrones bowdown to Thee,
And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
Alike in earth and air and sea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things right:
Give glory then to Him, our God!

3 And for the creatures He hath made, Our God will ceaselessly provide, His grace will be their constant aid, And guard them round on every side; His kingdom ye may surely trust, There all is equal, all is just: Give glory then to Him, our God!

Give glory then to Him, our God!

4 I sought Him in my hour of need,
I cried,—Lord God, now hear my prayer!

For death He gave me life indeed,
And hope and comfort for despair;

For this my thanks shall endless be,
O thank Him, thank Him too with me;
Give glory now to Him, our God!

5 The Lord is never far away,
Is never sundered from His flock,
He is their Refuge and their Stay,
He is their Peace, their Trust, their Rock,
And with a mother's watchful love
He guides them wheresoe'er they rove:
Give glory then to Him, our God!

6 Ah yes! till life hath reached its bound,
My faithful God, I'll worship Thee!
The chorus of Thy praise shall sound
From henceforth over land and sea.
Oh soul and body, now rejoice,
My heart, send forth a gladsome voice;
Give glory now to Him, our God!

7 All ye who name Christ's holy Name,

Give all the glory to our God!
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
Give all the glory to our God!
All idols under foot be trod,
The Lord is God, the Lord is God!
Give glory evermore to Him! Amen.

An Easter Song, from eight songs entitled "Etlich Christlich Lyeder, Lobgesang vnd Psalmen," Wittenborg, 1524 (Erstes lutherisches Gesangbuch), etc. etc.

Hymn 108.

Elbe. 989888.



"I will praise my God while I have my being."

2 O all ye powers that He implanted,
Arise, keep silence thus no more,
Put forth the strength that He hath granted,
Your noblest work is to adore;
O soul and body, make ye meet
With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet.

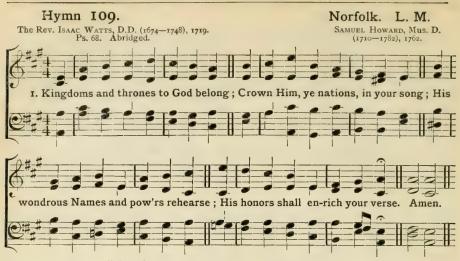
3 Ye forest leaves so green and tender,
That dance for joy in summer air;
Ye meadow-grasses bright and slender,
Ye flowers so wondrous sweet and fair;
Ye live to show His praise alone,
Help me to make His glory known.

4 O all things that have breath and motion, That throng with life, earth, sea and sky, Now join me in my heart's devotion, Help me to raise His praises high. My utmost powers can ne'er aright Declare the wonders of His might.

5 But I will tell, while I am living,
His goodness forth with every breath,
And greet each morning with thanksgiving,
Until my heart is still in death.
Nay, when at last my lips grow cold,
His praise shall in my sighs be told.

6 O Father, deign Thou, I beseech Thee,
To listen to my earthly lays;
A nobler strain in Heaven shall reach Thee,
When I with angels hymn Thy praise,
And learn amid their choirs to sing
Loud Alleluias to my King. Amen.

The Rev. Charles Wesley wrote the Hymn, "O for a thousand tongues to sing" (1739), based on this old German Choral.



"O Lord, all nations shall come and worship before Thee."

- 2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms, How terrible is God in arms! In Israel are His mercies known: Israel is His peculiar throne.
- 3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest; He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest; When terrors rise, and nations faint, God is the Strength of every saint.



"God is our Refuge, and Strength, a very present Help in time of trouble."

- Our comforts shall not cease: The Lord His saints will not forsake, The Lord will give us peace.
- 3 A gentle stream of hope and love To us shall ever flow;
- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake, It issues from His Throne above, It cheers His Church below.
 - 4 When earth and hell against us came, He spake, and quell'd their powers; The Lord of Hosts is still the same: The God of grace is ours. Amen.



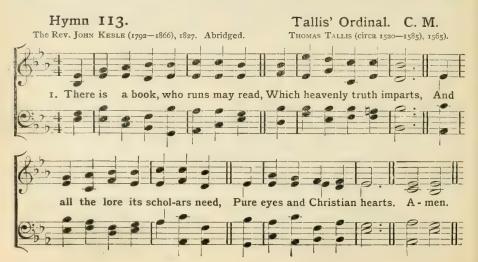
2 Let all the world in every corner sing "My God and King!"

The Church with psalms must shout, No door can shut them out;

But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing
"My God and King!"

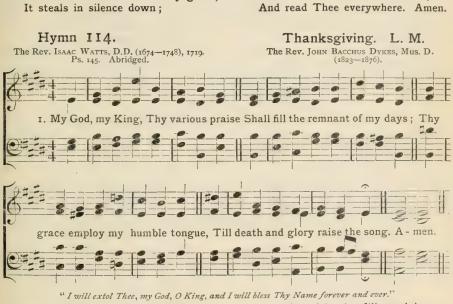


- From Whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou With health renewed my face; And, when in sins and sorrows sunk, Revived my soul with grace.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ;
- 5 Through every period of my life Thy goodness I'll pursue; And after death, in distant worlds, The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to Thee A joyful song I'll raise; For O, eternity's too short To utter all Thy praise. Amen.



- "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made."
- 2 The works of God, above, below, Within us and around, Are pages in that book, to show How God Himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all, Is like the Maker's love, Wherewith encompass'd, great and small In peace and order move.
- 4 The moon above, the Church below,
 A wondrous race they run;
 But all their radiance, all their glow,
 Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat That crowns His holy hill; The saints, like stars, around His seat Perform their courses still.
- 6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
 It steals in silence down:

- And where it lights, the favor'd place By richest fruits is known.
- 7 One Name, above all glorious names, With its ten thousand tongues The everlasting sea proclaims, Echoing angelic songs,
- 8 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
 Thy boundless power display:
 But in the gentler breeze we find
 Thy Spirit's viewless way.
- 9 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin Forbids us to descry, The mystic Heaven and earth within, Plain as the sea and sky.
- 10 Thou Who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere. Amen



- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to Thine Ear, And every setting sun shall see New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
 Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
 Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds? Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds; Vast and unsearchable Thy ways, Vast and immortal be Thy praise! Amen.

Hymn II5.

Winchester New (Crasselius.) L. M.

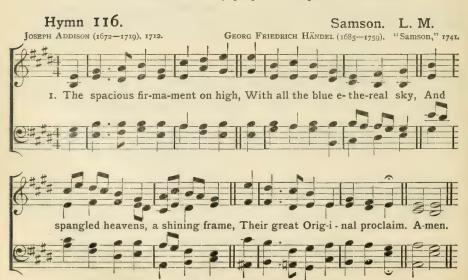
The Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D. (1659—1726), 1696.
Nahum Tate (1652—1715), 1696. Ps. 106. Abridged.

I. O ren-der thanks to God a - bove, The Fountain of e - ter-nal love,

Whose mer-cy firm through ages past Has stood, and shall forever last. A-men.

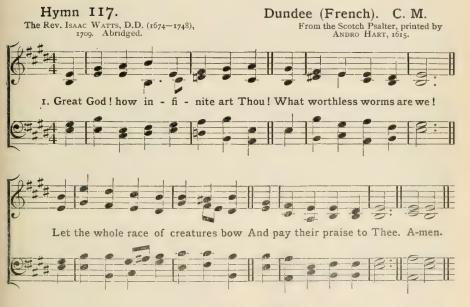
"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever."

- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express, Not only vast but numberless? What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord, Thou to Thy chosen dost afford; When Thou return'st to set them free, Let Thy salvation visit me.
- 4 O may I worthy prove to see
 Thy saints in full prosperity,
 That I the joyful choir may join,
 And count Thy people's triumph mine. Amen.



- "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an Almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all Move round the dark terrestrial ball? What though no real voice or sound Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice; For ever singing, as they shine: "The Hand That made us is Divine." Amen.



"Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."

- 2 Thy Throne eternal ages stood, Ere seas or stars were made: Thou art the ever-living God, Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Eternity, with all its years, Stands present in Thy view;
- To Thee there's nothing old appears—Great God! there's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn, And vexed with trifling cares; While Thine eternal Thought moves on Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God! how infinite art Thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee. Amen.

Hymn II8. Neumarck. (Bremen or Augsburg). 888888.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER, M. D., otherwise called Angelus Silesius (Wer nur den lieben Gott lisst walten.)

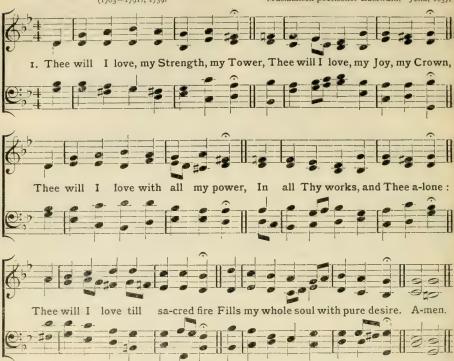
(1624—1677), 1657.

77. The Rev John Wesley,
(1703—1791), 1739.

(Wer nur den lieben Gott lisst walten.)

George Neumarck (1621—1681).

"Musikalisch-poetischer Lustwald," Jena, 1657.



- "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength."
- I thank Thee, Uncreated Sun,
 That Thybright beams on me have shined;
 I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
 I thank Thee, Whose enlivening Voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 3 Ah, why did I so late Thee know, Thee, lovelier than the sons of men! Ah, why did I no sooner go

To Thee, the only Ease of pain! Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn That I to Thee so late did turn.

- 4 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace,
 Still to press forward in Thy way;
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of Might,
 Fill, satiate with Thy heavenly Light.
- 5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears, Give to mine heart chaste, hallowed fires; Give to my soul, with filial fears,

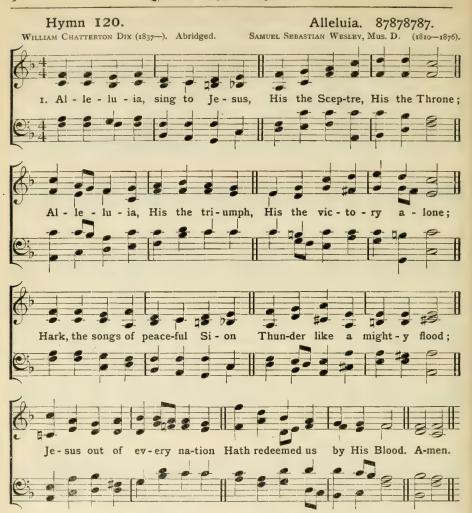
The love that all Heaven's host inspires, That all my powers, with all their might In Thy sole glory may unite.

6 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown, Thee will I love, my Lord, my God. Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown Or smile—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod; What though my flesh and heart decay, Thee shall I love in endless Day! Amen.



" My soul shall make her boast in the Lord."

- 2 Soon as the morn, with roses,
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,
 My voice, in supplication,
 Well-pleaséd Thou shalt hear:
 O! grant me Thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By Thee, through life supported,
 I'll pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted,
 Up to their bright abode;
 There cast my crown before Thee,
 And, all my conflicts o'er,
 Unceasingly adore Thee:
 What could an angel more! Amen.



" Thou art a Priest forever."

2 Alleluia, not as orphans,
We are left in sorrow now;
Alleluia, He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Tho' the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore?"

3 Alleluia, Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay,
Alleluia, here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;

Intercessor, Friend of sinners, Earth's Redeemer, plead for me, Where the songs of all the sinless Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia, sing to Jesus,
His the Sceptre, His the Throne,
Alleluia, His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark, the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His Blood. Amen.



" The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit Into every troubled breast! Let us all in Thee inherit, Let us find that second rest. Take away the love of sinning; Alpha and Omega be; End of faith, as its Beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver! Let us all Thy Life receive; Suddenly return, and never, Never more Thy temples leave. Thee we would be always blessing, Serve Thee as Thy host above; Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing; Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be: Let us see our whole salvation Perfectly secured by Thee! Changed from glory into glory, Till in Heaven we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

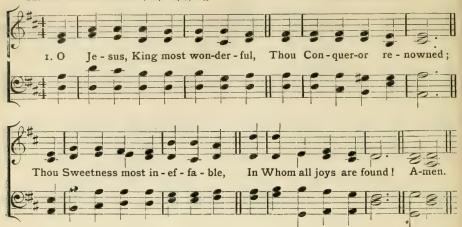
From "Hymns for those that seek, and those that have, Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ." 5th Edition, 1756.



St. Mark. C. M.

BERNARD of Clairvaux (1814—1878), 1849. The Rev. Edward Caswall (1814—1878), 1849.

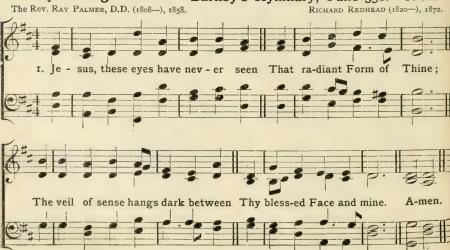
HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. D. (1806-1876), 1872.



"Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints."

- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart, Then truth begins to shine, Then earthly vanities depart, Then kindles love Divine.
- 3 O Jesus, Light of all below, Thou Fount of life and fire, Surpassing all the joys we know, All that we can desire:
- 4 May every heart confess Thy Name, And ever Thee adore; And seeking Thee, itself inflame To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee may our tongues forever bless; Thee may we love alone; And ever in our lives express The image of Thine own. Amen.

Hymn 123. Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 351. The Rev. RAY PALMER, D.D. (1808-), 1858.



"Whom having not seen, ye love."

- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
 Yet art Thou oft with me;
 And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
 As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes When slumbers o'er me roll, [unsought Thine Image ever fills my thought, And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still Must rest in faith alone,
 - I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will, Unseen, but not Unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal, And still this throbbing heart, The rending well shall Thee saves!

The rending veil shall Thee reveal, All glorious as Thou art. Amen.



"My heart is inditing a good matter; I speak of the things which I have made touching the King."

- 2 I'd sing the precious Blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath Divine! I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
 And all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His Throne;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.
- 4 Well—the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His Face:
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace. Amen.



- 2 'Tis His Almighty love, His counsel and His care, Preserves us safe from sin and death, And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls, Unblemished and complete,
- 4 Then all the chosen seed Shall meet around the Throne, Shall bless the conduct of His grace, And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God Wisdom and power belongs, Immortal crowns of majesty,



"As rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

2 His Hands the wheels of nature guide With an unerring skill, And countless worlds, extended wide,

Obey His sovereign will.

3 While harps unnumbered sound His

In yonder world above, [praise His saints on earth admire His ways And glory in His love.

4 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.

- 5 This land, thro' which His pilgrims go, Is desolate and dry; But streams of grace from Him o'erflow, Their thirst to satisfy.
- 6 When troubles, like a burning sun, Beat heavy on their head, To this Almighty Rock they run, And find a pleasing shade.
- 7 How glorious He! how happy they In such a glorious Friend! Whose love secures them all the way, And crowns them at the end. Amen.



"And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."

- 2 Sing of His dying love; Sing of His rising power; Sing how He intercedes above For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues;
 Sing, till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransom'd sinners, sing; Sing on, rejoicing every day In Christ the eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear Him say, "Ye blessed children, come;" Soon will He call us hence away, And take His wanderers Home.
- 6 There shall each heart and tongue His endless praise proclaim, And sweeter voices swell the song Of Moses and the Lamb. Amen.



"There is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this, 4 No tongue of mortal can express, No Name is heard more full of bliss, No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.
- 3 Jesus! the Hope of souls forlorn, How good to them for sin that mourn! To them that seek Thee, oh how kind! But What art Thou to them that find?
- No letters write the blessedness, Alone, who hath Thee in his heart Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.
- 5 O Jesus, King of wondrous might! O Victor, glorious from the fight! Sweetness That may not be expressed, And altogether Loveliest!
- 6 Remain with us, O Lord, to-day, In every heart Thy grace display, That now the shades of night are fled, On Thee our spirits may be fed. Amen.

Hymn 133.

St. Peter. C. M.

The Rev. John Newton (1725-1807), 1779. ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE (1799-1877), 1826. re - pare new hon-ors for His Name, And songs be-fore un-known. A-men.

"And I heard the voice of many angels round about the Throne."

- 2 Let elders worship at His Feet, The Church adore around, With vials full of odors sweet, And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints, And these the hymns they raise; Jesus is kind to our complaints; He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Eternal Father, who shall look Into Thy secret Will? Who but the Son shall take that book And open every seal?
- 5 He shall fulfil Thy great decrees, The Son deserves it well;

- Lo! in His Hand the sov'reign keys Of Heaven, and death, and hell.
- 6 Now to the Lamb, That once was slain, Be endless blessings paid! Salvation, glory, joy remain Forever on Thy Head!
- 7 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood, Hast set the prisoners free, Hast made us kings and priests to God, And we shall reign with Thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace Are put beneath Thy Power; Then shorten these delaying days, And bring the promis'd hour. Amen.

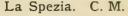
Said to be the first Hymn composed by Dr. Watts, called "A New Song to the Lamb That was Slain."



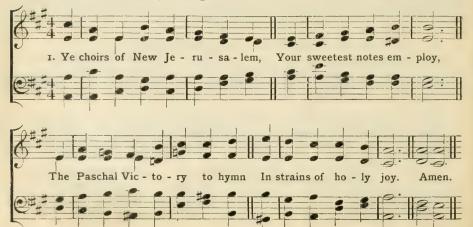
- " For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins."
- 2 But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins away; A Sacrifice of nobler Name And richer Blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand On that dear Head of Thine, While like a penitent I stand, And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the curséd tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing His bleeding love. Amen.

Hymn 135.

St. Fulbert of Chartres (-1029), Tr. Robert Campbell (-1868) 1850. Abridged,



JAMES TAYLOR (1833-), 1867?



- "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name Which is above every name."
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach? 4 Jesus, Who left His Throne on high, What mortal tongue display? Imagination's utmost stretch In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite, And gratitude and joy; Be Jesus our supreme Delight, His praise, our best employ.
- Left the bright realms of bliss, And came on earth to bleed and die-Was ever love like this?
- 5 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay Our humble thanks to Thee. May every heart with rapture say, The Saviour died for me.
- 6 O may the sweet, the blissful theme Fill every heart and tongue, Till strangers love Thy charming Name, And join the sacred song. Amen.



- "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places, in Christ."
- 2 The Saviour! oh! what endless charms Dwell in the blissful sound! Its influence every fear disarms, And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 3 Here pardon, life and joys divine, In rich effusion flow, For guilty rebels lost in sin, And doomed to endless woe.
- 4 The Almighty Former of the skies Stooped to our vile abode: While angels viewed with wondering And hailed the Incarnate God.
- 5 Triumphant, He ascends on high, The glorious work complete;

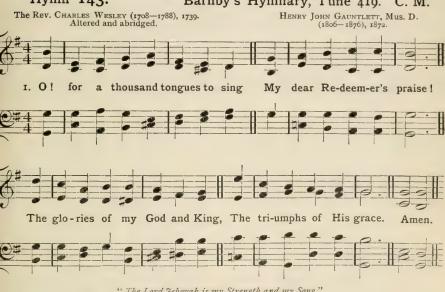
- Sin, death, and hell, low vanquished lie Beneath His awful Feet.
- 6 There with eternal glory crowned, The Lord, the Conqueror, reigns; His praise the heavenly choirs resound, In their immortal strains.
- 7 O! the rich depths of Love Divine! Of bliss a boundless store! Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine; I cannot wish for more.
- 8 On Thee alone my hope relies, Beneath Thy Cross I fall; My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice, My Saviour, and my All. Amen.



- "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.'
- 2 Yes!-Thou art precious to my soul, My Transport and my Trust; lewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish, In Thee doth richly meet: Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds its fragrance there:-The noblest balm of all its wounds. The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of Thy Name With my last laboring breath; Then speechless clasp Thee in mine arms. The Antidote of death. Amen.

Hymn 143.

Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 419.



"The Lord Jehovah is my Strength and my Song."

- My gracious Master and my God! Assist me to proclaim, To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,
 - The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus—the Name That calms our fears, 5 He speaks; and listening to His Voice That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin, He sets the prisoner free; His Blood can make the foulest clean; His Blood availed for me.
 - New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.
 - 6 Hear Him, ye deaf! His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ; Ye blind, behold your Saviour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy! Amen.

This is part of a Hymn written originally for the anniversary day of one's conversion. It was probably composed about May, 1739, just a year after the period when the two brothers were first brought into the enjoyment of Christian liberty.



"We see Jesus, crowned with glory and honor."

- 2 Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre, And, as they tune it, fall Before His Face, Who tunes their Choir, And crown Him Lord of all!
- 3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light! He fixed this floating ball; Now hail the Strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all!
- 4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from His altar call;
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all!
- 5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race, Ye ransomed of the fall; Hail Him Who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
- 6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,— Whom David Lord did call,— The God Incarnate, Man Divine, And crown Him Lord of all!
- 7 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at His Feet, And crown Him Lord of all!

8 Let every tribe and every tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all! Amen.

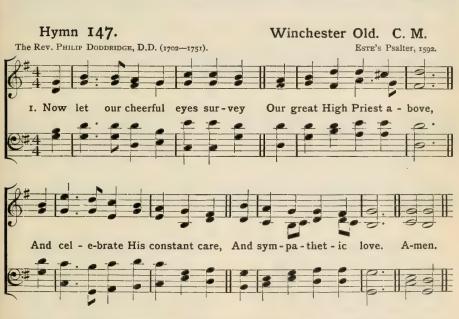
This version is taken from the "Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred," published by Perronet, in 1785, and deposited in the British Museum; the Tune is the original one composed for the words. The Rev. Edward Perronet is said to have bequeathed Mr. Shrubsole a considerable legacy, as a mark of his appreciation.





"The Chiefest among ten thousand; yea, He is altogether lovely."

- 2 No mortal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fairer is He than all the fair That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress, He flew to my relief; For me He bore the shameful Cross, And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph over death, He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To Heaven, the place of His abode, He brings my weary feet; Shows me the glories of my God, And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from His bounty I receive Such proofs of love Divine, Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord! they should all be Thine! Amen.



- "And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breast-plate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually."
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne, Where angels bow around, And high o'er all the shining train, With matchless honors crowned;—
- 3 The names of all His saints He bears
 Deep graven on His Heart;
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say
 That He hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide, Our everlasting trust, When gems, and monuments, and crowns Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast, May Thy dear Name be worn, A sacred Ornament and Guard, To endless ages borne. Amen.

The Hymns of the Rev. Dr. Doddridge were circulated in manuscript during his life, but were not printed until 1755.



" Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord."

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love;
 When He had purged our stains,
 He took His seat above:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail;
 He rules o'er earth and Heaven;
 The keys of death and hell,
 Are to our Jesus given:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's Right Hand,
 Till all His foes submit,
 And bow to His command,
 And fall beneath His Feet:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 He all His foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal Home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice! Amen.



Thou hast full atonement made:

Every sin may be forgiven Through the virtue of Thy Blood;

Opened is the gate of Heaven;

Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Seated at Thy Father's side.

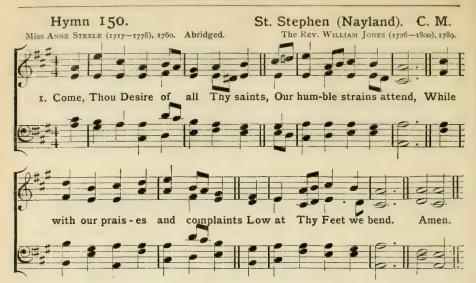
There for sinners Thou art pleading; "Spare them yet another year,"

Thou for saints art interceding

Till in glory they appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing, Christ is worthy to receive; Loudest praises, without ceasing, Meet it is for us to give! Help, ye bright angelic spirits, Bring your sweetest, noblest lays; Help to sing our Jesus' merits, Help to chant Emmanuel's praise! Amen.

This Hymn was first included in a collection of "Hymns addressed to the Holy, Holy, Holy Triune God," 1757. It appeared in an abridged form in MADAN'S Coll., 1760; it was altered by TOPLADY in 1776.



- "And I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts."
- With warm devotion rise! How should our souls, on wings of love, Mount upward to the skies!
- 3 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise In us the heav'nly flame; Then shall our lips resound Thy praise Our hearts adore Thy Name.
- 2 How should our songs, like those above, 4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine, And fill Thy dwellings here, Till life, and love, and joy Divine A heav'n on earth appear.
 - 5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say, Come, great Redeemer, come! And bring the bright, the glorious day, That calls Thy children Home. Amen.



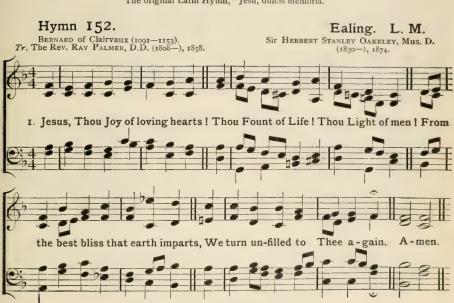
" Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, 4 But what to those who find! Ah! this, Nor can the memory find A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart! O Joy of all the meek! To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

O Saviour of mankind!

- Nor tongue nor pen can show; The love of Jesus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou, As Thou our Prize wilt be; Jesus, be Thou our Glory now, And through eternity. Amen.

The original Latin Hymn, "Jesu, dulcis memoria."



" My spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour."

- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood; Thou savest those that on Thee call; To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, All in all!
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread, And long to feast upon Thee still! We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee, Where'er our changeful lot is cast; Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay! Make all our moments calm and bright! Chase the dark night of sin away, Shed o'er the world Thy holy Light! Amen.



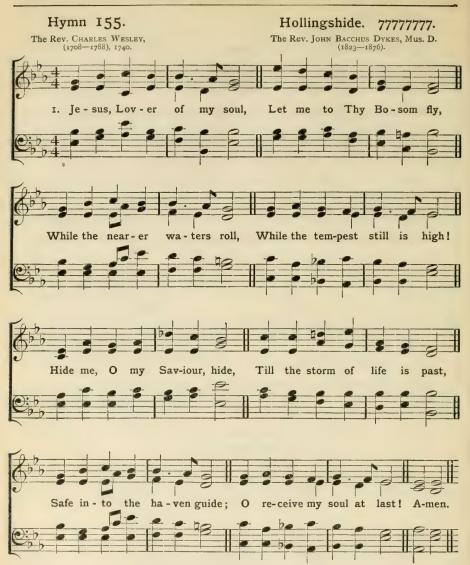
- "Christ is All and in all."
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak, I feel the toilsome journey's length; Thine aid Omnipotent I seek, Thou art my Strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way, Dark and tempestuous is the night; O send Thou forth some cheering ray, Thou art my Light.
- 4 I hear the storms around me rise;
 But when I dread the impending shock,
 My spirit to the Refuge flies,
 Thou art my Rock.
- 5 When Satan flings his fiery darts, I look to Thee; my terrors cease; Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts, Thou art my Peace.
- 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink, In that tremendous latest strife; Thou wilt not suffer me to sink, Thou art my Life.
- 7 Thou wilt my every want supply, E'en to the end, whate'er befall; Through life, in death, eternally, Thou art my All. Amen.





"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

- 2 O grant, that nothing in my soul May dwell but Thy pure love alone: O may Thy love possess me whole, My joy, my treasure, and my crown; Strange fires far from my soul remove; My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 Unwearied may I this pursue, Dauntless to the high prize aspire; Hourly within my breast renew This holy flame, this heavenly fire; And day and night, be all my care To guard this sacred treasure there.
- 4 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
 In weakness be Thy love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be Thou my Guide,
 And save me, Who for me hast died. Amen.



"Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul."

- 2 Other refuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me! All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy Wing!
- Wilt Thou not regard my call?
 Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
 Lo! I sink, I faint, I fail!
 Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
 Reach me out Thy gracious Hand!
 While I of Thy strength receive,
 Hoping against hope I stand,
 Dying, and behold I live!

"We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Thy unveil'd glory to behold;
 Then only will this wandering heart
 Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold!

 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Wherespotless saints Thy Name adore:
 Then only will this sinful heart
 Be evil and defiled no more!
 - 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Where none can die, where none remove;
 There neither death nor life will part
 Me from Thy Presence and Thy love! Amen.

And sees the rempter my.

onair surely come from I nee.

6 But let me still abide

Nor from my hope remove,

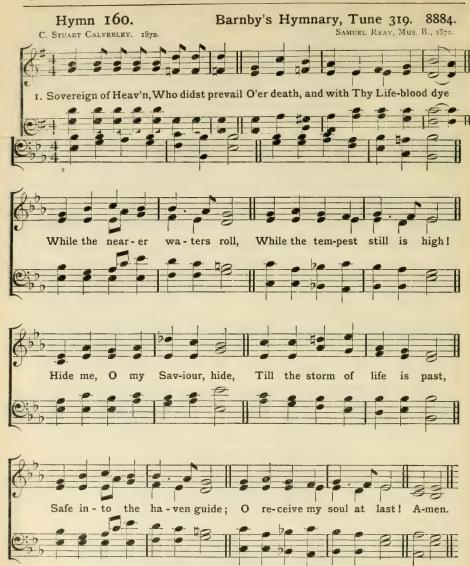
Till Thou my patient spirit guide

Into Thy perfect love. Amen,



"Thou art a Priest forever after the order of Melchizedec."

- 2 Thy Offering still continues new,
 Thy Vesture keeps its blood-stained hue;
 Thyself the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Thy Priesthood doth unchanged remain;
 Thy years, O God, can never fail,
 Nor Thy blest work within the Veil.
- 3 O that our faith may never move,
 But stand unshaken as Thy love!
 Sure evidence of things unseen,
 Now let it pass the years between,
 And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,
 Our Victim and our Priest to be. Amen.



"Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul."

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy Wing!
- 3 Wilt Thou not regard my call? Wilt Thou not accept my prayer? Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall! Lo! on Thee I cast my care! Reach me out Thy gracious Hand! While I of Thy strength receive, Hoping against hope I stand, Dying, and behold I live!

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

- 2 Give me on Thee to wait, Till I can all things do: On Thee, Almighty to create, Almighty to renew.
- 3 I want a godly fear, A quick-discerning eye, That looks to Thee when sin is near, And sees the Tempter fly.
- 4 A spirit still prepared, And armed with jealous care, Forever standing on its guard, And watching unto prayer,
- 5 I rest upon Thy Word; The promise is for me: My succor and salvation, Lord, Shall surely come from Thee.
- 6 But let me still abide Nor from my hope remove, Till Thou my patient spirit guide Into Thy perfect love. Amen.



"Thou art a Priest forever after the order of Melchizedec."

- 2 Thy Offering still continues new, Thy Vesture keeps its blood-stained hue: Thyself the Lamb for sinners slain, Thy Priesthood doth unchanged remain; Thy years, O God, can never fail, Nor Thy blest work within the Veil.
- 3 O that our faith may never move, But stand unshaken as Thy love! Sure evidence of things unseen, Now let it pass the years between, And view Thee bleeding on the Tree, Our Victim and our Priest to be. Amen.



"Jehovah-rophi-I am the Lord that healeth Thee."

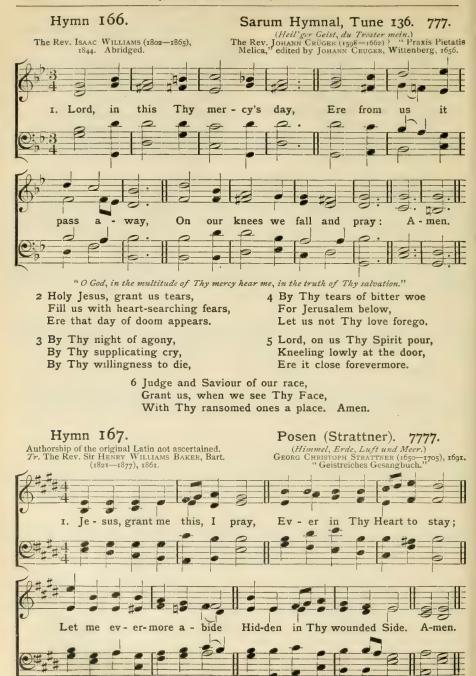
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess; We faintly trust Thy Word; But wilt Thou pity us the less? Be that far from Thee, Lord!
- 3 Remember him, who once applied,
 With trembling, for relief;
 "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
 "Oh, help my unbelief!"
- 4 She too, who touched Thee in the press, And healing virtue stole,

- Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Concealed amid the gathering throng, She would have shunned Thy view; And if her faith was firm and strong Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come, To touch Thee, if we may;
 - O! send us not despairing home! Send none unhealed away! Amen.



"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth."

- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought, How can I love Thee as I ought; And how extol Thy matchless fame, The glorious beauty of Thy Name? Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore, O make me love Thee more and more.
- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me, That Thou hast dealt so lovingly? How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
- So far exceeding hope or thought!
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more!
- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
 To Thee my heart and soul belong;
 All that I have or am is Thine,
 And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.
 Amen.



"Lord, remember me."

- 2 If the Evil One prepare, Or the World, a tempting snare, I am safe, when I abide In Thy Heart and wounded Side.
- 3 If the flesh, more dangerous still, Tempt my soul to deeds of ill.

Naught I fear, when I abide In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

4 Death will come one day to me: Jesus, cast me not from Thee: Dying, let me still abide In Thy Heart and wounded Side. Amen.

Hymn 168.

The Rev. CHARLES WESLEY (1708-1788), 1745.

Creator Spiritus.

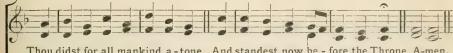
HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. D. (1806-1876), 1872.



r. Vic-tim Divine, Thy grace we claim, While thus Thy precious death we show;







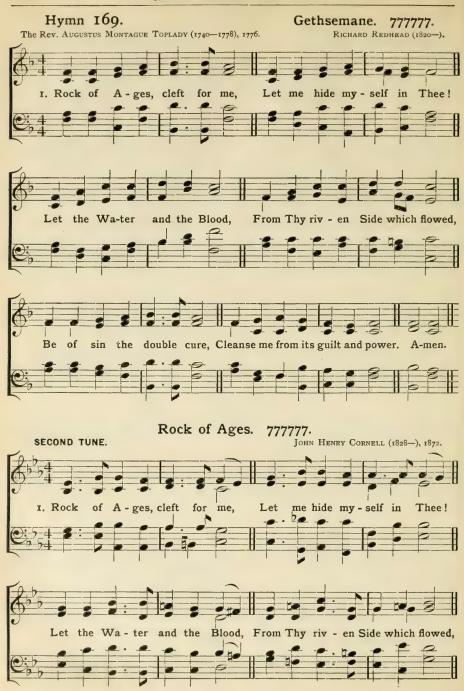
Thou didst for all mankind a-tone, And standest now be - fore the Throne. A-men.



"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast."

- 2 Thou standest in the holy place, As now for guilty sinners slain; The Blood of sprinkling speaks and prays, All prevalent for helpless man. Thy Blood is still our ransom found, And speaks salvation all around.
- 3 The smoke of Thy Atonement here Darkened the sun and rent the veil, Made the new Way to Heaven appear, And showed the Great Invisible; Well pleased in Thee, our God looked down, And called His rebels to a crown.
- 4 He still respects Thy Sacrifice; Its savor sweet does always please; The Offering smokes thro' earth and skies, Diffusing life and joy and peace; To these, Thy lower courts, it comes And fills them with divine perfumes.
- 5 We need not now ascend to Heaven, To bring the long-sought Saviour down; Thou art to all already given,

Thou dost even now Thy Banquet crown; To every faithful soul appear, And show Thy real Presence here! Amen.



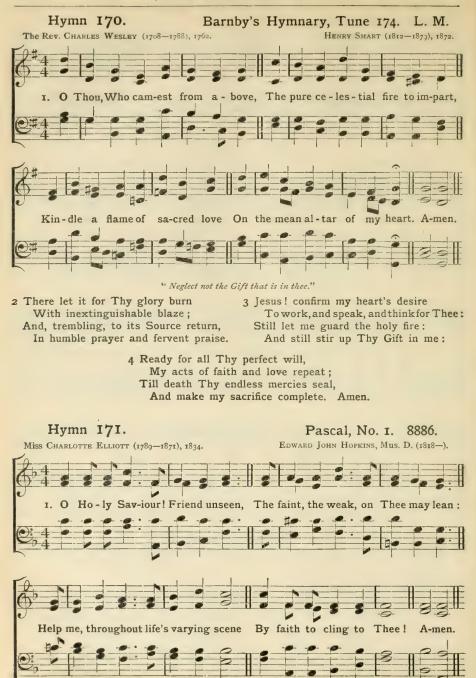


2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy Law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to Thy Cross I cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress; Helpless, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the Fountain fly: Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar thro' tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment Throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.

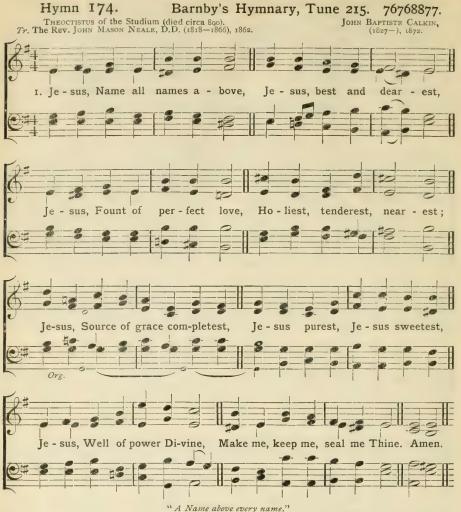
Inserted in the "Gospel Magazine" for March, 1776, with the title, "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World,"



- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the Cross, the nail, the thorn;
 Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry;
 Hear our solemn Litany.
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone;
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God;
 O! from Earth to Heaven restored,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany. Amen.

Originally published in the "Christian Observer," 1815.





2 Jesus, open me the gate
That of old he entered,
Who, in that most lost estate,
Wholly on Thee ventured;
Thou, Whose Wounds are ever pleading,
And Thy Passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a Home in Paradise.

3 Thou didst call the prodigal;
Thou didst pardon Mary;
Thou, Whose words can never fall,
Love can never vary;

Lord, to heal my lost condition Give, for Thou canst give, contrition; Thou canst pardon all my ill, If Thou wilt: O say, "I will!"

4 Woe, that I have turned aside
After fleshly pleasure!
Woe, that I have never tried
For the Heavenly Treasure!
Treasure, safe in homes supernal,
Incorruptible, eternal:
Treasure no less price hath won

Than the Passion of The Son.

- 5 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
 Scourged for my transgression,
 Witnessing, through agony,
 That Thy good confession;
 Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
 For my evil making payment;
 Let not all Thy woe and pain,
 Let not Calvary, be in vain.
- 6 When I cross death's bitter sea,
 And its waves roll higher,
 Help the more forsaking me
 As the storm draws nigher;
 Jesus, leave me not to languish,
 Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;
 Tell me, "Verily, I say,
 Thou shalt be with Me to-day."
 Amen.

The Advent.



"And at midnight there was a cry made: Behold, the Bridegroom cometh."

2 Shake off Earth's dust,
And wash thy weary feet;
Arise, make haste, go forth,
The Bridegroom greet.

Sing the new song!
Thy triumph has begun;
Thy tears are wiped away,
Thy night is done! Amen.



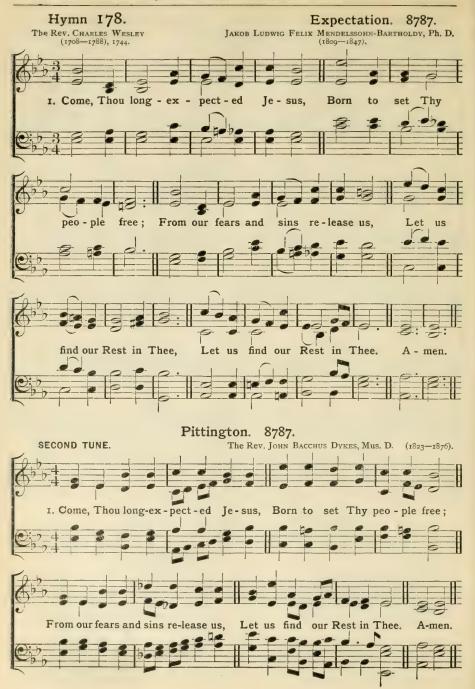
"Blessed is he, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find watching."

- 2 Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down, Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown; But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus Cry "Holy, Holy, Holy God, have mercy upon us."
- 3 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
 But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
 Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
 "Behold, the Bridegroom comes. Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride."
- 4 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie, And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry; But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on His Own bright wedding-robe of light—the glory of the Son. Amen.



"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

- 2 See that your lamps are burning, Replenish them with oil; And wait for your salvation, The end of earthly toil. The watchers on the mountain Proclaim the Bridegroom near, Go meet Him as He cometh, With alleluias clear.
- 3 Ye saints, who here in patience Your cross and sufferings bore, Shall live and reign forever When sorrow is no more.
- Around the Throne of glory,
 The Lamb ye shall behold,
 In triumph cast before Him
 Your diadems of gold!
- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear;
 Arise, Thou Sun, so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere.
 With hearts and hands pointed,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's reder reson,
 That brings us unto The



"Blessed is He That cometh in the Name of the Lord."

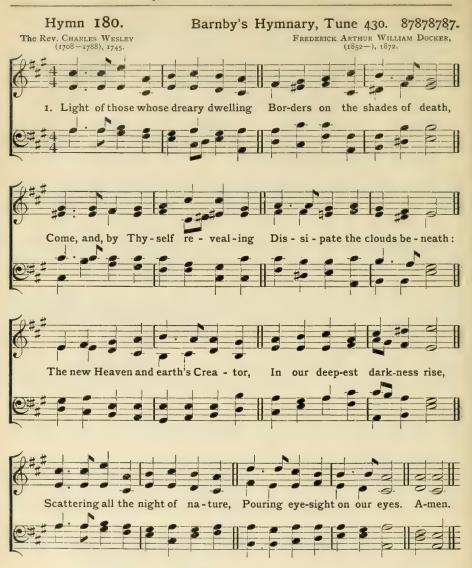
- 2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born, Thy people to deliver;
 Born a Child, and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring;
- 4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious Throne. Amen.



"And multitudes followed, saying 'Hosanna to the Son of David."

- 2 "Hosanna," Lord, Thine angels cry; "Hosanna," Lord, Thy saints reply; Above, beneath us, and around, The dead and living swell the sound. Hosanna in the highest!
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care
 Return to this Thy house of prayer,
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim.
 Hosanna in the highest!
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast, Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest; And make our secret soul to be A temple pure, and worthy Thee. Hosanna in the highest!
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day, When earth and Heaven shall melt away, Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain, Shall swell the sound of praise again. Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

Sent by Bp. Heber to the "Christian Observer," in October, 1811.

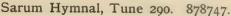


" A Light to lighten the Gentiles."

- 2 Still we wait for Thine appearing; Life and joy Thy beams impart, Chasing all our fears, and cheering Every poor benighted heart: Come, and manifest the favor God hath for our ransomed race; Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour, Come, and bring the Gospel-grace.
- 3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince,
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins;
 By Thine all-restoring merit.
 - By Thine all-restoring merit, Every burdened soul release, Every weary, wandering spirit

Guide into Thy perfect peace. Amen.

Hymn 181. The Rev. John Cennick (1717—1755), 1752, The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708—1788), 1758. The Rev. Martin Madan (1726—1790), 1760.



HENRY SMART (1812-1879), 1868.







Thousand thousand saints at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:





Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God ap-pears, on earth to reign.



"And the Lord Whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple."

2 Every eye shall now behold Him, Robed in dreadful majesty; Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain, Heaven and earth shall flee away; All who hate Him must, confounded, Hear the trump proclaim the day; Come to judgment! Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now Redemption, long expected, See in solemn pomp appear! All His saints, by men rejected,

Now shall meet Him in the air: Alleluia!

See the day of God appear!

5 Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit; Hasten, Lord, the general doom; The new Heaven and earth t' inherit Take Thy pining exiles home: All creation

Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

6 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee, High on Thine eternal Throne: Saviour, take the power and glory; Claim the kingdom for Thine own: O, come quickly, Alleluia! come. Lord, come. Amen.

The germ of this Hymn we owe to CENNICK, who published (Dublin, 1752) "A Collection of Sacred Hymns," in which was one entitled "Lo! He cometh; countless trumpets." This suggested to WESLEY the four stanzas given on p. 157, and these were finally altered by MADAN to the form here given, which is in general use.



"He saith, Surely, I come. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

- 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 All our hearts could never say;
 What an anthem that will be,
 Bringing out our love to Thee,
 Pouring out our rapture sweet
- 3 Thou art coming; at Thy Table
 We are witnesses for this;
 While remembering hearts Thou meetest
 In communion clearest, sweetest,
 Earnest of our coming bliss,
 Showing not Thy death alone,
 And Thy love exceeding great,
 But Thy coming, and Thy Throne,
 All for which we long and wait.

At Thine own all-glorious Feet.

- 4 Thou art coming; we are waiting With a hope that cannot fail, Asking not the day or hour, Resting on Thy word of power, Anchored safe within the veil. Time appointed may be long, But the vision must be sure; Certainty shall make us strong, Joyful patience can endure.
- 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, my own beloved Lord!
 Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
 Brought to Thee with one accord;
 Thee, my Master and my Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned,
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned. Amen.

Hymn 183.

The Rev. WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST, (1796—1877), 1830.

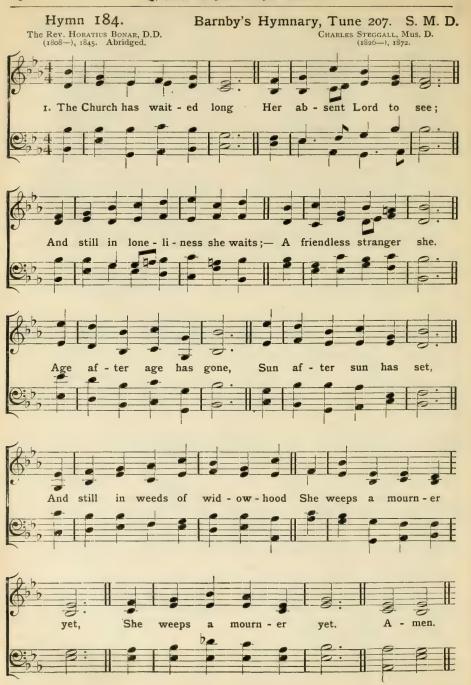
Hampton. L. M.

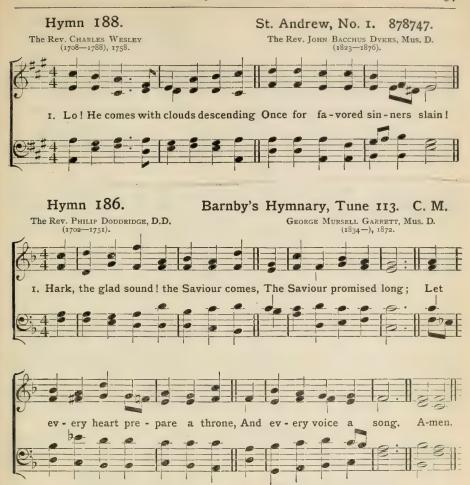
Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Mus. D. (1810—1876).



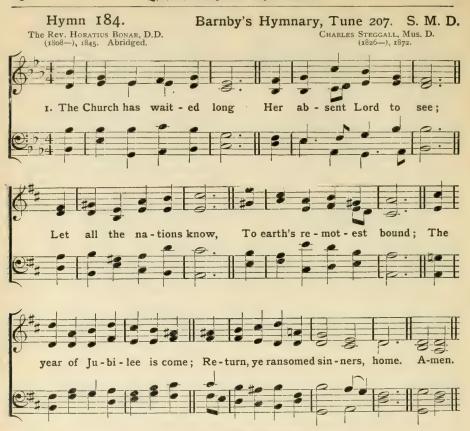
- 2 Ev'n now, when tempests round us fall, And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky, Thy words with pleasure we recall, And deem that our redemption's nigh.
- 3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew, Our foes repel, our wrongs redress, Man's rooted enmity subdue, And crown Thy Gospel with success.
- 4 O come, and reign o'er ev'ry land; Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd:

- All nations bow to Thy command, And grace revive a dying world!
- 5 Yes, Thou wilt speedily appear!
 The smitten earth already reels:
 And not far off we seem to hear
 The thunder of Thy chariot wheels.
- 6 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
 To wait for the appointed hour;
 And fit us by Thy grace to share
 The triumphs of Thy conquering power.
 Amen.



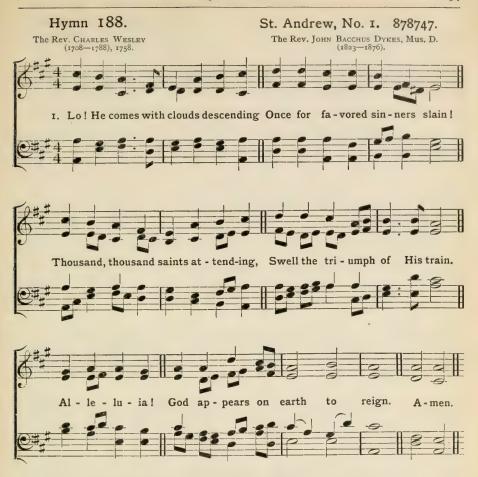


- "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind."
- 2 On Him, the Spirit, largely poured, Exerts its sacred fire; Wisdom and might, and zeal and love His holy Breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held;
- The gates of brass before Him burst, The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice To clear the mental ray, And, on the eye-balls of the blind, To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And, with the treasures of His grace,
 T'enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim, And Heaven's eternal arches ring With Thy Beloved Name. Amen.



"Lift up thy voice like a trumpet."

- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full Atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of Jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The All-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in His Blood
 Throughout the world proclaim:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Ye, who have sold for naught
 Your Heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love;
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 6 The Gospel Trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace;
 And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's Face:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. Amen.



"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with His mighty angels."

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree;
 Deeply wailing
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 The dear tokens of His Passion
 Still His dazzling Body bears,
 Cause of endless exultation
 To His ransomed worshippers;
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars!
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal Throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
 Jah, Jehovah!
 Everlasting God, come down. Amen

The original version from "Hymns of Intercession for all Mankind." For another version of these words
see page 149.



"Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say unto you, Rejoice. * * * * The Lord is at hand."

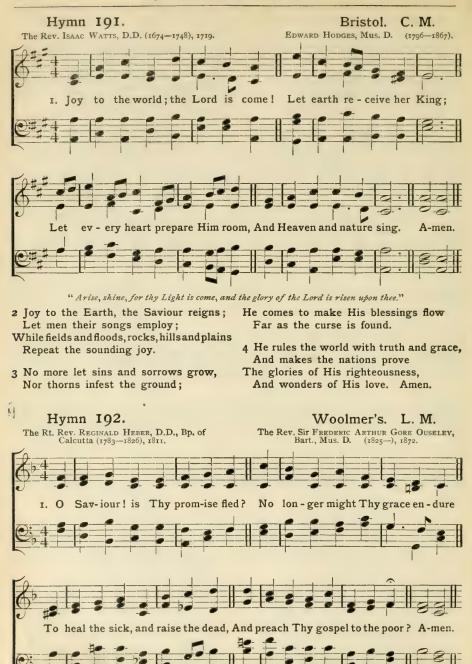
- 2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
 Mercy is ever at His side;
 His kingly crown is holiness,
 His sceptre, pity in distress.
 The end of all our woes He brings;
 Wherefore the Earth is glad and sings,
 We praise Thee, Saviour, now;
 Mighty in deed art Thou.
- O blest the land, the city blest
 Where Christ, the Ruler is confessed:
 O happy hearts and happy homes,
 To whom this King in triumph comes!
 The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
 Who bringeth pure delight and bliss;
 O Comforter Divine!
 What boundless grace is Thine!

- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart, Make it a temple set apart From earthly use for Heaven's employ. Adorned with prayer and love and joy. So shall your Sovereign enter in, And new and nobler life begin, To Thee, O God, be praise, For word, and deed, and grace!
- 5 Redeemer, come, I open wide My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide: Let me Thy inner Presence feel, Thy grace and love in me reveal. Thy Holy Spirit guide us on Until our glorious Goal is won! Eternal praise and fame We offer to Thy Name! Amen.



"Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

- 2 Let the valleys all be raised; Go, and make the crooked straight; Let the mountains be abaséd; Let all nature change its state; Through the desert mark a road, Make a highway for our God.
- 3 Through the desert God is going, Through the desert waste and wild, Where no goodly plant is growing, Where no verdure ever smiled; But the desert shall be glad, And with verdure soon be clad.
- 4 Where the thorn and briar flourish'd, Trees shall there be seen to grow, Planted by the Lord and nourish'd, Stately, fair, and fruitful too; They shall rise on every side, They shall spread their branches wide.
- 5 From the hills and lofty mountains Rivers shall be seen to flow, There the Lord will open fountains, Thence supply the plains below; As He passes, every land Shall confess His powerful Hand. Amen.



" Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

- 2 Come, Jesus, come! return again; With brighter beam Thy servants bless, Who long to feel Thy perfect reign, And share Thy kingdom's happiness!
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven, In darkness and in doubt we roam, And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven, Our Hope, our Harbor, and our Home.
- 4 Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
 When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
 And strength and earthly daring fail,
 Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on Thee.
- 5 Come, Jesus, come! and as of yore The prophet went to clear Thy way, A harbinger Thy Feet before, A dawning to Thy brighter Day;

6 So now may grace, with heavenly shower, Our stony hearts for truth prepare; Sow in our souls the seed of power, Then come, and reap Thy harvest there! Amen.



"And I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps."

2 King of glory! reign forever— Thine an everlasting crown; Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever Those Whom Thou hast made Thine Happy objects of Thy grace, [Own:— Destined to behold Thy Face.

3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!" Amen.



2 Thou Heav'nly Brightness! Light Divine! O deep within my heart now shine, And make Thee there an altar! Fill me with joy and strength to be Thy member, ever joined to Thee In love that cannot falter; Tow'rd Thee longing doth possess me, Turn and bless me; for Thy gladness

Eye and heart here pine in sadness.

3 But if Thou look on me in love,
There straightways falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
The Word and Spirit Flesh and Plead

Thy Word and Spirit, Flesh and Blood, Refresh my soul with heavenly food,

Thou art my hidden Treasure; Let Thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me, O draw near me; Thou hast taught us Thee to seek since Thou hast sought us! 4 Here will I rest, and hold it fast,
The Lord I love is First and Last,
The End as the Beginning!
Here I can calmly die, for Thou
Wilt raise me where Thou dwellest now,

Above all tears, all sinning:
Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus,
Soon release us; with deep yearning,
Lord, we look for Thy returning!

Hymn 195. Sarum Hymnal, Tune 200. The Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823-), 1862. HENRY SMART (1812-1879), 1868. I. Je - sus came, the Heavens a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on High; Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu-mil - i - ty. " Blessed is He That cometh."

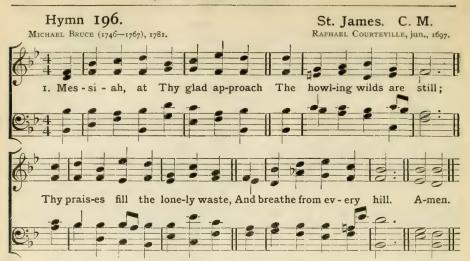
2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;

Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to souls rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Lifting up our souls to Heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

- 4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
 Shares alike our hopes and fears;
 Jesus comes whate'er befalls us,
 Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Cheering e'en our failing years.
 - 5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
 When the Heavens shall pass away;
 Jesus comes again in glory;
 Let us then our homage pay;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Sing we "till the break of day."
 Amen.



- "For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, so the Lord God will cause righteousness to spring forth before all the nations."
- 2. The hidden fountains, at Thy call, Their sacred stores unlock; Loud in the desert, sudden streams Burst living from the rock.
- 3 The incense of the spring ascends Upon the morning gale; Red o'er the hill the roses bloom. The lilies in the vale.
- 4 Renewed, the earth a robe of light, A robe of beauty wears;

And in new heavens a brighter Sun Leads on the promised years.

- 5 The kingdom of Messiah come, Appointed times disclose; And fairer in Emmanuel's land The new creation glows.
- 6 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace The loud Hosanna sing; With alleluias and with hymns, O Zion, hail thy King. Amen.



"The voice of one crying in the wilderness."

- 2 E'en now the air, the sea, the land, Feel that their Maker is at hand; The very elements rejoice, And welcome Him with cheerful voice.
- 3 Then cleansed be every Christian breast, And furnished for so great a Guest; Yea, let us each our hearts prepare For Christ to come and enter there,
- 4 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord, Our Refuge, and our great Reward; Without Thy grace our souls must fade, And wither like a flower decayed.
- 5 Stretch forth Thy Hand to heal our sore, And make us rise, to fall no more; Once more upon Thy people shine, And fill the world with love Divine.
- 6 To Him, Who left the Throne of Heaven To save mankind, all praise be given! Like praise be to the Father done And Holy Spirit,—Three in One! Amen.



The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D., Bp. of Calcutta, (1783-1826), 1827.

St. Anne. C. M.

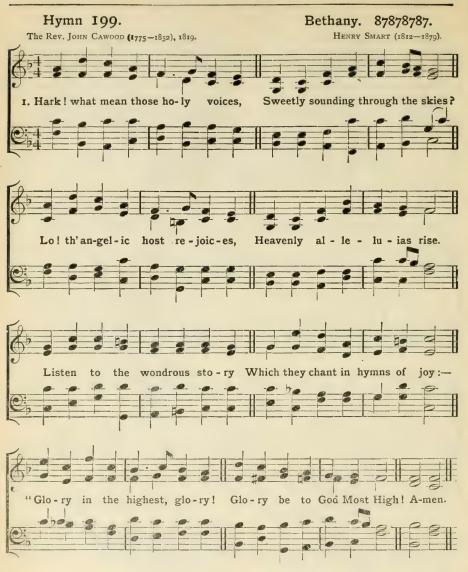
WILLIAM CROFT, Mus. D. (1677-1727), 1708.



"We have made known unto you, the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

- 2 Who best can drink His cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.
- 3 The martyr, first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Master in the sky, And call'd on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, In midst of mortal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came;

- Twelve valiant saints, their hope they And mock'd the cross and flame. [knew,
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel, The lion's gory mane;
 - They bow'd their necks the death to feel: Who follows in their train?
- 7 A noble army, men and boys, The matron and the maid, Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice, In robes of light arrayed.
- 8 They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven, Through peril, toil, and pain;
 - O God! to us may grace be given To follow in their train! Amen.



"A multitude of the heavenly host, praising God."

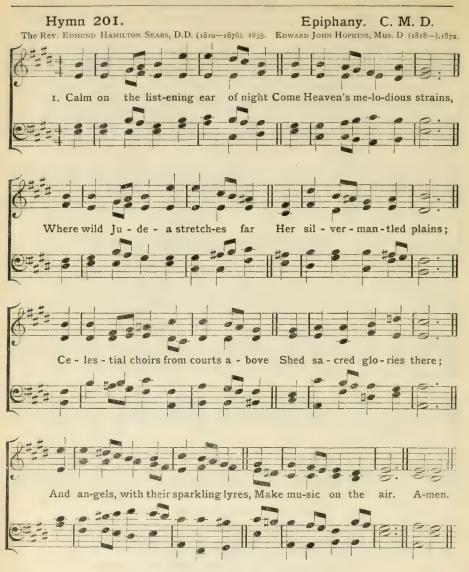
- 2 "Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;— Loud our golden harps shall sound. Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heaven and earth His praises sing!
 - O receive Whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"
- 3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
 Learn His Name, and taste His joy:
 Till in Heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God Most High!"
 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth;
 Spread the brightness of His glory
 Till it cover all the earth. Amen.



"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

- 2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation, The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round: How free to the faithful He offers salvation, How His people with joy everlasting are crowned. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing; Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna arise;
 Ye angels, the full Alleluia be singing;
 One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!





" And the glory of the Lord shone round about them."

- 2 The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply,
 And great from all their bala bairs
 - And greet from all their holy heights
 The Day-spring from on high:
 - O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm:
 - There comes a holier calm; And Sharon waves in solemn praise Her silent groves of palm.
- 3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
 The realm of ether fills;
 - How sweeps the song of solemn joy O'er Judah's sacred hills!
 - "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring:
 - "Peace on the earth; good-will to men, From Heaven's Eternal King."

- 4 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
 The Saviour now is born:
 More bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn;
 And brighter on Moriah's brow,
 Crowned with her temple-spires,
 Which first proclaim the new-born light,
 Clothed with its orient fires.
- 5 This day shall Christian tongues be mute, And Christian hearts be cold?
 - O catch the anthem that from Heaven
 O'er Judah's mountains rolled!
 - When nightly burst from seraph-harps
 The high and solemn lay,—
 - "Glory to God; on earth be peace; Salvation comes to-day!" Amen.



"We have seen His star in the East."

- 2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed, "From Jacob shall a Star proceed;" And lo, the Eastern sages stand, To read in heaven the Lord's command.
- 3 While outward signs the star displays, An inward Light the Lord conveys, And urges them, with force benign, To seek the Giver of the sign.
- 4 True love can brook no dull delay, Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:

- Home, kindred, fatherland, and all, They leave at once, at God's high call.
- 5 O Jesus, while the Star of grace Invites us now to seek Thy Face, May we no more that grace repel, Or quench that Light Which shines so well.
- 6 To God the Father, God the Son And Holy Spirit, Three in One, May every tongue and nation raise An endless song of thankful praise!



" The Dayspring from on High hath visited us."

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies His Head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore Him in slumber reclining, Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion, Odors of Edom and offerings divine? Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation; Vainly with gifts would His favor secure: Richer by far is the heart's adoration; Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!

 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,

 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid! Amen.



"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass."

2 Sing, Choirs of Angels, Sing in exultation,

Through Heaven's high arches be your praises poured; Now to our God be Glory in the Highest!

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

3 Yea, Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation;
Jesus! forever be Thy Name adored!
Word of the Father,
Now in Flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord! Amen.



2 Sing, Choirs of Angels, Sing in exultation,

Through Heaven's high arches be your praises poured;

Now to our God be
Glory in the Highest!

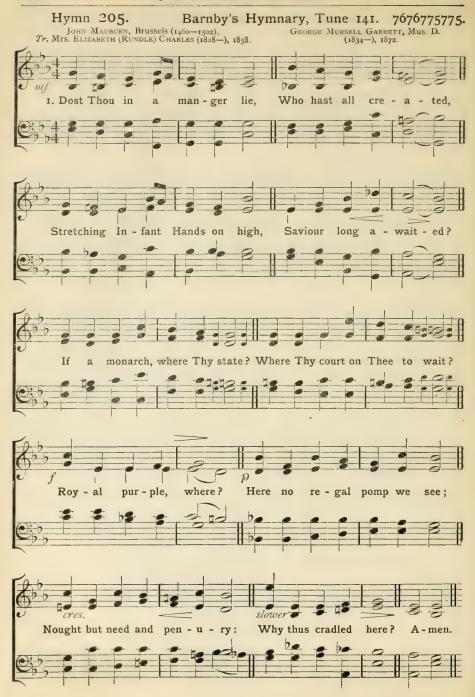
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!

3 Yea, Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation;

Jesus! forever be Thy Name adored!
Word of the Father,
Now in Flesh appearing;

O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord! Amen.





"Though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

2 "Pitying love for fallen man Brought Me down thus low; For a race deep lost in sin, Come I into woe. By this lowly Birth of Mine, Sinner, riches shall be thine, Matchless gifts and free; Willingly this yoke I take, And this sacrifice I make, Heaping joys for Thee."

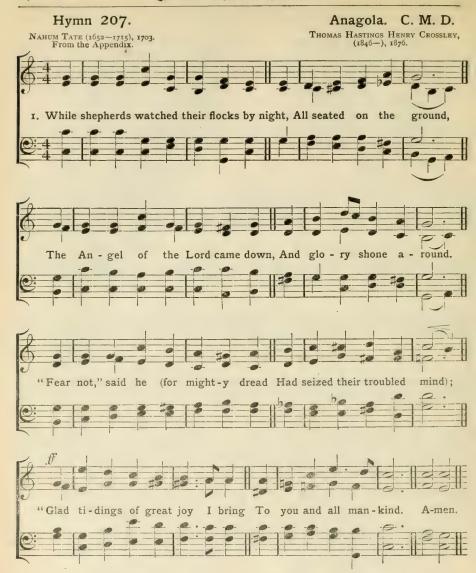
Hymn 206.

3 Fervent praise would I to Thee Evermore be raising; For Thy wondrous love to me, Thee be ever praising. Glory, glory, be for ever Unto that most bounteous Giver. And that loving Lord! Better witness to Thy worth, Purer praise than ours on earth, Angels' songs afford. Amen.

> Dix (Orisons). (Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier.)



- 2 As with joyful steps they sped To that lowly manger-bed; There to bend the knee before Him Whom Heaven and earth adore; So may we with willing feet Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare At that manger rude and bare; So may we with holy joy, Pure, and free from sin's alloy, All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus, every day Keep us in the narrow way, And, when earthly things are past, Bring our ransomed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright Need they no created light; Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown, Thou its Sun Which goes not down; There forever may we sing Alleluias to our King. Amen.



"And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field."

2 "To you in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,

All meanly wrapped in swathing bands, And in a manger laid." 3 Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men





"I bring you good tidings of great joy."

2 Hark, a Voice from yonder manger, Soft and sweet, Doth entreat,

"Flee from woe and danger;

Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed;

All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,

Kneel in awe and wonder;

Love Him Who with love is yearning;

Hail the Star That from far

Bright with hope is burning.

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,

Weep no more, For the Door

Now is found of gladness:

Cling to Him, for He will guide you

Where no cross,

Pain or loss,

Can again betide you.

5 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,

Who for sin, Deep within,

Long and sore have smarted:

For the poisoned wounds you're feeling

Help is near,

One is here Mighty for their healing.

- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow;
 Look now! for glad and golden hours
 - Come swiftly on the wing:
 Oh! rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing!
- 5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold;
 When Peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing, Amen,



Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 438. L. M.





"Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From every host, from every gem; But One alone the Saviour speaks,— It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a Star arose,—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the racino seas I rode.
- 5 It was my Guide, my Light, my All;





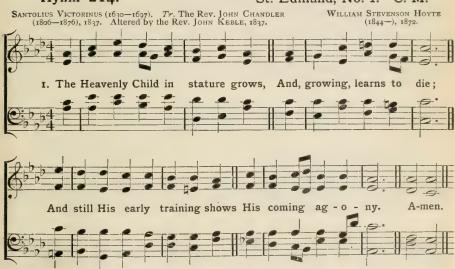
"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told, Who heard th' angelic Herald's voice: "Behold! I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth To you, and all the nations upon earth: This day has God fulfill'd His promis'd Word; This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake: and straightway the celestial Choir In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire: The praises of Redeeming Love they sang, And heav'n's whole orb with Alleluias rang: God's highest glory was their anthem still, Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

- 4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds ran, To see the Wonders God had wrought for man: Then to their flocks, still praising God, return, And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn: To all the joyful tidings they proclaim, These first apostles of the Saviour's Name.
- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy: Trace we the Babe, Who has retrieved our loss, From His poor manger to His bitter Cross, Treading His steps, assisted by His grace, Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, th' angelic thrones among, To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song: He That was born upon this joyful day Around us all His glory shall display: Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing Eternal praise to Heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

Hymn 214.

St. Edmund, No. 1. C. M.



" And the Child grew, and the grace of God was upon Him."

- 2 The Son of God His glory hides With parents mean and poor; And He Who made the Heaven abides In dwelling-place obscure.
- 3 Those Mighty Hands that rule the sky 5 For this Thy lowliness revealed, No earthly toil refuse; The Maker of the stars on high An humble trade pursues.
- 4 He Whom the choirs of angels praise, Bearing each dread decree, His earthly parents now obeys In deep humility.
 - Jesus, we Thee adore; And praise to God the Father yield And Spirit, evermore. Amen.



"And lo! the Star went before them."

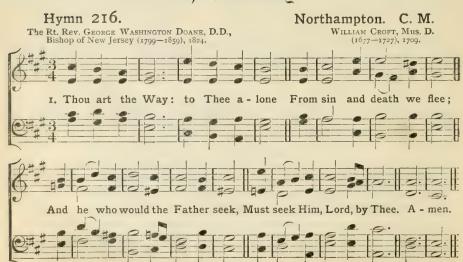
2 But lo! a brighter, clearer Light Now points to His abode;

It shines thro' sin and sorrow's night, To guide us to our God.

3 O haste to follow where it leads; The gracious call obey; Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads, The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given!
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in Heaven.
Amen,

The Ministry.



" The Way, the Truth, and the Life."

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy Word alone True wisdom can impart; Thou only canst inform the mind,

And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conquering Arm,

And those who put their trust in Thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that Way to know, That Truth to keep, that Life to win, Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.



"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

2 We did not see Thee lifted high, Amid that wild and savage crew, Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry: "Forgive, they know not what they do!" Yet we believe the deed was done

Which shook the earth and veiled the sun. 3 We stood not by the empty tomb Where late Thy sacred Body lay,

Nor sat within that upper room, Nor met Thee in the open way; But we believe that angels said "Why seek the Living with the dead?" 4 We did not mark the chosen few, When Thou didst thro' the clouds ascend, First lift to Heaven their wondering view,

Then to the earth all prostrate bend; Yet we believe that mortal eyes Beheld that Journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on High, And thence Thy waiting people bless, No ray of glory from the sky

Doth shine upon our wilderness; But we believe Thy faithful Word, And trust in our Redeeming Lord. Amen.



- "And as He went, they spread their clothes in the way."
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
 O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 The wingéd squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes
 To see th' approaching Sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
 The Father on His Sapphire Throne
 Expects His Own Anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
 Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.
 Amen.

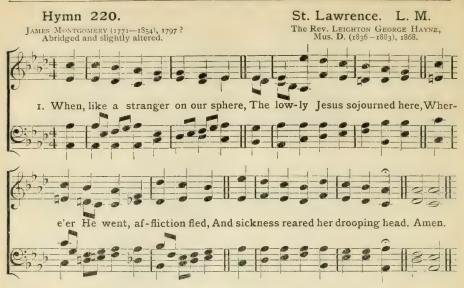




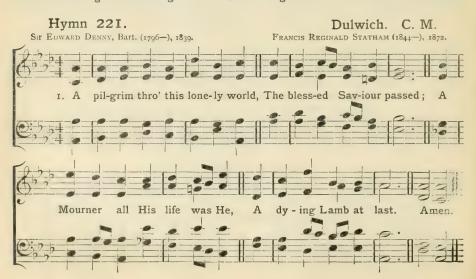
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

- 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking; And lo, that Hand is scarred, And thorns Thy Brow encircle, And tears Thy Face have marred.
 - O love that passeth knowledge, So patiently to wait!
 - O sin that hath no equal, So fast to bar the gate!

- 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading In accents meek and low,
 - "I died for you, My children, And will ye treat me so?"
 - O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door:
 - Dear Saviour, enter, enter, And leave us nevermore. Amen.



- "He went about doing good."
- 2 The eye that rolled in irksome night Beheld His Face, for He was light; The opening ear, the loosened tongue, His precepts heard, His praises sung.
- 3 Demoniac madness, dark and wild, With melancholy transport smiled; The storm of horror ceased to roll, And reason lightened through the soul.
- 4 His touch the outcast leper healed, His lips the sinner's pardon sealed; Warm tears o'er Lazarus He shed, Then spake the word that raised the dead.
- 5 Through paths of loving-kindness led, Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread; To all, with willing hands, dispense The gifts of our benevolence. Amen.



"A Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

2 That tender Heart that felt for all, For all its Life-blood gave; It found on earth no resting-place,

Save only in the grave.

- 3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear 6 Dead to the world, with Him Who died The Cross with all its scorn? Or love a faithless, evil world, That wreathed His Brow with thorn?
- 4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles, Like Him, obedient still,
 - We homeward press, thro' storm or calm, To Zion's blesséd hill.

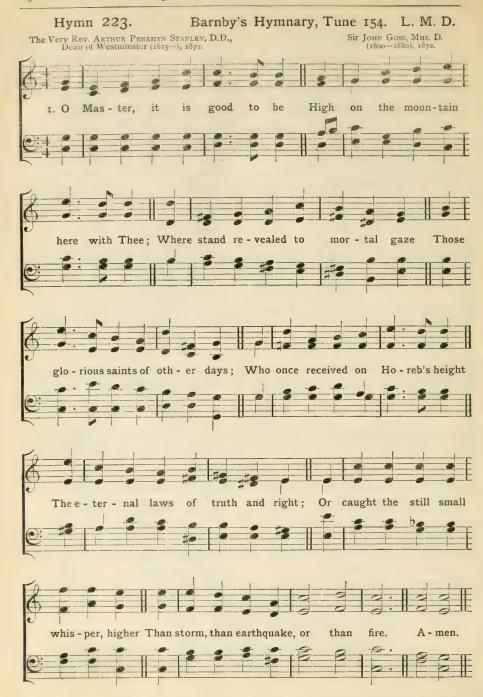
- 5 In tents we dwell amid the waste. Nor turn aside to roam In folly's paths; nor seek our rest. Where Jesus had no home.
- To win our hearts, our love, We, risen with our Risen Head. In spirit dwell above.
- 7 By faith, His boundless glories there Our wondering eyes behold; Those glories which eternal years Shall never all unfold. Amen.



"Let us come boldly unto the Throne of Grace."

- 2 He Who for men their Surety stood, And poured on earth His precious Blood, Pursues in Heaven His plan of grace, The Guardian God of human race.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high, He bends on earth a Brother's eve: Partaker of the human name, He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains A fellow-feeling of our pains; And still remembers in the skies His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart The Man of Sorrows had a part; He sympathizes with our grief, And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the Throne, Let us make all our sorrows known; And ask the aids of Heavenly Power To help us in the evil hour. Amen.

Erroneously attributed to the Rev. John Logan, by whom it was claimed in 1770. It was published in "Translations and Paraphrases," 1781, by a committee appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.



" It is good for us to be here."

2 O Master, it is good to be With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three; Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock Is nerved against temptation's shock; Here, where the Son of Thunder learns The thought that breathes, and word that burns:

Here, where on eagle's wings we move With him whose last best creed is love.

3 O Master, it is good to be Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee; And watch Thy glistering raiment glow Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;

The Human Lineaments that shine Irradiant with a light Divine: Till we too change from grace to grace, Gazing on that transfigured Face.

4 O Master, it is good to be Here on the Holy Mount with Thee: When darkling in the depths of night, When dazzled with excess of light, We bow before the Heavenly Voice That bids bewildered souls rejoice, Though love wax cold, and faith be dim, "This is My Son, O hear ye Him."

This Hymn is here given by the special and kind permission of the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.



"Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."

- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such deference to Thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so Divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;

The desert Thy temptations knew, Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my Pattern; make me bear More of Thy gracious Image here; Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamb.

Amen.



"And He healed them."

2 And lo, Thy Touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,

In crowded street, by restless couch, As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Though Love and Might no longer heal By touch, or word or look;

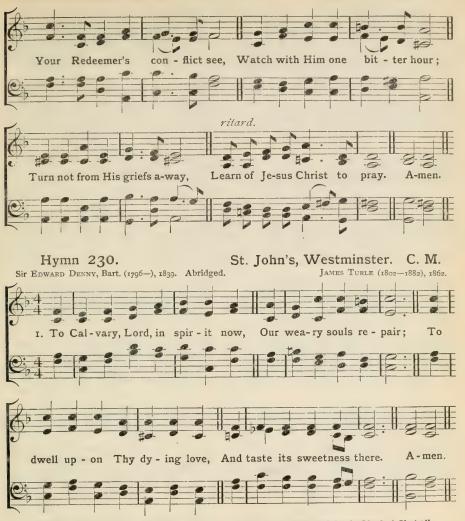
Though they that do Thy work must read Thy laws in nature's book: Yet come to heal the sick man's soul, Come, cleanse the lep'rous taint; Give joy and peace where all is strife, And strength where all is faint.

4 Be Thou our great Deliverer still, Thou Lord of life and death; Restore and quicken, soothe and bless

With Thine Almighty Breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,

That whole and sick, and weak and strong, May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

This Hymn was first printed for use in the Chapel of King's College Hospital, London.



"But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ."

Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw!

4 Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs!
Strike them to Emmanuel's Name;
All on earth and all in Heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
Alleluia!
Glory to the Bleeding Lamb! Amen.





"But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ."

- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart That feels the plague of sin, Yet knows that deep mysterious joy, The peace of God within.
- 3 There, thro' Thine hour of deepest woe, Thy suffering spirit passed; Grace there its wondrous victory gained, And love endured its last.
- 4 Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding With cords of love Divine [Wounds,

- Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee, And linked our life with Thine.
- 5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours:
 Dear Lord, we wait to see
 Creation, all—below, above,
 Redeemed and blest by Thee.
- 6 Our longing eyes would fain behold That bright and blessed Brow, Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear Its Crown of glory now. Amen.



"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him."

- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding Wounds, And the rough way that Thou hast trod, Make us to hate the load of sin That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O Holy Lord! uplifted high
 With outstretched Arms, in mortal woe,

Embracing in Thy wondrous love The sinful world that lies below,

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee! Amen.

Hymn 233. Stabat Mater. 887887. Jacobus (or Jacopone) da Todi (—1306). Tr. The Rev. James Waddell Alexander, D.D. (1804—1859), 1842. Abridged. The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876), 1874. mf Slowly, and with expression. 1. Near the Cross was Mary There her mournful station weeping, Gaz-ing on her dy Son: There in speechless anguish groaning, dim. p rall. Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning, Thro' her soul the sword had gone. " Now there stood by the Cross of Fesus, His Mother."

- What He for His people suffered,
 Stripes, and scoffs, and insults offered,
 His fond Mother saw the whole:
 Never from the scene retiring,
 - Never from the scene retiring,
 Till He bowed His Head expiring,
 And to God breathed out His Soul.
- 3 But we have no need to borrow
 Motives from the Mother's sorrow,
 At our Saviour's Cross to mourn.
 'T was our sins brought Him from Heaven,
 These the cruel nails had driven:
 All His griefs for us were borne.
- 4 When no eye its pity gave us,
 When there was no arm to save us,
 He His love and power displayed:
 By His stripes He wrought our healing,
 By His death, our life revealing,
 He for us the ransom paid.
- 5 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us, That from sin we may refrain us, In Thy griefs may deeply grieve: Thee our best affections giving, To Thy glory ever living, May we in Thy glory live. Amen.



"Who His Own Self bare our sins in His Own Body on the tree."

- 2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, Who is He?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 Going up in agony;
 By the lifeless Body, laid
 In the chamber of the dead;
 By the mourners, come to weep
 Where the Bones of Jesus sleep;
 Crucified! we know Thee now;
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!
- 3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, Who is He?
 By the prayer for them that slew,
 "Lord! they know not what they do!"
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls He died to save,
 By the conquest He hath won,
 By the saints before His Throne,
 By the rainbow round His Brow,
 Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!



"Ile was wounded for our transgressions."

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree! Amazing pity! Grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When God, the Mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear Cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do. Amen.





"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His Head."

- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain:
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When in Thy Body broken
 I thus with safety hide:
 My Lord of life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside the Cross expiring,
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.
- 4 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
 O make me Thine forever;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee.
- 5 And when I am departing,
 O part not Thou from me;
 When mortal pangs are darting,
 Come, Lord, and set me free:
 And when my heart must languish
 Amidst the final throe,
 Release me from mine anguish,
 By Thine own pain and woe.
- 6 Be near me when I'm dying, O show Thy Cross to me; And for my succor flying, Come, Lord, and set me free: These eyes, new faith receiving, From Jesus shall not move; For he who dies believing, Dies safely, through Thy love. Amen.



"Who is This That cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?"

- 2 "Why is Thine apparel red, Stains of Blood bespeaking, Why Thy Robe as theirs that tread In the wine-press, reeking With the juice of grape, say why Such strange garb of victory?"
- 3 "I have trodden all alone,
 This world's wine-press ample,
 And I wondered of Mine Own
 None the foe could trample!
 Rescue then My vengeance brought,
 Mine Own Arm salvation wrought."
- 4 Yes, I know Thee now!—the Word
 Writ in sacred story;
 Angel of the Presence, Lord,
 Christ, the King of Glory!—
 Know Thy deeds in days of old:
 Kindness—pity—love untold!
- 5 Yes! Thy secret, Lord, is known,
 Whence Thy red-dyed Raiment!
 Not Thy foeman's blood—Thine Own,
 Lavished for the payment
 Of the debt none else could pay,
 Guilt none else could wash away!
- 6 Lord! though erring from Thy grace, Though our hearts be hardened, Grant Thine exiled sons a place In Thy City, pardoned! There to meet—life's warfare done— Thy true Godhead, Three in One! Amen.



"He was wounded for our transgressions."

- 2 Scourged with unrelenting fury
 For the sins which we deplore,
 By His livid stripes He heals us,
 Raising us to fall no more:
 All our bruises gently soothing,
 Binding up the bleeding sore.
- 3 See, His Hands and Feet are fastened;
 So He makes His people free;
 Not a Wound whence Blood is flowing
 But a Fount of grace shall be;
 Yea, the very nails which nail Him
 Nail us also to the Tree.
- 4 Thro' His Heart the spear is piercing,
 Though His foes have seen Him die;
 Blood and Water thence are streaming
 In a tide of mystery,
 Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
- Blood to win us crowns on High.

 5 Jesus, may these precious Fountains
 - Drink to thirsting souls afford;
 Let them be our Cup and Healing,
 And at length our full Reward;
 So a ransomed world shall ever
 Praise Thee, its Redeeming Lord.
 Amen,



"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the Firstfruits of them that slept."

- 2 Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born, Glorious life, and life immortal, on the Holy Easter Morn: Christ has triumphed, and we conquer, by His mighty enterprise We with Him to Life Eternal by His Resurrection rise.
- 3 Christ is risen, Christ, the First-fruits of the holy harvest-field, Which will all its full abundance at His Second Coming yield: Then the golden ears of Harvest will their heads before Him wave, Ripened by His glorious sunshine from the furrows of the grave.



"I am He That liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

- 2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of life immortal; This shall calm our trembling breath, When we pass its gloomy portal. Alleluia!
- 3 Jesus lives! for us He died; Then, alone to Jesus living, Pure in heart may we abide, Glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia!
- 4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well Nought from us His love shall sever; Life, nor death, nor powers of hell Tear us from His keeping ever. Alleluia!
- 5 Jesus lives! to Him the Throne Over all the world is given: May we go where He is gone, Rest and reign with Him in Heaven. Alleluia! Amen.

Hymn 25I.

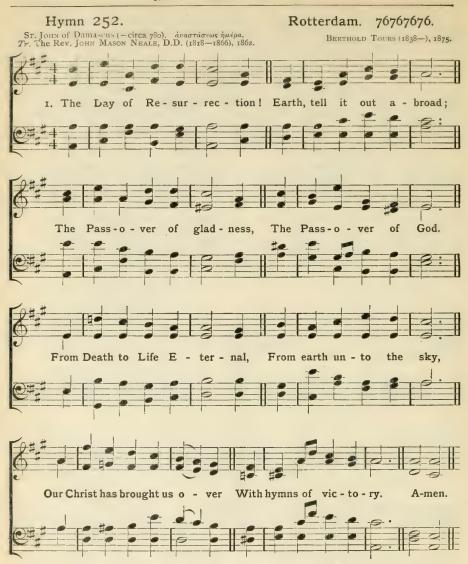
The Rev. THOMAS SCOTT (-1776), 1775. Abridged.

Posen (Strattner).



- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise Fame's eternal trump of praise; Let the earth's remotest bound Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes, Now to glory see Him rise In full triumph up the sky, Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide, Glorious Hero, through them ride;

- King of Glory, mount Thy Throne, Thy great Father's and Thine own.
- 5 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs, Strike and sweep your golden lyres: Shout, O earth, in rapturous song, Let the strains be sweet and strong.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell, Sin o'erthrown and captived hell; Where is hell's once dreaded King? Where, O Death, thy mortal sting?



" Jesus met them, saying, 'All Hail."

- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil, That we may see aright The Lord in rays Eternal Of Resurrection Light: And, listening to His accents, May hear so calm and plain His Own "All hail," and hearing May raise the victor strain.
- 3 Now let the Heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin,
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 Invisible and visible
 Their notes let all things blend,

For Christ the Lord is risen, Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.



" And she went, and told them that had been with Him as they mourned and wept."

- 2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear For your departed Lord;
 - "Behold the place, He is not here,"
 The tomb is all unbarred:

The gates of death were closed in vain, The Lord is risen—He lives again.

- 3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
 Your early footsteps bend;
 The Saviour will Himself be there,
 Your Advocate and Friend:
 Once by the law your hopes were slain,
 But now in Christ ye live again.
- 4 How tranquil now the rising day! 'Tis Jesus still appears,
 - A Risen Lord, to chase away Your unbelieving fears:
- O weep no more your comforts slain, The Lord is risen, He lives again.
- 5 And when the shades of evening fall,
 When life's last hour draws nigh,
 If Jesus shines upon the soul,
 How blissful then to die!
 Since He has risen That once was slain,
 Ye die in Christ to live again. Amen.



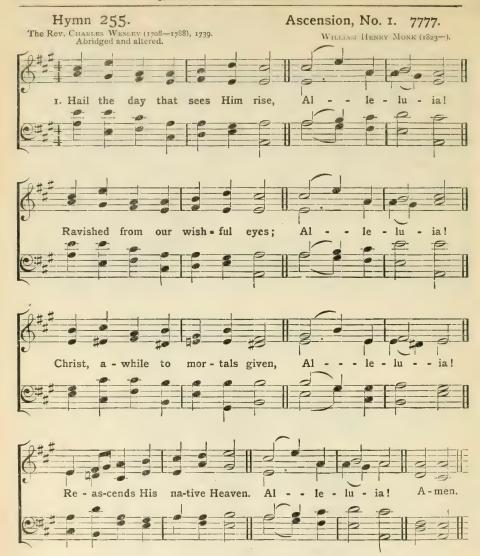
Posen (Strattner). 7777.



"The Lord is risen indeed."

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done, Alleluia! Fought the fight, the battle won: Alleluia! Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Alleluia! Lo! He sets in blood no more. Alleluia!
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Alleluia! Christ hath burst the gates of hell! Alleluia! Death in vain forbids His rise; Alleluia! Christ hath open'd Paradise! Alleluia!
- 4 Lives again our glorious King: Alleluia! Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Alleluia! Once He died, our souls to save: Alleluia! Where thy victory, O Grave? Alleluia!
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia! Following our exalted Head; Alleluia! Made like Him, like Him we rise; Alleluia! Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Alleluia!
- 6 What though once we perish'd all, Alleluia! Partners in our parent's fall! Alleluia! Second life we all receive, Alleluia! In our Heavenly Adam live. Alleluia!
- 7 Risen with Him, we upward move; Alleluia! Still we seek the things above; Alleluia! Still pursue, and kiss the Son, Alleluia! Seated on His Father's Throne. Alleluia! Amen.

The Alleluias are to be omitted when the Second Tune is used.



"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in."

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits, Alleluia! Lift your heads, eternal gates! Alleluia! Wide unfold the radiant scene, Alleluia! Take the King of Glory in. Alleluia!
- 3 Him though highest Heaven receives, Alleluia! Still He loves the earth He leaves: Alleluia! Though returning to His Throne, Alleluia! Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

- 4 See, He lifts His Hands above; Alleluia! See, He shows the Prints of love; Alleluia! Hark, His gracious Lips bestow Alleluia! Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia!
- 5 Still for us His Death He pleads; Alleluia! Prevalent, He intercedes: Alleluia! Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia! Harbinger of human race. Alleluia!
- 6 Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!

 High above you azure height, Alleluia!

 Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!

 Following Thee beyond the skies. Alleluia! Amen.





"And while they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

2 Thou art gone up on High:
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy Crown:
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us, at last, to Thee!

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O! by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour,
At Thy Right Hand on High! Amen.





PART I.

"To Him be glory and dominion forever and ever."

- Who is This That comes in glory, With the trump of jubilee? Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory; He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose, He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.
- 3 While He raised His Hands in blessing,
 He was parted from His friends;
 While their eager eyes behold Him,
 He upon the clouds ascends; [Him,
 He Who walked with God, and pleased
 Preaching truth and doom to come,
 Christ, our Enoch, is translated
 To His Everlasting Home.
- 4 Now our Heavenly Aaron enters,
 With His Blood, within the veil;
 Joshua now is come to Canaan,
 And the kings before Him quail:
 Now He plants the tribes of Israel
 In their promised resting-place;
 Now our great Elijah offers
 Double portion of His grace.
- 5 Thou hast raised our human nature
 On the clouds to God's Right Hand,
 There we sit in Heavenly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand:
 Jesus reigns adored by angels,
 Man with God is on the Throne;
 Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension
 We by faith behold our own. Amen.

PART II,

"I saw One like unto the Son of Man."

- 6 Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
 Shed Thy beams upon our eyes;
 Help us to look up with Stephen,
 And to see beyond the skies;
 Where the Son of Man in glory
 Stands on high at God's Right Hand,
 Beckoning on His Martyr-army,
 Succoring His faithful band;—
- 7 See Him, Who is gone before us, Heavenly mansions to prepare; See Him, Who is ever pleading For us with prevailing prayer; See Him, Who with sound of trumpet And with His angelic train, Summoning the World to Judgment, On the clouds will come again.
- 8 Raise us up from earth to Heaven;
 Give us wings of faith and love,
 Gales of holy aspirations
 Wafting us to realms above;
 That with hearts and minds uplifted
 We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
 Where He sits enthroned in glory,
 In His Heavenly Citadel.
- 9 So at last, when He appeareth, We from out our graves may spring, With our youth renewed like eagles, Flocking round our Heavenly King, Caught up on the clouds of Heaven, And may meet Him in the air, Rise to realms where He is reigning, And may reign forever there.
- Glory be to God the Father, Glory be to God the Son, Dying, ris'n, ascending for us, Who the Heavenly Realm has won; Glory to the Holy Spirit; To One God in Persons Three, Glory, both in earth and Heaven, Glory, endless glory, be! Amen.



"This same Jesus Which is taken up into Heaven shall so come."

- 2 He is gone; and we return,
 And our hearts within us burn;
 Olivet no more shall greet,
 With welcome shout, His coming Feet.
 Never shall we track Him more
 On Gennesareth's glistening shore;
 Never in that Look and Voice
 Shall Sion's hill again rejoice.
- 3 He is gone! and we remain
 In this world of sin and pain:
 In the void which He has left,
 On this earth of Him bereft,
 We have still His work to do,
 We can still His path pursue;
 Seek Him both in friend and foe,
 In ourselves His image show.

- 4 He is gone! we heard Him say,
 "Good that I should go away;"
 Gone is that dear Form and Face,
 But not gone His present grace;
 Though Himself no more we see,
 Comfortless we cannot be;
 No, His Spirit still is ours,
 Quickening, freshening all our powers.
- 5 He is gone! towards their goal
 World and Church must onward roll;
 Far behind we leave the past;
 Forwards are our glances cast:
 Still His words before us range
 Through the ages, as they change;
 Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
 He will give whate'er we need.
- 6 He is gone! but we once more
 Shall behold Him as before,
 In the Heaven of Heavens the same
 As on earth He went and came:
 In the many mansions there,
 Place for us He will prepare:
 In that world, unseen, unknown,
 He and we may yet be one.
- 7 He is gone; but not in vain;
 Wait until He comes again;
 He is risen, He is not here;
 Far above this earthly sphere,
 Evermore in heart and mind,
 There our peace in Him we find;
 To our own Eternal Friend
 Thitherward let us ascend. Amen.

By special permission of the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.

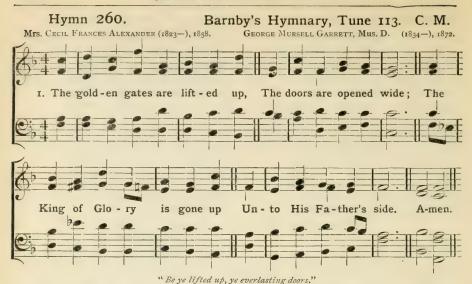


- 2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat, And earth lies stretched beneath Thy Feet, Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing, And share the triumph of their King.
- 3 The angel-host enraptured waits; "Lift up your heads, eternal gates!" O God-and-Man! the Father's Throne Is now for evermore Thine own.
- 4 Our great High Priest and Shepherd
 Thou
 Within the veil art entered now,
 To offer there Thy precious Blood
 Once poured on earth a cleansing Flood.

5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,

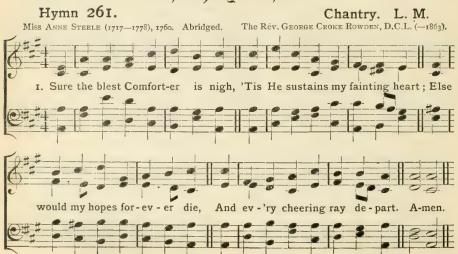
With countless gifts of grace supplied, Thro' all her members draws from Thee Her hidden life of sanctity.

- 6 O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
 Thy lowly members heavenward bear:
 Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
 With Thee for evermore to reign.
- 7 All praise from every heart and tongue, To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung; All praise to God the Father be, And Holy Ghost eternally. Amen.



- 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord, To make for us a place, That we may be where now Thou art, And look upon God's Face.
- And ever on our earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies;
 A light still breaks behind the cloud
 That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds, Let Thy dear grace be given, That while we wander here below, Our treasure be in Heaven.
- 5 That where Thou art at God's right Hand, Our hope, our love may be: Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell For evermore in Thee. Amen.

The Holy Ghost.



- "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever,"
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul, Do I not find His healing Voice The tempest of my fears control, And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 3 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine, With ardent wish my heart aspires, Can it be less than Pow'r Divine, Which animates these strong desires?
- 4 And when my cheerful hope can say I love my God, and taste His grace, Lord, is it not Thy blissful ray, Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 5 Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart Forever dwell, O God of love, And light and heav'nly peace impart, Sweet earnest of the joys above. Amen.



" The fruit of the Spirit is love."

- 2 Faith that mountains could remove, Tongues of Earth or Heaven above, Knowledge—all things—empty prove Without Heavenly Love.
- 3 Though I as a Martyr bleed, Give my goods the poor to feed, All is vain, if Love I need; Therefore, give me Love.
- 4 Love is kind, and suffers long, Love is meek, and thinks no wrong, Love than death itself more strong: Therefore, give us Love.
- 5 Prophecy will fade away, Melting in the light of day; Love will ever with us stay: Therefore, give us Love.
- 6 Faith will vanish into sight, Hope be emptied in delight; Love in Heaven will shine more bright: Therefore, give us Love.
- 7 Faith and Hope and Love we see Joining hand in hand agree; But the greatest of the three, And the best, is Love.
- 8 From the overshadowing
 Of Thy gold and silver wing,
 Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
 Holy, Heavenly Love! Amen.



- "If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you."
- 2 He came sweet influence to impart, A gracious, willing Guest, While He can find one humble heart Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle Voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even, That checks each thought, that calms And speaks of Heaven. [each fear,
- 4 And every virtue we possess, And every conquest won,

- And every thought of holiness Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see:
 O make our hearts Thy Dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee.
- 6 O praise the Father; praise the Son; Blest Spirit, praise to Thee; All praise to God, the Three in One, The One in Three, Amen.





Wismar. 888888.

The original is variously attributed to Charlemagne, A.D. 800, and to Gregory the Great (540-604). Paraphrased by John Dryden, M.A. (1631-1700), 1693.

(Mach's mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Gut'.)

JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN,
(1586—1030), 1628?



"Having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear."

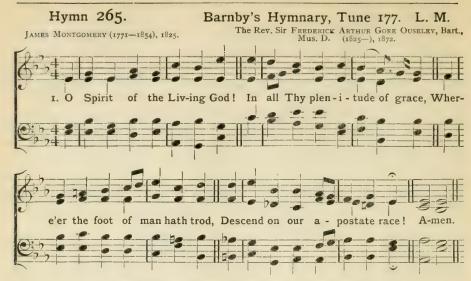
- 2 O Source of uncreated Light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete!
 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from High, Rich in Thy seven-fold energy! Thou Strength of His Almighty Hand, Whose power does Heaven and Earth command,

Proceeding Spirit, our Defence, Who dost the gift of tongues dispense.

4 Refine and purge our earthly parts, But oh! inflame and fire our hearts! Our frailties help, our vice control, Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown
Then lay Thy Hand, and hold them
down.

- 5 Chase from our minds the infernal foe, And peace, the fruit of love, bestow; And lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us in the way. Make us eternal truths receive And practice all that we believe.
- 6 Immortal honor, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's Name:
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died:
 And equal adoration be
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.

For the sake of versification the 19th line, "And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence," is here omitted. Lines 32 and 33, "Give us Thyself, that we may see The Father, and the Son, by Thee," are also omitted, for the same reason.



- "To make the Gentiles obedient, by the power of the Spirit of God."
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling Word;
 Give power and unction from above,
 When e'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, Light; Confusion, Order in Thy path; Souls without strength inspire with might, Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
 All the round earth her God to meet;
 Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the Cross record;
 The Name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call Him, Lord.
 Amen.



- "That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him."
- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts, Thou Heavenly Paraclete; Give us to lie, with humble hope. At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove, And kindle in our breasts the flame Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin, Then lead to Jesus' Blood, And to our wondering view reveal The secret love of God.
- 5 Show us that loving Man That rules the courts of bliss, The Lord of Hosts, the Mighty God. The Eternal Prince of Peace.
- 6 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul, To pour fresh life in every part, And new-create the whole.
- 7 Dwell therefore in our hearts, Our minds from bondage free; Then we shall know, and praise, and love The Father, Son and Thee! Amen.

Hymn 267.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854), 1819.

St. Thomas. S. M.





"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come they were all with one accord in one place."

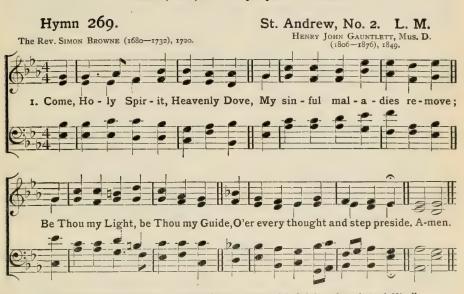
- 2 We meet with one accord In our appointed place, And wait the promise of our Lord, The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind Upon the waves beneath, Move with one impulse every mind, One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old inspire With wisdom from above; And give us hearts and tongues of fire To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of Light, explore, And chase our gloom away, With lustre shining more and more Unto the perfect Day.
- 6 Spirit of Truth, be Thou, In life and death, our Guide; O Spirit of Adoption, now May we be sanctified. Amen.



^{*} The ties to be used in the third verse only.

⁺ This note to be omitted in the third verse.

- "And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind."
 - 2 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight;
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With the abundance of Thy grace;
 Keep far our foes; give peace at home;
 Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come;
 - 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son, And Thee of Both, to be but One; That, through the ages all along, This may be our endless song, "Praise to Thy Eternal merit, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!" Amen.

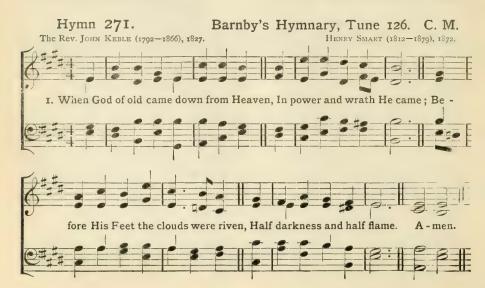


- "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."
- The light of truth to me display, That I may know and choose my way; Plant holy fear within my heart, That I from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far From every sin and hurtful snare; Lead me to God, my final Rest, In His enjoyment to be blest.
- 4 Lead me to Christ, the Living Way, Nor let me from His pastures stray; Lead me to Heaven, the seat of bliss, Where pleasure in perfection is.
- 5 Lead me to holiness, the road
 That I must take to dwell with God;
 Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
 And sure directions how to live.
- 6 Lead me to means of grace, where I May own my wants, and seek supply: Lead to Thyself, the Spring from Whence To fetch all quickening influence.
- 7 Thus I, conducted still by Thee, Of God a child beloved shall be, Here to His family pertain, Hereafter with Him ever reign. Amen.

No. 131 in the 2d edition (1741) of the "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," entitled "The Soul giving itself up, he Conduct and Influence of the Holy Spirit."



- 2 Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these trifling toys; Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers! Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours. Amen.



- "And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting."
- 2 Around the trembling mountain's base The prostrate people lay; Convinced of sin, but not of grace; It was a dreadful day.
- 3 But, when He came the second time, He came in power and love; Softer than gale at morning prime, Hover'd His Holy Dove.
- 4 The fires, that rush'd on Sinai down In sudden torrents dread, Now gently light, a glorious crown, On every sainted head.
- 5 Like arrows went those lightnings forth, Wing'd with the sinner's doom: But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth, Proclaiming life to come.
- 6 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear The Voice exceeding loud, The Trump, that angels quake to hear, Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud;

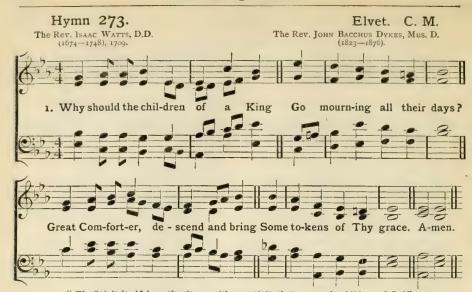
- 7 So, when the Spirit of our God Came down, His flock to find, A Voice from Heaven was heard abroad, A rushing mighty wind.
- 8 Nor doth the outward ear alone At that high Warning start; Conscience gives back th' appalling tone; 'Tis echoed in the heart.
- 9 It fills the Church of God; it fills The sinful world around; Only in stubborn hearts and wills No place for it is found.
- 10 To other strains our souls are set;
 A giddy whirl of sin
 Fills ear and brain, and will not let
 Heaven's harmonies come in.
- Open our ears to hear! [Power; Let us not miss the accepted hour; Save, Lord, by love or fear! Amen.

Hymn 272.
The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker,
Bart. (1821—1877), 1874.

St. Timothy. C. M. The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart. (1821—1877), 1874.



- 2 To Thee we bring, Who art the Lord, Ourselves to be Thy Throne; Let every thought, and deed, and word Thy pure dominion own.
- 3 Life-giving Spirit, o'er us move, As on the formless deep;
- Give life and order, light and love, Where now is death or sleep.
- 4 Great Gift of our ascended King,
 His saving truth reveal;
 Our tongues inspire His praise to sing,
 Our hearts His love to feel. Amen.



- "The Spirit Itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints, And seal the heirs of Heaven? When wilt Thou banish my complaints, And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part In the Redeemer's Blood;
- And bear Thy witness with my heart That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the Earnest of His love,
 The Pledge of joys to come;
 And Thy soft Wings, celestial Dove!
 Will safe convey me home. Amen.

hymns of Salvation.



"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

- 2 Oppressed with guilt,—a painful load,— O, come and spread your woes abroad; Divine compassion, mighty love Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
 How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart, The hope Thy gracious Words impart; We come with trembling, yet rejoice, And bless the kind, inviting Voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let Thy powerful love Confirm our faith, our fears remove; And sweetly influence every breast, And guide us to eternal Rest. Amen.

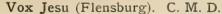


"Lovest thou Me?"

- 2 "I delivered thee when bound, And, when bleeding, healed thy wound, Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care Cease towards the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be; Yet will I remember thee!
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above,

- Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of My Throne shalt be: Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love Thee and adore!
 O! for grace to love Thee more! Amen.







"Of His Fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."

- 2 I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving Stream;
 Methics was supposed any soul series.
 - Of that life-giving Stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the Voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
 - Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
 - I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
 - And in That Light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done. Amen



* Although it is suggested that the first two lines of each verse should be sung by Tenors and Basses only, yet, if necessary, they may be sung in octaves by all the voices.

3 "Come unto Me, ye weary,

And I will give you life."

O cheering Voice of Jesus,

Which comes to aid our strife;

Which calls us very sinners,

Unworthy though we be,

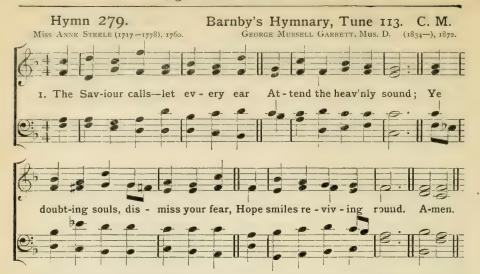
Of love so free and boundless, To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

Amen.

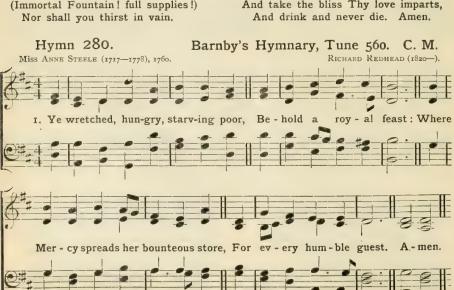


"For why will ye die?"

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;
 God, Who did your souls retrieve,
 Died Himself that ye might live:
 Will ye let Him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;
 He, Who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace His love;
 Will ye not His grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?



- "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying: If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart, Here streams of bounty flow, And life, and health, and bliss impart, To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here, springs of sacred pleasure rise, To ease your every pain, (Immortal Fountain! full supplies!) Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis Mercy's Voice,
 The gracious call obey;
 Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
 And can you yet delay?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts, To Thee let sinners fly, And take the bliss Thy love imparts, And drink and never die. Amen.



"And the servant said, Lord, it is done as Thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."

- 2 Here Jesus stands with open Arms, He calls, He bids you come; Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms; But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding Heart; There love and pity meet: Nor will He bid the soul depart That trembles at His Feet.
- 4 In Him, the Father reconciled Invites your souls to come; The rebel shall be called a child, And kindly welcomed home,

- 5 O come, and with His children taste
 The blessings of His love;
 - While hope attends the sweet repast Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice, Before th' Eternal Throne,
 - Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice, In ecstacies unknown.
- 7 And yet, ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come;
 - Ye longing souls, the grace adore, Approach, there yet is room! Amen.



" Follow Me."

- 2 "Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long hast roamed the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 "Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain; Ye, by fiercer anguish torn, In remorse for guilt who mourn;
- 4 "Hither come, for here is found Balm that flows for every wound, Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure." Amen.



- 2 Wash off my foul offence, And cleanse me from my sin; For I confess my crime, and see How great my guilt has been.
- 3 Against Thee, Lord, alone, And only in Thy sight, [demned, Have I transgressed; and, though con-Must own Thy judgment right.
- 4 Blot out my crying sins,
 Nor me in anger view;
 Create in me a heart that's clean,
 An upright mind renew.
- 5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help, Nor cast me from Thy sight; Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take His everlasting flight. Amen.



" Out of the depths."

- 2 Out of the deep I cry,
 The woeful deep of sin,
 Of evil done in days gone by,
 Of evil now within.
- 3 Out of the deep of fear, And dread of coming shame,

From morning watch till night is near I plead the Precious Name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now
As ever was, with Thee;
Before Thy Throne of grace I bow,
Be merciful to me. Amen.

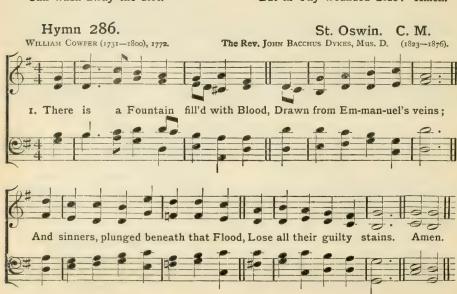
Hymn 284. Crüger. 878788. John Frank (1618—1677), 1653. Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth (Herr, ich habe missgehandelt.)
The Rev. Johann Crüger (1598 1662).
"Geistliche Kirchenmelodien," Berlin, 1649. (1827-1878), 1863. Lord, to Thee I make con-fes sion: I have sinn'd and gone a-stray, have mul - ti-plied transgres - sion, for my - self my Forced at last to see my er - rors, Lord, I tremble at Thy ter - rors. A-men. "For I acknowledge my transgression; and my sin is ever before me."

- 2 But from Thee how can I hide me, Thou, O God, art everywhere; Refuge from Thee is denied me, Or by land or sea or air; Nor death's darkness can enfold me So that Thou shouldst not behold me.
- 3 Yet though conscience' voice appall me,
 Father, I will seek Thy Face;
 Though Thy child I dare not call me,
 Yet accept me to Thy grace;
 Do not for my sins forsake me.
 Let not yet Thy wrath o'ertake me.
- 4 For Thy Son hath suffer'd for me,
 And the Blood He shed for sin,
 That can heal me and restore me,
 Quench this burning fire within;
 'Tis alone His Cross can vanquish
 These dark fears and soothe this anguish.
- 5 Then on Him I cast my burden, Sink it in the depths below! Let me feel Thy inner pardon, Wash me, make me white as snow. Let Thy Spirit leave me never, Make me only Thine forever! Amen.



" Touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

- 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast, And tears of anguish flow, One only Heart, a broken Heart,
 - Can feel the sinner's woe.
- 3 When penitence has wept in vain Over some foul dark spot, One only Stream, a Stream of Blood, Can wash away the blot.
- 4 'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white, His Hand that brings relief, His Heart that's touch'd with all our joys, And feeleth for our grief.
- 5 Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord; Unseal that cleansing tide; We have no shelter from our sin, But in Thy wounded Side! Amen.

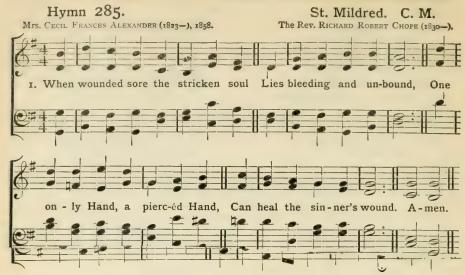


"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

- 2 No pained reproaches gave He To them that shed His Blood, But prayer and tenderest pity, Large as the love of God.
- 3 For me was that compassion, For me that tender care; I need His wide forgiveness As much as any there.
- 4 It was my pride and hardness That hung Him on the Tree;

- Those cruel nails, O Saviour, Were driven in by me.
- 5 And often have I slighted Thy gentle Voice that chid; Forgive me, too, Lord Jesus; I knew not what I did.
- 6 O Depth of sweet compassion!
 O Love Divine and True!
 Save Thou the souls that slight Thee
 And know not what they do!
 Amen.

Hymn 291. St. Augustin. 886886. The Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778), 1759. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838-), 1861. I. O Thou That hear'st the are St. Cyprian, No. 2. 10 10 10 10. JOHN STAINER, Mus. D. (1840-), 1875. SECOND TUNE. I. Weary of earth and | lad - en with en - ter in, But there no evil | thing may find Voice That bids



- "But I am poor and needy; Thou art my Help and my Deliverer."
- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
 'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;
 Fallen, till in me Thine image shine,
 And lost I am, till Thou art mine.
- 3 The mansion for Thyself prepare;
 Dispose my heart by entering there;
 Tis this alone can make me clean,
 Tis this alone can cast out sin.
- 4 At last I own it cannot be
 That I should fit myself for Thee:
 Here, then, to Thee I all resign;
 Thine is the work, and only Thine.
- 5 What shall I say Thy grace to move?

 Lord, I am sin,—but Thou art love;
 I give up every plea beside—

 Lord, I am lost—but Thou hast died.



"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

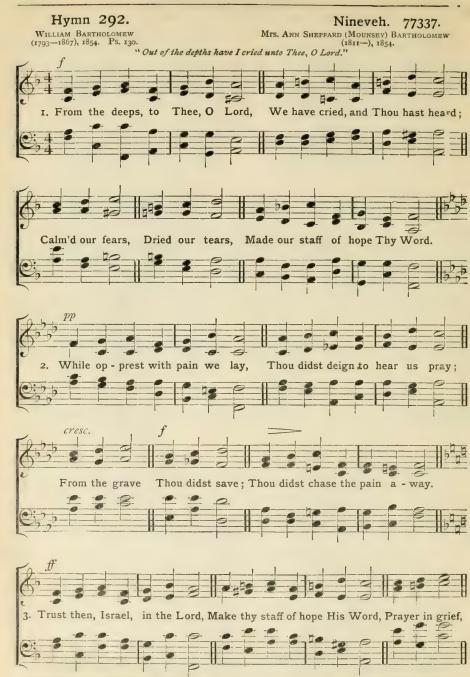
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 Forgive me, too, Lord Jesus;
 I knew not what I did.
- 6 O Depth of sweet compassion!
 O Love Divine and True!
 Save Thou the souls that slight Thee
 And know not what they do!
 Amen.



" Make haste, O God, to deliver me; make haste to help me, O Lord."

- 2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His spotless Righteousness I plead, And His availing Blood; Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be; Thy merit shall atone for me, And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then snatch me from eternal death, The Spirit of adoption breathe, His consolations send;
- By Him some word of life impart, And sweetly whisper to my heart, "Thy Maker is thy Friend."
- 4 The King of terrors then would be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 That bids me come away;
 Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
 I'd mount upon his sable wings
 To everlasting day. Amen.



* This Hymn and Tune are specially contributed to this work by the kindness of Mrs. Bartholomew from her own MS. and that of her late husband.



"Hearken unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips."

- 2 Our broken spirit pitying see; True penitence impart; Then let a kindling glance from Thee Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay, Their grateful hymns to raise, Grant that our souls may join the lay, And mount to Thee in praise.

Hymn 294.

Miss Anne Steele (1717-1778), 1760.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

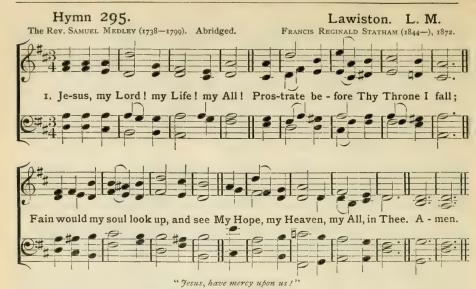
- I O Thou, Whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh; Whose Hand, indulgent, wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye:
- 2 See! low before Thy Throne of grace, A wretched wand'rer mourn; Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy Face? Hast Thou not said, Return?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail To drive me from Thy Feet? O let not this dear Refuge fail, This only safe Retreat!

- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer, May we our wills resign;
 - And not a thought our bosom share, That is not wholly Thine.
- 5 May faith each meek petition fill. And waft it to the skies,
 - And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still That grants it or denies. Amen.
- 4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light, Without one cheering ray, Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,

Martyrdom (All Saints). C. M.

How desolate my way!

- 5 O shine on this benighted heart, With beams of mercy shine; And let Thy healing Voice impart A taste of joys Divine.
- 6 Thy Presence only can bestow Delights which never cloy; Be this my Solace, here below, And my Eternal Joy. Amen.



- 2 Here, in this world of sin and woe, I'm filled with tossings to and fro; Burdened with sin, with fear oppress'd; And nothing here can give me rest.
- 3 O speak, and bid my soul rejoice! I long to hear Thy pardoning Voice; Say, "Peace, be still! look up and live; Life, peace and Heaven are Mine to give!"

4 Then, filled with grateful, holy love, My soul in praise shall soar above; And with delightful joy record The wondrous goodness of my Lord. Amen.



"And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

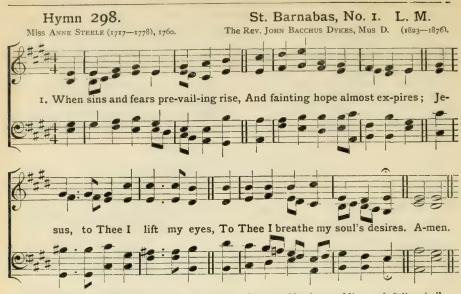
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found, And mercy may be sought, My heart with inward horror shrinks, And trembles at the thought,
- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd In majesty severe, And sit in judgment on my soul, O how shall I appear!
- 4 But Thou hast told the troubled soul
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears
 Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late,
 And add my Saviour's dying groans
 To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair Her pardon to procure, Who knows Thy Only Son has died To make that pardon sure.

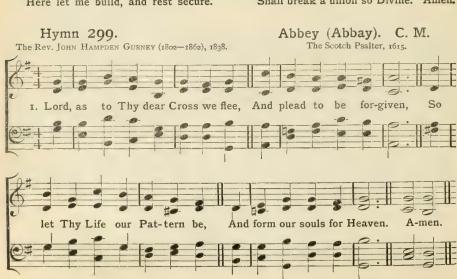


Long have we sought Thy rest in vain! Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost, Long have our souls been tempest-tossed: Low at Thy Feet our sins we lay;

Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away! Amen.

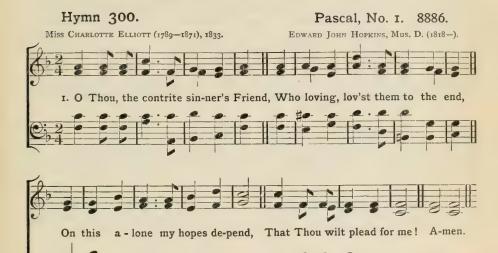


- "Yet a little while, and the world seeth Me no more; but ye see Me: because I live, ye shall live also."
- 2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fix'd on Thy everlasting Word, [sky?
 That Word which built the earth and
- 3 If my Immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His Word a firm foundation gives,
 Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell, Immovable the promise stands; Nor all the powers of earth or hell, Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
 If Jesus is forever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so Divine. Amen.



"Continue ye in my love."

- 2 Help us, through good report and ill, Our daily cross to bear; Like Thee, to do our Father's will, Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
 Our earthliness refine,
 And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
 As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly, And grief's dark day come on, We, in our turn, would meekly cry, Father! Thy will be done!
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame, Or brethren faithless prove, Then, like Thine own, be all our aim To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Forgiving and forgiven,
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 And follow Thee to Heaven! Amen.



"Who maketh continual intercession for us."

- 2 When, weary in the Christian race, Far-off appears my resting-place, And fainting I mistrust Thy grace, Then, Saviour, plead for me!
- 3 When I have err'd and gone astray
 Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
 And see no glimmering guiding ray,
 Still, Saviour, plead for me!
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold, Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold, Then with Thy pitying Arms enfold, And plead, O plead for me!
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near, Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear, Then to my fainting sight appear, Pleading in Heaven for me!
- 6 When the full light of Heavenly Day Reveals my sins in dread array, Say Thou hast wash'd them all away; O say, Thou plead'st for me! Amen.



"Lord, that I may receive my sight."

- 2 Lord! we ask for brighter rays
 Than this dim and earthly sun,
 For the Light That still shall blaze
 When the stars their course have run—
 The Light That gilds Thy Blest Abode,
 The Glory of the Lamb of God!
- 3 Lord! our soul's Blest Light, to Thee
 We poor sinners lift our prayer;
 Hear this day our Litany,—
 Hear, and in Thy mercy spare!
 O! Holy One! O! Blessed Three!
 Blest be Thy Name Eternally. Amen.



- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise, To meet the glad with joyful smiles, And to wipe the weeping eyes; And a heart at leisure from itself To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will That hurries to and fro, Seeking for some great thing to do, Or secret thing to know;

I would be treated as a child, And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am, In whatsoe'er estate,

I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do

And a work of lowly love to do For the Lord on Whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for Thy daily strength, To none that ask denied, And a mind to blend with outward life, While keeping at Thy Side; Content to fill a little space, If Thou be glorified.

- 6 And if some things I do not ask In my cup of blessing be, I would have my spirit filled the more With grateful love to Thee; More careful not to serve Thee much, But to please Thee perfectly.
- 7 There are briars besetting every path
 That call for patient care,
 There is a cross in every lot,
 And an earnest need for prayer;
 But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
 Is happy anywhere.
- 8 In a service which Thy will appoints
 There are no bonds for me;
 For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
 That makes Thy children "free;"
 And a life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty. Amen.



"Lord, we have left all and followed Thee."

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like man, untrue; And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy Face and all is bright.
- Come disaster, scorn and pain!
 In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
 With Thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called Thee, Abba, Father;
 I have stayed my heart on Thee:
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!

- 4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy Breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 - O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 - O't were not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 What a Father's smile is thine;
 What a Saviour died to win thee:
 Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's Eternal Day's before thee,
 God's Own Hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. Amen.

Hymn 304.

Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 522. L. M.



"In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy path."

- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd O let me cheerfully fulfil; In all my works Thy Presence find, And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Preserve me from my calling's snare, And hide my simple heart above, Above the thorns of choking care, The gilded baits of worldly love.
- 4 Thee may I set at my right hand, Whose Eyes mine inmost substance see,

- And labor on at Thy command,
 And offer all my works to Thee.
- 5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke, And every moment watch and pray; And still to things eternal look, And hasten to Thy glorious Day.
- 6 Fain would I still for Thee employ
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
 given,

And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.
Amen.



- "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."
- 2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm; His Strength shall bear thy spirit up, Andbrace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
 And let thy foolish pride be still;
 Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
 Upon a Cross, on Calvary's hill.
- 4 Take up thy cross, then, in His Strength,
 And calmly Sin's wild deluge brave;
 'Twill guide thee to a better Home,
 It points to glory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,
 Nor think till death to lay it down;
 For only he who bears the cross,
 May hope to wear the glorious crown!
 Amen.



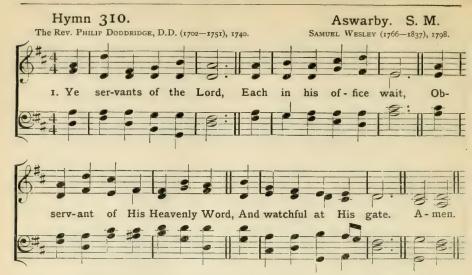


"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."

2 O! let me feel Thee near me— The world is ever near; I see the sights that dazzle, The tempting sounds I hear. My foes are ever near me, Around me and within; But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer, And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised To all who follow Thee, That where Thou art in glory There shall Thy servant be; And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

4 O let me see Thy Foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own,
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in Heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.



- "Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins, as in His sight, For awful is His Name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command; And, while we speak, He's near; Mark the first signal of His Hand, And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
 In such a posture found!
 He shall His Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
 With His Own Royal Hand,
 And raise that favorite servant's head
 Amid the angelic band. Amen.



"But he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit."

- 2 To Thee still I would cleave With ever-growing zeal;
 - Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
 They never shall prevail!
- 3 His Spirit shall unite My soul to Him, my Head; Shall form me to His Image bright, And teach His path to tread.
- 4 Death may my soul divide From this abode of clay;
 - But love shall keep me near His side, Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
 What should remain to fear?
 If He in Heaven hath fixed His Throne,
 He'll fix His members there. Amen.

Hymn 312.

Cannons* (The Invitation). L. M.



- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross; Nail my affections to the Cross; Hallow each thought; let all within Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 If Thou, my Lord, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe,

- Jesus, Thy timely aid impart, And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour! where'er Thy steps I see, Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee; O let Thy Hand support me still, And lead me to Thy Holy Hill!
 - 6 If rough and thorny be the way, My strength proportion to my day; Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease Where all is calm, and joy, and peace. Amen.

^{*} This Tune was originally written by Händel for the Rev. Charles Wesley's Hymn, "Sinner, obey the Gospel Word."



2 Before the Cross of Him Who died,

Behold, I prostrate fall; Let every sin be crucified, And Christ be All in all. 3 Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given;

Then life shall be Thy service, Lord, And death the gate of Heaven. Amen.

Hymn 314.

Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude, 1848. Abridged.

Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806–1876), 1874.

I. Thine for ev - er!—God of love, Hear us from Thy Throne a - bove;

Thine for-ev - er may we be, Here and in E - ter-ni-ty.

Ashen.

"I am Thine, save me; for I have sought Thy precepts."

2 Thine for ever 1—Lord of life, Shield us through our earthly strife; Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the Realms of Day.

3 Thine for ever!—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;

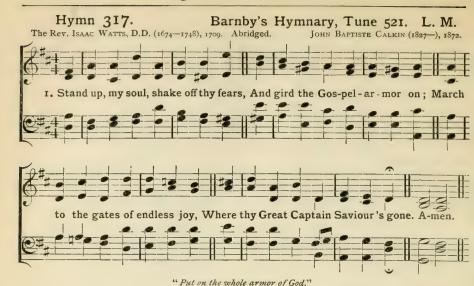
Safe alone beneath Thy care, Let us all Thy goodness share.

4 Thine for ever!—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven.

3 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine Own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne." Amen.

St. Andrew of Crete, No. 2. 65656565.





- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
 Thy Saviour nailed them to the Cross,
 And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
- There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors
 wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in Almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.
 Amen.



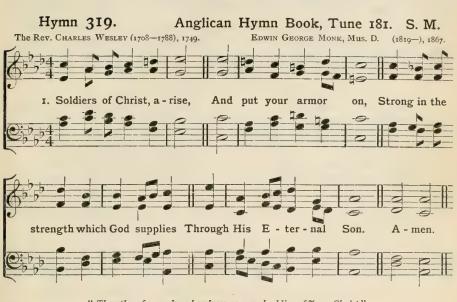
"Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease? While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?

 Must I not stem the flood?

 Is that vile world a friend to grace,

 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord! I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, . Supported by Thy Word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, though they die; They view the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious Day shall rise, And all Thy armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine. Amen.



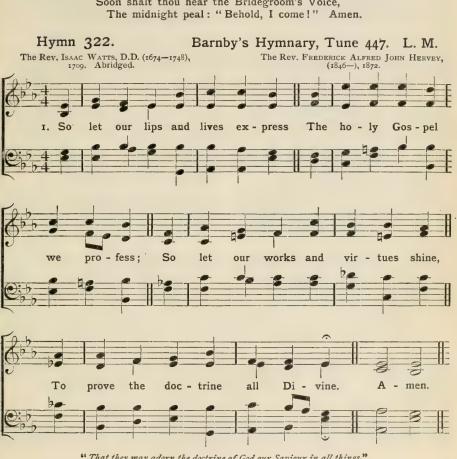
"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength endued, And take, to arm you for the fight, The panoply of God;
- 4 That, having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.
- 5 Leave no unguarded place, No weakness of the soul, Take every virtue, every grace, And fortify the whole.
- 6 To keep your armor bright,
 Attend with constant care,
 Still walking in your Captain's sight,
 And watching unto prayer. Amen.



"Let us not be weary in well doing."

- 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain; Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Master praises—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; enough, while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign Thy willing heart to mark and cheer: No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice: For toil comes Rest, for exile Home; Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's Voice,



- "That they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."
 - 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour God; When His salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the power of sin.
 - 3 Religion bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope,-The bright appearance of the Lord; And faith stands leaning on His Word. Amen.



- "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free Spirit."
- 2 Jesus! the weary wanderer's Rest! Give me Thy easy yoke to bear; With steadfast patience arm my breast, With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee, Prepar'd and mingled by Thy skill; Though bitter to the taste it be, Pow'rful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! So shall each murmuring thought be gone:

- And grief, and fear, and care shall fly As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions "Peace:"
 Say to my trembling heart, "Be still:"
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,
 For all things serve Thy sovereign will.
- 6 O Death, where is thy sting! Where now Thy boasted victory, O Grave? Who shall contend with God? or who Can hurt whom God delights to save?



" Make Thy Way straight before my face."

- 2 Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best, Winding or straight, it leads Right onward to Thy Rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might; Choose Thou for me, my God; So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine: so let the way
 That leads to it, be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health; Choose Thou my cares for me, My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small; Be Thou my Guide, my Strength, My Wisdom, and my All. Amen.



2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us; All our weakness Thou dost know; Thou didst tread this earth before us,

Thou didst feel its keenest woe; Lone and dreary,

Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending, Fill our hearts with heavenly joy; Love, with every passion blending, Pleasure, that can never cloy; Thus provided,

Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

Amen.



The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:
Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure

The sorrow, pain, or solitude, That make the spirit pure. And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy Will and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear:
And, till in Heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,

O Father, Son, and Spirit, now Accept our feeble praise. Amen.



"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,—
 Suffer not our souls to fear;
 And, when mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in Thine Arms to rest,
 Till, by angel-bands attended,
 We awake among the blest. Amen.



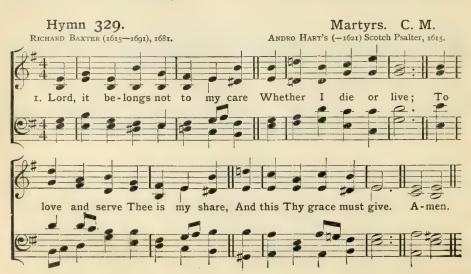
"For we being many are one Body in Christ."

- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake Thou didst from Heaven come down, Our mortal flesh and blood partake, In all our misery One.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love Divine, Confessed and borne by Thee; The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine, To set Thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright, Still One with us Thou art;

- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height, Thou didst from Heaven come down, Thy saints and Thee can part.
 - 5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
 This wondrous mystery,
 That Thou with us art truly One,

And we are one with Thee.

- 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day, When, seated on Thy Throne,
- Thou shalt to wondering worlds display, That Thou with us art One. Amen.



"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad That I may long obey; If short, yet why should I be sad To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than He went through before: He that unto God's Kingdom comes Must enter by the door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me Thy blessed Face to see: For if Thy work on earth be sweet. What will Thy glory be!
- 5 Then shall I end my sad complaints, And weary, sinful days, And join with the triumphant saints Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small; The eye of faith is dim; But 'tis enough that Christ knows all, And I shall be with Him. Amen.

Abridged and slightly altered from a poem entitled "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith."



St. Hubert. 558855.

(Seelenbrautigam)
NICOLAUS LUDWIG, Count von ZINZENDORF (1700—1760), 1721.
Tr. The Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell (1806—1874), 1851. The Rev. Leicester Darwall (1813-)



2 When we danger meet, Steadfast make our feet! Lord, preserve us uncomplaining 'Mid the darkness round us reigning! Through adversity Lies our way to Thee.

3 Order all our way Through this mortal day; In our toil with aid be near us; In our need with succor cheer us; When life's course is o'er, Open Thou the Door! Amen.



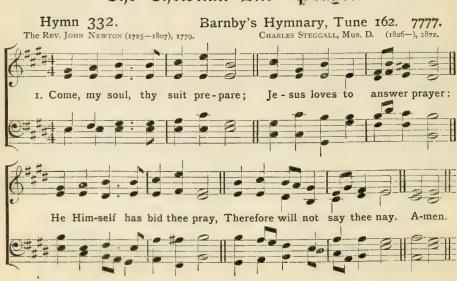
2 In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calmly rest;

I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide, Thy will they all perform; Safe in Thy Breast my head I hide, Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having All in Thee. Amen.

The Christian Life-Prayer.



"Let us therefore come boldly unto the Throne of grace."

- 2 Thou art coming to a King, Large petitions with thee bring; For His grace and power are such, None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin; Lord, remove this load of sin; Let Thy Blood, for sinners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
 Take possession of my breast;
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
 Answers the beholder's face,
 Thus unto my heart appear,
 Print Thine Own Resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here, Let Thy love my spirit cheer; As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do; Every hour my strength renew; Let me live a life of faith; Let me die Thy people's death. Amen.

Hymn 333. St. Jerome. 8888 (Dactylic).



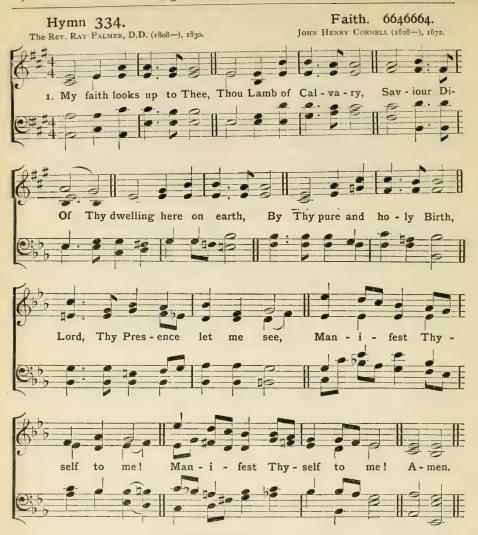
"O Thou That hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

- 2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun, The night is no darkness to me; And, fast as my moments roll on, They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 Thy ministering spirits descend
 To watch while Thy saints are 5 Thy worship no interval knows;
 asleep;
 Their fervor is still on the win
 - By day and by night they attend, The heirs of salvation to keep.

4 Bright seraphs, despatched from the Throne,

Fly swift to their stations assigned; And angels elect are sent down, To guard the redeemed of mankind.

- 5 Thy worship no interval knows;
 Their fervor is still on the wing;
 And, while they protect my repose,
 They chant to the praise of my King.
- 6 I, too, at the season ordained, Their chorus forever shall join, And love and adore, without end, Their gracious Creator and mine. Amen.



" I beseech Thee, show me Thy Glory."

- 2 Lamb of God! to Thee I cry; By Thy bitter agony, By Thy pangs to us unknown, By Thy Spirit's parting groan, Lord, Thy Presence let me see, Manifest Thyself to me!
- 3 Prince of life, to Thee I cry;
 By Thy glorious majesty,
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
- Meek to suffer, strong to save, Lord, Thy Presence let me see, Manifest Thyself to me.
- 4 Lord of Glory, God Most High!
 Man exalted to the sky!
 With Thy love my bosom fill,
 Prompt me to perform Thy Will:
 Then Thy glory I shall see—
 Thou wilt bring me Home to Thee.
 Amen.



"I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine."

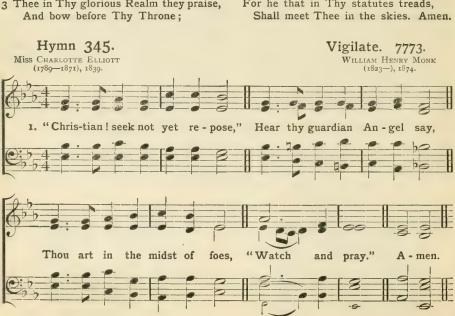
- 2 How oft to sure destruction My feet had gone astray,— Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd, The Guardian of my way. How oft, in darkness fallen, And wounded sore by sin, Thy Hand has gently raised me, And healing balms poured in.
- 3 O Shepherd Good! I follow
 Wherever Thou wilt lead;
 No matter where the pasture,
 With Thee at hand to feed.
 Thy Voice, in life so mighty,
 In death shall make me bold;
 O bring my ransom'd spirit
 To Thine Eternal Fold! Amen.



- 2 The Church triumphant in Thy love, Their mighty joys we know: They sing the Lamb in hymns above, And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in Thy glorious Realm they praise, And bow before Thy Throne;

We in the Kingdom of Thy grace: The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the Holiest leads, And thence our spirits rise; For he that in Thy statutes treads,



" Watch and pray."

- 2 Principalities and powers, Mustering their unseen array, Wait for thy unguarded hours; "Watch and pray."
- 3 Gird Thy heavenly armor on, Wear it ever night and day; Near thee lurks the Evil One; "Watch and pray."
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
 Still they watch each warrior's way;
 All with one deep voice exclaim
 "Watch and pray."
- 5 Hear, above all these, thy Lord, Him thou lovest to obey; Hide within thy heart His Word, "Watch and pray,"

6 Watch, as if on that alone Hung the issue of the day; Pray, that help may be sent down; "Watch and pray." Amen.

Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear Steps unto Heaven; All that Thou send'st to me In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee! Amen.

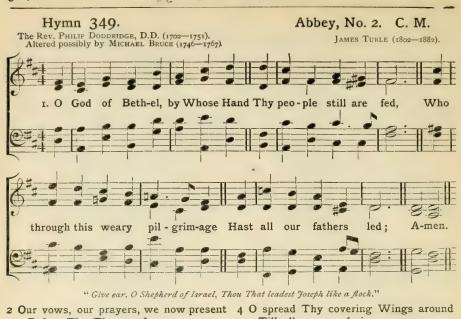
Hymn 348.

Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 303. L. M.



"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His Covenant."

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire: Come, my dear Jesus! from above, And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Jesus! what delicious fare—
 How sweet thine entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and Dying love.
 Amen.



- Before Thy Throne of grace; God of our Fathers! be the God Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide; Give us each day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.
- Till all our wanderings cease, And at our Father's loved abode Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious Hand Our humble prayers implore; And Thou shalt be our chosen God, And Portion evermore. Amen.



"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

- 2 While Providence supports
 Let saints securely dwell;
 That Hand Which bears all nature up
 Shall guide His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load Press down your weary mind?
- Haste to your heavenly Father's Throne, And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Down to the present day;
 I'll drop my burden at His Feet,
 And bear a song away. Amen.

This Hymn possesses great autobiographic interest. It was written when its author was on a voyage in the Mediterranean. He had just been overtaken by illness, his soul was passing through remarkable experiences, and he was watching with deep interest the religious movement going on at home.

Lux Benigna, No. 2. 1041041010.

SECOND TUNE.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN (1827-), 1867.



- 1. Lead, Kind-ly Light, a mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on,
- 2. I was not ev er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on,





2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,

The never-ceasing moans and sighs? What can it help, if thou bewail thee, O'er each dark moment as it flies? Our cross and trials do but press The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only be still and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-deserving love hath sent;
No doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him Who chose us for His Own.

4 He knows the time for joy, and truly
Will send it when He sees it meet,
When He has tried and purged thee

throughly,

And finds thee free from all deceit; He comes to thee all unaware And makes thee own His loving care.

5 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerv-So do thine own part faithfully, [ing, And trust His Word, though undeserving, Thou yet shall find it true for thee;

God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed. Amen.

Hymn 352.

Lux Benigna, No. 1. 104 104 10 10.

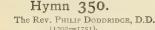
The Rev. Cardinal John Henry Newman, D.D.

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876).



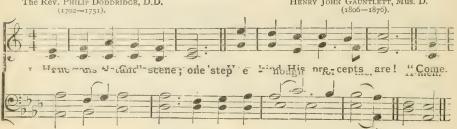
"Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, Thou That leadest Joseph like a flock."

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present 4 O spread Thy covering Wings around Before Thy Throne of grace; God of our Fathers! be the God Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide; Give us each day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.
- Till all our wanderings cease. And at our Father's loved abode Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious Hand Our humble prayers implore; And Thou shalt be our chosen God, And Portion evermore. Amen.



St. George, No. 2.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. D. (1806-1876).

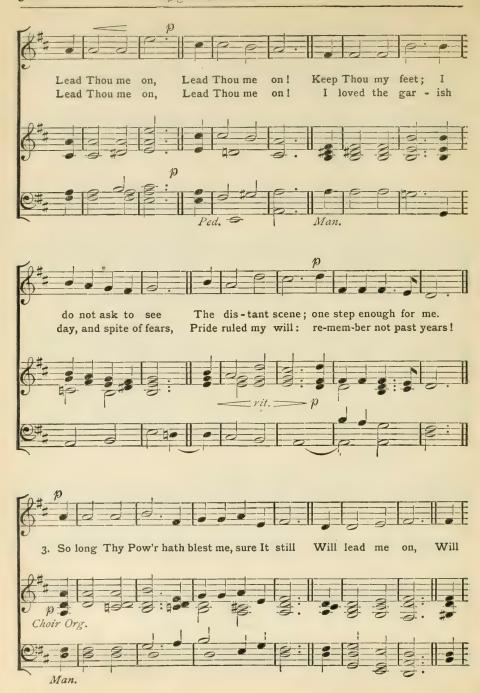


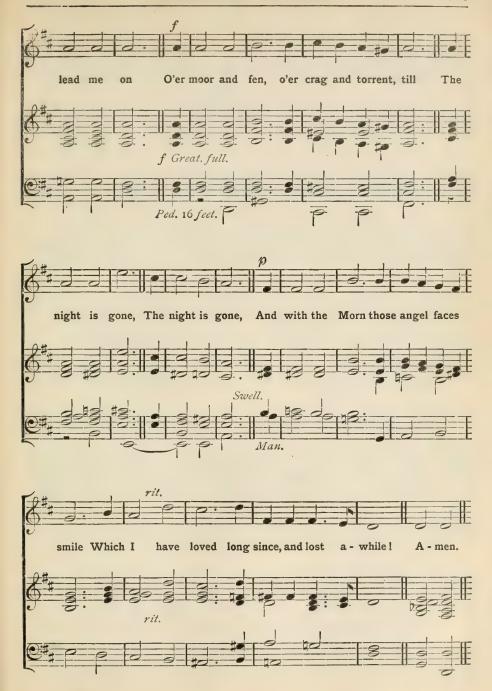
"That was the True Light Which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

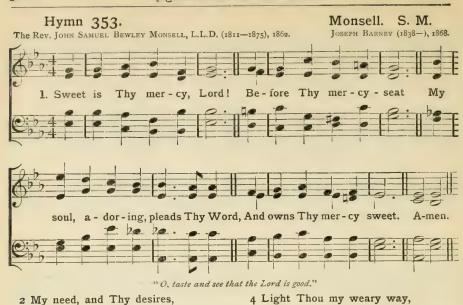
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the garish day, and spite of fears. Pride ruled my will: remember not past years! 3 So long Thy Power hath blest me, sure It still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the Morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile! Amen.

This Hymn possesses great autobiographic interest. It was written when its author was on a voyage in the Mediterranean. He had just been overtaken by illness, his soul was passing through remarkable experiences, and he was watching with deep interest the religious movement going on at home.

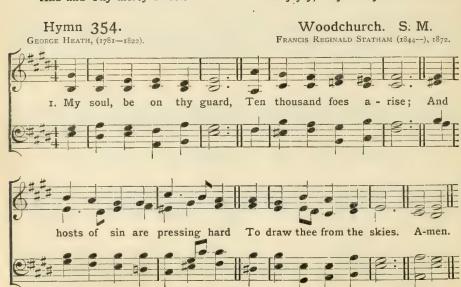








- 2 My need, and Thy desires,
 Are all in Christ complete;
 Thou hast the justice truth requires,
 And I Thy mercy sweet.
- 3 Where'er Thy Name is blest, Where'er Thy people meet, There I delight in Thee to rest, And find Thy mercy sweet.
- 4 Light Thou my weary way,
 Place Thou my weary feet,
 That while I stray on earth I may
 Still find Thy mercy sweet.
- 5 Thus shall the heavenly host
 Hear all my songs repeat,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy joy, Thy mercy sweet. Amen.



"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His Might."

- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray! The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly every day, And help Divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won, Nor once at ease sit down; Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God! He'll take thee at thy parting breath, Up to His blest Abode. Amen.



"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

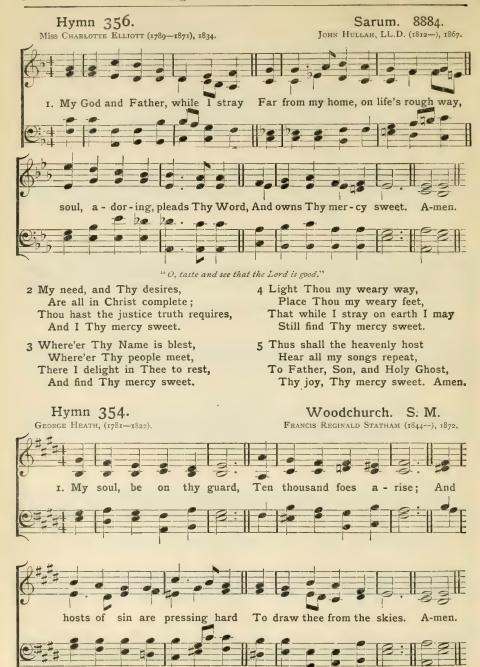
2 My feet shall never slide, Nor fall in fatal snares, Since God, my Guard and Guide, Defends me from my fears: Those wakeful Eyes, That never sleep, Shall Israel keep When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health away, If God be with me there:

Thou art my Sun, And Thou my Shade, To guard my head By night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not given Thy word, To save my soul from death? And I can trust my Lord To keep my mortal breath: I'll go and come, Nor fear to die, Till from on high

Thou call me Home. Amen.



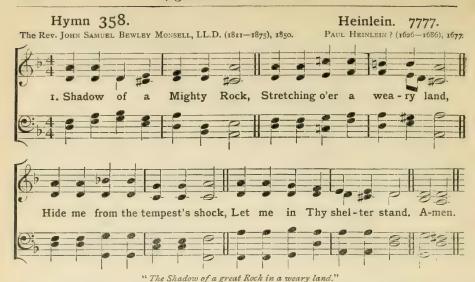
- 6 Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest; "Thy will be done!"
- 7 Renew my will from day to day: Blend it with Thine; and take away All that now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
- 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer, oft mixed with tears before, I'll sing upon a happier Shore, "Thy will be done!" Amen.



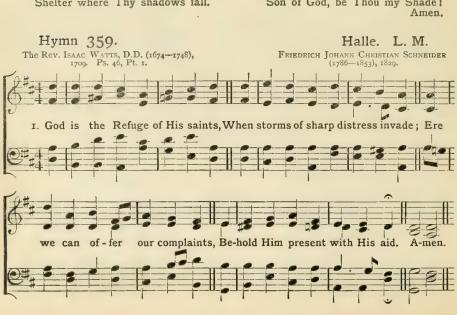
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4 Hast Thou not given Thy word, To save my soul from death? And I can trust my Lord To keep my mortal breath: I'll go and come, Nor fear to die, Till from on high Thou call me Home. Amen.



- 2 When Thy Presence, O my God, Brighter is than eye can see, Shadow on the heavenward road, Let me find my shade in Thee.
- 3 When life's passions o'er me break, Like a storm against the wall, Let me find, for mercy's sake, Shelter where Thy shadows fall.
- 4 Out of Thee are shades of death, Weary ways, and hours unblest; Shadow of the Rock, beneath Thee alone are joy and rest.
- 5 Till the race of life be run,
 Till my soul in rest be laid,
 God of gods, Thou art my Sun;
 Son of God, be Thou my Shade!
 Amen.



"God is our Refuge and Strength; a very present Help in trouble."

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow Down to the deep, and buried there, Convulsions shake the solid world-Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar; In sacred peace our souls abide; While every nation, every shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- Supplies the City of our God, Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And watering our Divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, Thine Holy Word, Our grief allays, our fear controls; Sweet peace Thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love, Secure against a threatening hour; Nor can her firm foundation move, Built on His truth, and armed with power,

Hymn 360.

Busslied. L. M.

(An Dir allein, an Dir hab' ich gesindigt.)
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770—1827). Adapted from "Busslied," one of six sacred songs, by Gellert, set to music by Beethoven, 1803. The Rev. ISAAC WATTS, D.D. (1674-1748), 1709. I. My God, per - mit stran - ger me not to be to self and Thee; A - mid thousand thoughts For of est love. A - men. mv

"But let a man examine himself."

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth. And thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things below. And let my God, my Saviour go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense; One sovereign word can draw me thence:
- I would obey the Voice Divine, And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn; Let noise and vanity be gone; In secret silence of the mind My Heaven, and there my God, I find. Amen.



- " Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God."
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid: I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent Hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "Ev'n down to old age all My people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, Like lambs they shall still in My Bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose, I will not—I will not desert to his foes; That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never—no never—no never forsake!" Amen.



" Sing aloud unto God our Strength."

- 2 Though in a foreign land, We are not far from Home; And nearer to our House above We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark Divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon His Name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears Subside at His control; His loving-kindness shall break thro The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on Thee; Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord, Shall Thy salvation see. Amen.



"O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee."

- 2 O that it were as it hath been, When, praying in the holy place, Thy power and glory I have seen And mark'd the footsteps of Thy grace.
- 3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze, 5 Better than life itself Thy love, I follow hard on Thee, my God; Thine Hand, unseen, upholds my ways, I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night, When I remember on my bed, Thy Presence makes the darkness light. Thy guardian wings are round my head.
 - Dearer than all beside to me: For whom have I in Heaven above, Or what on earth compared to Thee?

6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice, For all Thy mercy I will give; My soul shall still in God rejoice; My tongue shall bless Thee while I live. Amen.



"I shall be satisfied when I awake, with Thy Likeness."

- 2 This life's a dream—an empty show; But the bright World, to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 3 O! glorious hour !-O! blest Abode! I shall be near, and like my God;

And flesh and sin no more control The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joyful sound; Then burst the chains, with sweet sur-And in my Saviour's Image rise! [prise, Amen.



Stephanos. 8583.

From the Greek of St. Stephen the Sabaite (725-794).

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.

(1818-186), 1862.

The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart. (1821-1877), 1861.



Christus Consolator. 8583



"Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee."

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
- "In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
 And His Side."
- 3 Is there Diadem, as Monarch, That His Brow adorns?
- "Yea, a Crown in very surety, But of Thorns!"

- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
- "Many a sorrow, many a labor, Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last?
- "Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended, Jordan past."

- 6 If I ask Him to receive me, Will He say me nay?
- "Not till earth and not till Heaven
 Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling, Is He sure to bless?
- "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins, Answer, Yes!" Amen.

A clergyman who knew the Rev. Dr. Neale well, concludes a high tribute to his memory by saying: "Ot all his teachings, and all his elevating of the spiritual intellect, the most edifying to my own soul was when I saw him, in his last illness, laying in the dust all his works and all his talents, and casting himself, as a little child, only on the atoning work of Jesus Christ."



"For this God is our God forever and ever: He will be our Guide even unto death."

- 2 We are travelling home to God, In the way the Fathers trod; They are happy now; and we Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad! Christ our Advocate is made; Us to save, our flesh assumes; Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest! You on Jesus' Throne shall rest; There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.

- 5 Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light! Zion's city is in sight: There our endless Home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.
- 6 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand On the borders of your land; Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismayed go on.
- 7 Lord! obediently we go, Gladly leaving all below; Only Thou our Leader be, And we still will follow Thee!
- 8 Seal our love, our labors end; Let us to Thy bliss ascend; Let us to Thy Kingdom come; Lord! we long to be at Home. Amen.



"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

2 Still to the lowly soul
 He doth Himself impart,
 And for His Cradle, and His Throne,
 Chooseth the pure in heart. Amen.

Abridged from the Hymn on "The Purification," in "The Christian Year."



- "Then Simon Peter answered Him: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go, A wretched wand'rer from my Lord? Car. this dark world of sin and woe One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life Thy Words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine, While Thou art near, in vain they call; One smile, one blissful smile of Thine, My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy Name my inmost pow'rs adore, Thou art my life, my joy, my care: Depart from Thee—'tis death,—'tis more, 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

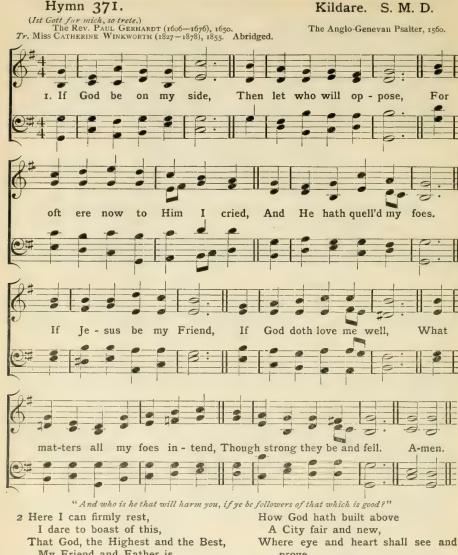
6 Low at Thy Feet my soul would lie, Here safety dwells, and peace Divine; Still let me live beneath Thine Eye, For life, eternal life is Thine. Amen.



"The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want."

- 2 He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in His own right
 way
 For His most Holy Name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Though I should walk through death's
 dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love Shall crown my following days; Nor from Thy house will I remove, Nor cease to speak Thy praise. Amen.



My Friend and Father is.

From dangerous snares He saves Where'er He bids me go

He checks the storms and calms the waves,

That naught can work me woe.

3 He whispers in my breast Sweet words of holy cheer, How he who seeks in God his Rest Shall ever find Him near;

prove

What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs, It cannot more be sad,

For very joy it laughs and sings, Sees naught but sunshine glad.

The sun that glads mine eyes Is Christ the Lord I love:

I sing for joy of that which lies Stored up for us above. Amen.

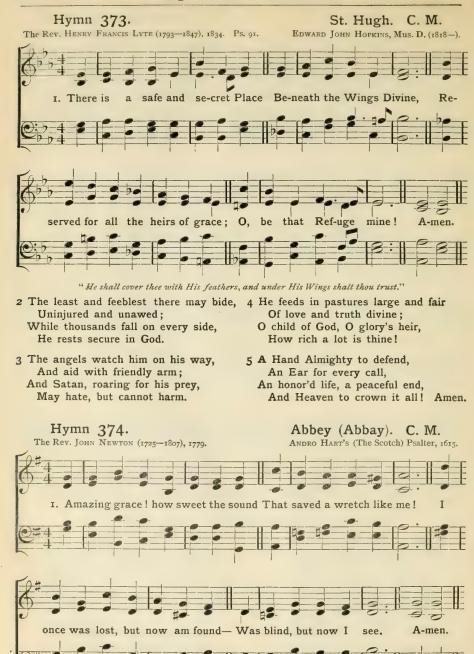


"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may!

3 It can bring with it nothing, But He will bear us through; Who gives the lilies clothing, Will clothe His people too: Beneath the spreading heavens, No creature but is fed; And He Who feeds the ravens, Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.



" For by grace are ye saved."

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;

How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed.

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come;

'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me Home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me. His Word my hope secures;

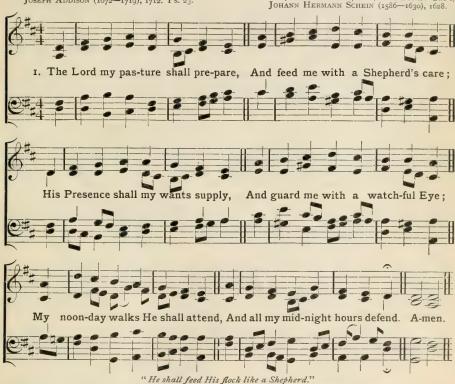
Hymn 375.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719), 1712. Ps. 23.

- He will my Shield and Portion be As long as life endures.
- 5 Yea-when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease.
 - I shall possess, within the veil, A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, The sun forbear to shine; But God, Who called me here below. Will be forever mine. Amen.

Wismar. 888888.

(Mach's mit mir, Gott, nach Deiner Güt'.) JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN (1586—1630), 1628.



- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant, To fertile vales and dewy meads My weary, wandering steps He leads, Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
- For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friendly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way, Through devious, lonely wilds I stray, Thy bounty shall my pains beguile, The barren wilderness shall smile, With sudden greens and herbage crown'd, And streams shall murmur all around. Amen.



"In the multitude of Thy thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul,"

- 2 In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling Hand I see! Each blessing to my soul more dear, Because conferred by Thee.
 - In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear,
 - My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek relief in prayer.
- 3 When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;

My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee. Amen.

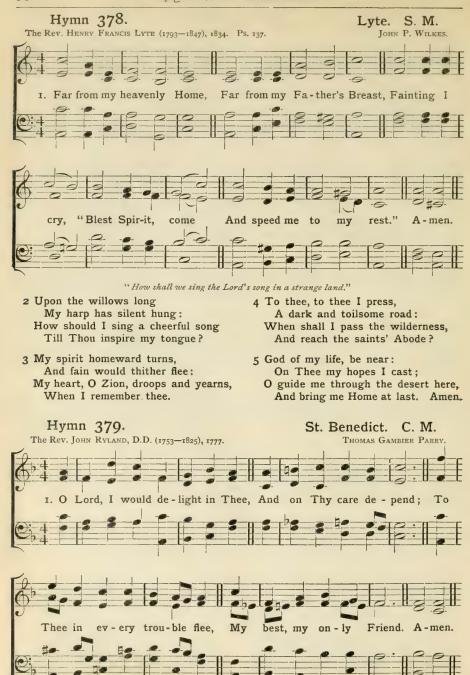


"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

- 2 When, taught by painful proof to know
 That all is vanity below,
 The sinner roams from comfort far,
 And looks in vain for sun or star;
 Soft gleaming then those lights divine
 Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
 And sweetly to the ravish'd eye
 Disclose the Day-spring from on high.
- 3 The heart, in sensual fetters bound, And barren as the wintry ground, Confesses, Lord, Thy quickening ray; Thy Word can charm the spell away;

With genial influence can beguile The frozen wilderness to smile; Bid living waters o'er it flow, And all be paradise below.

4 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;
But, fix'd for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy Word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have pass'daway.
Amen.



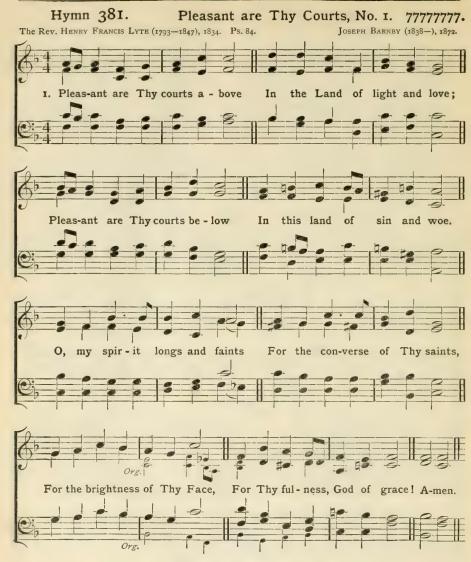
"Lord, to whom shall we go but unto Thee?"

- 2 When all created streams are dried, Thy Fulness is the same; May I with this be satisfied, And glory in Thy Name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan, Who has a Fountain near; A Fountain, Which will ever run With waters sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found, But may be found in Thee; I must have all things, and abound, While God is God to me.
- 5 O! that I had a stronger faith, To look within the veil! To credit what my Saviour saith, Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He that has made my Heaven secure, Will here all good provide; While Christ is rich, can I be poor? What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee; I triumph and adore: Henceforth my great concern shall be To love and please Thee more. Amen.



- "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey: Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating Voice,
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis His own Hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye:
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast,
 - When victors' wreaths and monarchs' Shall blend in common dust. [gems
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race begun; And, crowned with victory, at Thy Feet I'll lay my honors down. Amen.

* Afterwards adapted to English words, "He was eyes unto the blind;" and first published in a collection of three volumes of Händel's Songs, A.D. 1782.



"Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House."

- 2 Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round Thy altars, O Most High!
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a Heavenly Father's Breast!
 Like the wandering dove, that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their Ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.
- 3 Happy souls! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies;
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy Throne at length,
 At Thy Feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord! be mine this prize to win!
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy Side a place:
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart!
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me! Amen.

Pleasant are Thy Courts, No. 2. SECOND TUNE. EDWARD SILAS (1827-), 1872. I. Pleasant are Thy courts a - bove Pleas-ant are Thy courts be-low longs and faints For the converse For the brightness of Thy Face, For Thy ful-ness, God of grace! A-men.



"After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude stood before the Lamb."

- 2 ask them—whence their victory came?
 They, with united breath,
 - Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
 Their triumph to His Death.
- 3 They marked the Footsteps He had trod; His zeal inspired their breast;
- And following their Incarnate God, Possess the promised Rest.
- 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise, For His Own Pattern given,— While the long cloud of witnesses Show the same path to Heaven. Amen.



"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."

- 2 How far from this our daily life, How oft disturbed by anxious strife, By sudden wild alarms; O could we but relinquish all Our earthly props, and simply fall On Thine Almighty Arms!
- 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer;
 Sure that the Father Who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.
- 4 We cannot trust Him as we should;
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away;
 But hirds and flowerets round us preach

But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours Such lessons learn from birds and flowers; Make them from self to cease, Leave all things to a Father's will, And taste, before Him lying still,

E'en in affliction, peace. Amen.



"Our conversation is in Heaven."

2 Rivers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, ascending, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source; So a soul, that's born of God, Pants to view His glorious Face, Upward tends to His abode, To rest in His embrace. 3 Fly me, riches! fly me, cares!
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering world! with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more!
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;

When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joyful light. 4 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies!
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for Heaven. Amen.





- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean:
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him That dwells within:
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd
 And full of love Divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart; Come quickly from above; Write Thy new Name upon my heart, Thy new, best Name of Love. Amen.



- While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.
- 2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes Or reason's feeble ray, In ever-blooming prospect rise, Unconscious of decay.
- 3 Lord, send a beam of light Divine, To guide our upward aim;

With one reviving touch of Thine, Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall on faith's sublimest wing Our ardent wishes rise To those bright scenes where pleasures Immortal in the skies. Amen.



"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."

2 The sparrow, for her young, With pleasure seeks a nest; And wand'ring swallows long To find their wonted rest. My spirit faints, With equal zeal, To rise and dwell Among Thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray Where God appoints to hear! O happy men that pay Their constant service there!

They praise Thee still; And happy they That love the way To Sion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength Through this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in Heaven appears; O glorious seat, When God our King Shall thither bring, Our willing feet! Amen.



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Our willing feet! Amen.



"I am a stranger in the earth."

- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound We haste with songs of joy, Where peace and liberty are found, And sweets that never cloy. Alleluia!
 - We are on our way to God!
- 3 There sin and sorrow cease, And every conflict's o'er; There we shall dwell in endless peace. And never hunger more. Alleluia!

We are on our way to God!

Enraptur'd myriads sing; There love in every bosom reigns, For God Himself is King. Alleluia!

4 There, in celestial strains,

We are on our way to God!

5 We soon shall join the throng, Their pleasures we shall share, And sing the everlasting song, With all the ransomed there. Alleluia!

We are on our way to God!

6 How sweet the prospect is! It cheers the pilgrim's breast! We're journeying through the wilderness. But soon shall gain our rest! Alleluia! We are on our way to God! Amen.



"Jerusalem, which is above."

2 O when, thou City of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

3 Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ belo

And soon my friends in Christ below Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy Home, My soul still pants for thee;

Then shall my labors have an end When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

^{*} Younger brother of Joseph HAYDN.

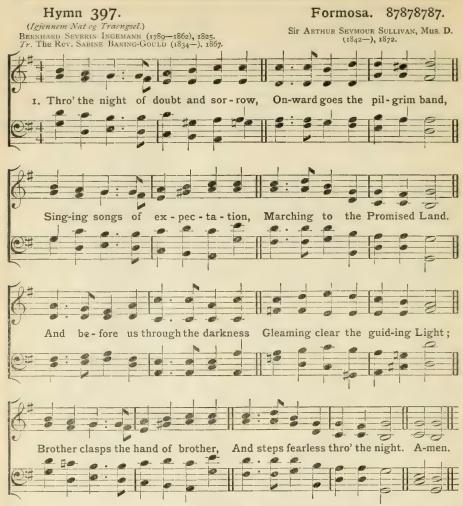


- "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us."
- 2 O give us grace to lay to heart The dangers by division wrought, To live a life of love in Christ, And learn the lesson He hath taught.
- 3 One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, One 5 Until we all be one, as Thou Almighty King, on Whom we call, One way on earth, one hope of Heaven. One God and Father of us all ;-
- 4 So may we all in heart and mind Be one in Thee, and live to share The wants of others, and combine Our common wants in common prayer:
- Art One with Thine Eternal Son, One with Thy saints on earth below, And still to endless ages, One. Amen.



"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity."

- 2 As the precious ointment, shed Upon Aaron's hallowed head, Downward through his garments stole, Spreading odor o'er the whole, So from our High Priest above To His Church flows heavenly love.
- 3 Gently as the dews distil Down on Zion's holy hill, Dropping gladness where they fall,
- Brightening and refreshing all; Such is Christian union, shed Through the members, from the Head.
- 4 Where Divine affection lives, There the Lord His blessing gives; There His Will on earth is done. There His Heaven is half begun; Lord, our great Example prove, Teach us all like Thee to love. Amen.



"And the Lord went before them * * to lead them the way."

- 2 One the Light of God's dear Presence, Never in its work to fail, Which illumes the wild rough places Of this gloomy, haunted vale. One the object of our journey, One the faith which never tires, One the earnest looking forward, One the hope our God inspires.
- 3 One the strain which mouths of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun,
- One the gladness of rejoicing, On the Resurrection shore, With One Father o'er us shining In His love for evermore.
- 4 Go we onward, pilgrim brothers,
 Visit first the Cross and Grave,
 Where the Cross its shadow flingeth,
 Where the boughs of cypress wave;
 Then, a shaking as of earthquakes,
 Then, a rending of the tomb,
 Then, a scattering of all shadows,
 And an end of toil and gloom. Amen.



- "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears, And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears; But in the Saviour's lovely Face Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts; Above our fears, above our faults, His powerful Intercessions rise, And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power,
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,
 That Jesus bears us on His Heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend— On Him our humble hopes depend; Our cause can never, never fail, For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.



- 2 If on my aching, burdened heart My sins lie heavily, Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart; Good Lord, remember me!
- 3 If trials sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee,
 Then let my strength be as my day;
 Good Lord, remember me!
- 4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble frame should be,
 Give patience, rest, and kind relief:
 Good Lord, remember me!
- 5 And O, when in the hour of death
 I bow to Thy decree,
 Jesus! receive my parting breath:
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- 4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness By stormy clouds too quickly overcast; Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness, And the dark river to be crossed at last. Oh! what could hope and confidence afford To tread that path; but this, Thou knowest, Lord!
- 6 Thou knowest, not alone as God, All-knowing; As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved: On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing, O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved; And love and sorrow still to Thee may come, And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.
- 6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying, And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy Feet; On Everlasting Strength our weakness staying, Clothed in Thy Robe of Righteousness complete: Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy Throne, And follow on to know as we are known. Amen.



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- "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief, For Thou alone canst heal; Thy Word can bring a sweet relief For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call Thee mine; The springs of comfort seem to fail, And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only Trust,
 And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
 Here let my soul retreat,
 With humble hope attend Thy Will,
 And wait beneath Thy Feet. Amen.

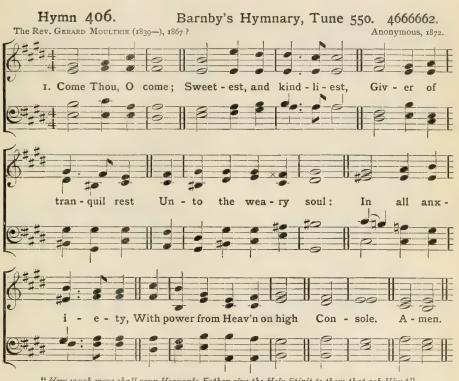


"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

- 2 For Thee, my God-the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine; O, when shall I behold Thy Face. Thou Majesty Divine!
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Hope still; and thou shalt sing The praise of Him Who is thy God, Thy health's eternal Spring. Amen.

The above Hymn was altered by the Rev. H. F. LYTE, (1793—1847), 1834, who inserted the following stanza:

I sigh to think of happier days, When Thou, O Lord! wert nigh; When every heart was tuned to praise, And none so blest as I.



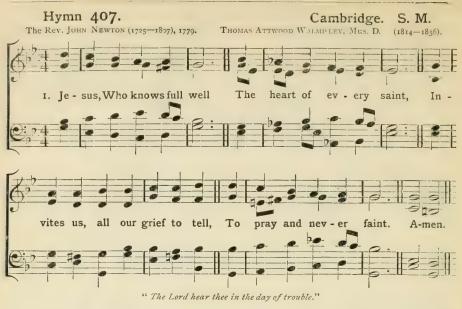
"How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

- 2 Come Thou, O come; Help in the hour of need, Strength of the broken reed, Guide of each lonely one; Orphans' and widows' Stay, Who tread in life's hard way Alone.
- 3 Come Thou, O come; Glorious and shadow-free, Star of the stormy sea, Light of the tempest-tossed:

Harbor our souls to save, When hope upon the wave Is lost.

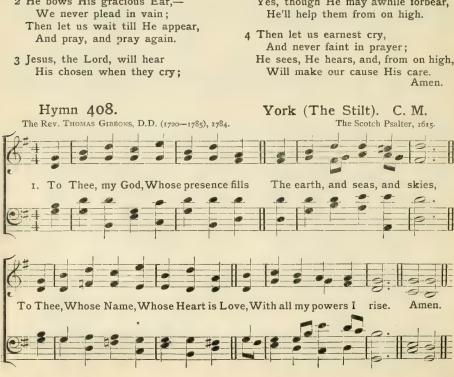
4 Come Thou, O come; Joy in life's narrow path, Hope in the hour of death, Come, Blessed Spirit, come: Lead Thou us tenderly, Till we shall find with Thee Our Home.

Amen.



2 He bows His gracious Ear,-We never plead in vain; Then let us wait till He appear, And pray, and pray again.

Yes, though He may awhile forbear, He'll help them from on high.



"Thou, Which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again."

- 2 Troubles in long succession roll; Wave rushes upon wave; Pity, O pity my distress! Thy child, thy suppliant save!
- 3 O bid the roaring tempest cease: Or give me strength to bear Whate'er Thy holy will appoints, And save me from despair!
- 4 To Thee, my God, alone I look, On Thee alone confide; Thou never hast deceived the soul That on Thy grace relied.
- 5 Tho' oft Thy ways are wrapt in clouds, Mysterious and unknown,
 Truth, Righteousness, and Mercy stand
 The pillars of Thy Throne. Amen.



- 2 It tells me of a Place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee: O, to the weary, faint, oppressed, How sweet the Bidding, "Come to Me!"
- 3 When the poor heart with anguish learns That earthly props resigned must be, And from each broken cistern turns, It hears the Accents, "Come to Me!"
- 4 When against sin I strive in vain, And cannot from its yoke get free, Sinking beneath its heavy chain, The Words arrest me: "Come to Me!"
- 5 When nature shudders, loath to part From all I love, enjoy and see; When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet Voice utters, "Come to Me!"
- 6 "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no resting-place for thee; To Heaven direct Thy weeping eye, I am Thy Portion; Come to Me."
- 7 O Voice of mercy! Voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"
 Amen.



"I will go in the strength of the Lord God."

- 2 Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place, The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright; And my calm pillow of repose by night.
- 3 Thoughts of His sojourn in this vale of tears—
 The tale of love unfolded in those years
 Of sinless suffering and of patient grace,
 I love again, and yet again to trace.
- 4 Thoughts of His glory—on the Cross I gaze
 And there behold its sad yet healing rays:
 Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,
 Illumes with heavenly light the tear-dimmed eye.
- 5 Thoughts of His coming;—for that joyful day
 In patient hope I watch and wait and pray;
 The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee;
 O what a sunrise will that Advent be!
- 6 Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet, My thoughts and meditations are so sweet Of Him on Whom I lean, my Strength, my Stay, I can forget the sorrows of the way. Amen.



- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray 4 If vexing thoughts within me rise, From heavenly wisdom's narrow way; To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the sin I would not do; Still He, Who felt temptation's power, Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell, Deceived by those I prized too well; He shall His pitying aid bestow, Who felt on earth severer woe; At once betrayed, denied, or fled, By those who shared His daily bread.
- And sore dismayed, my spirit dies; Still He, Who once vouchsafed to bear The sickening anguish of despair, Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which covers what was once a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while; Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed, For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And O! when I have safely past Through every conflict but the last; Still, still unchanging, watch beside My painful bed, for Thou hast died! Then point to realms of cloudless day, And wipe the latest tear away! Amen.



- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go; Join the war, and face the foe; Faint not! much doth yet remain; Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield? Will ye quit the painful field? Will ye flee in danger's hour? Know ye not your Captain's power?
- 4 Let your drooping hearts be glad; March, in heavenly armor clad;

- Fight, nor think the battle long; Victory soon shall tune your song.
- 5 Let not sorrow dim your eye, Soon shall every tear be dry; Let not woe your course impede: Great your strength, if great your need.
- 6 Onward then to battle move; More than conquerors ye shall prove; Though opposed by many a foe, Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

The first ten lines of this Hymn were found written on the back of one of Henry Kirke White's "Mathematical Papers." The remaining lines are added by Miss Fuller-Mattland.



"Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness,"

- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend The whispers of His love; Sweet to look upward to the place Where Jesus pleads above:
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name In Life's fair Book set down; Sweet to look forward, and behold Eternal joys my own:
- 4 Sweet to reflect, how Grace Divine
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember, that His Blood
 My debt of sufferings paid:
- 5 Sweet on His Righteousness to stand Which saves from second death: Sweet to experience, day by day, His Spirit's quickening Breath:

- 6 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest, Whose love can never end; Sweet on His covenant of grace For all things to depend:
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith To trust His firm decrees; Sweet to lie passive in His Hand, And know no will but His:
- 8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
 That, when my change shall come,
 Angels will hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit Home.
- 9 If such the views which Grace unfolds, Weak as it is below, What raptures must the Church above In Jesus' Presence know!
- Io If such the sweetness of the stream, What must the Fountain be, Where saints and angels draw their bliss Immediately from Thee! Amen.

This Hymn, "written in illness," is one of the rare instances in which the Rev. Mr. Toplady refers to his own special circumstances.



- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint, Where should I lodge my deep complaint? Where, but with Thee, Whose open door Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee, And Thou refuse that mourner's plea? Does not the word still fixed remain, That none shall seek Thy Face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God
 Supports me under every load.
- 5 Poor though I am—despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeeb,
 For whom the Saviour deigns to plead.
 Amen.

Called "Looking upwards in a storm."



- "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed in us."
 - 2 Jesus ne'er will leave thee, All thy wants He knows, Feels the pains that grieve thee, Sees thy hidden woes.
 - 3 Raise thine eyes to Heaven When thy spirits quail, When, by tempests driven, Heart and courage fail.
- 4 When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear, Who His children's anguish Soothes with succor near.
- 5 All our woe and sadness In this world below, Balance not the gladness We in Heaven shall know;

JOSEPH BARNBY (1838-), 1872.

6 When our gracious Saviour, In the realms above, Crowns us with His favor, Fills us with His love. Amen.

Hymn 416.

Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 509. 787877.

(Guter Hirt, Du hast gestillt.)
The Rev. Johann Wilhelm Meinhold (1797—1851).
Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth (1827—1878), 1858. I. Gen - tle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weeping; how peaceful, pale, and mild In its nar-row bed 't is sleeping, anguish sore Heaves that lit - tle And no sigh of bo - som more.

"He shall gather the Lambs with His Arm."

2 In this world of care and pain, Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it; To the sunny heavenly plain

Thou dost now with joy receive it; Clothed in robes of spotless white, Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we Where it lives may soon be living, And the lovely pastures see,

That its heavenly food are giving; Then the gain of death we prove, Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.



" For what is your life?"

- 2 A few more suns shall set,
 O'er these dark hills of time;
 And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime.

 Then O my Lord prepare
 - Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that blest Day;
 - O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild, rocky shore;
 And we shall be where tempests cease
 And surges swell no more.
 - Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that calm Day;
 - O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins away.

- 4 A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er,
 - A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.
 - Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for that blest Day;
 - O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins away.
- 5 A few more Sabbaths here Shall cheer us on our way: And we shall reach the endless Rest, The eternal Sabbath-Day.

- Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that sweet Day;
- O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins away.
- 6 'Tis but a little while
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign.
 - Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad Day;
 - O wash me in Thy precious Blood, And take my sins away. Amen.

Hymn 418.

The Very Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's (1791—1868), 1827.

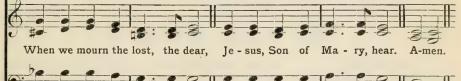
Redhead, Tune 47. 7777

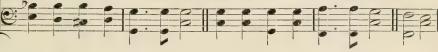
RICHARD REDHEAD (1820-), 1853.



1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,



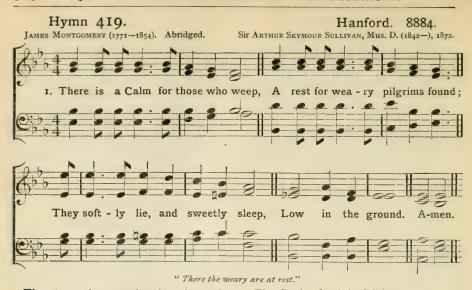




"He hath borne our griefs."

- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn, Thou our mortal griefs hast borne, Thou hast shed the human tear; Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.
- 3 When the solemn death-bell tolls For our own departing souls, When our final doom is near, Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.
- 4 Thou hast bowed the dying Head, Thou the Blood of life hast shed, Thou hast filled a mortal bier; Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.
- 5 When the heart is sad within With the thought of all its sin, When the spirit shrinks with fear, Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.
- 6 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known; Though the sins were not Thine Own, Thou hast deigned their load to bear; Jesus, Son of Mary, hear. Amen.

36

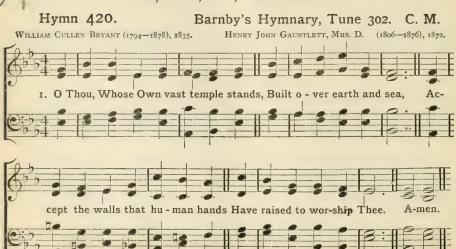


2 The storm that wrecks the wintry sky 3 The Soul, of origin Divine, No more disturbs their sweet repose Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose.

God's glorious image, freed from clay, In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine, A Star of day.

4 The sun is but a spark of fire, A transient meteor in the sky; The Soul, immortal as its Sire, Shall never die. Amen.

The Church Militant.



- 3 Hither, on Thy holy morning,
 Guide us on our church-way path:
 Here, O Lord, in life's first dawning,
 Sprinkle every child of wrath:
 Here around Thy table bending,
 Feed us with the living bread:
 Here, to wait their Lord's descending,
 Hallowed earth, receive the dead!
- 4 When our Israel's sore transgression
 Stops the windows of the sky;
 When we sink beneath oppression,
 When we see our thousands die—
 Father, when we here adore Thee,
 In Thy house our prayer receive;
 When we spread our hands before Thee,
 Here behold us, and forgive! Amen.

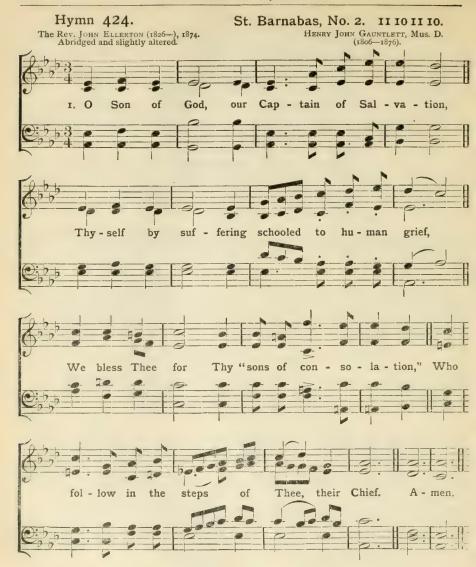
This Hymn, it is believed, is now presented for the first time in this country. It is taken from the "Harrow Hymn Book," and is used by the special permission of the Very Rev. the Dean of Llandaff.



"Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest; Thou, and the Ark of Thy Strength."

- 2 Let the living here be fed With Thy Word, the Heavenly Bread; Here, in hope of glory blest, May the dead be laid to rest!
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand
 While the sea shall gird the land!
 Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure!
- 4 Alleluia! earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply!
 Alleluia! hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end! Amen.

[&]quot;Composed for the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of St. George's Church, Sheffield, July 9, 1821."



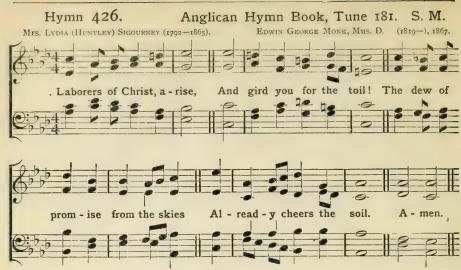
"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

- 2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering Host; Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavors To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast.
- 3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
 And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign;
 Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer
 And wins the sundered to be one again.

- 4 And all true helpers, patient, kind and skilful,
 Who shed Thy Light across our darkened earth,
 Counsel the doubting and restrain the wilful,
 Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.
- 5 Thus, Lord, Thy Comforters in memory keeping, Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye!" Till in our Father's House shall end all weeping, And all our wants be satisfied in Thee. Amen.



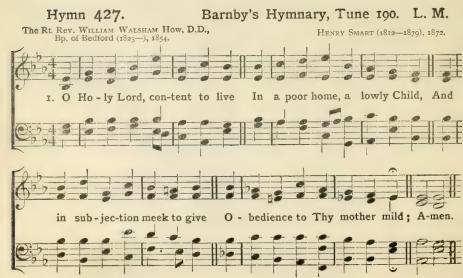
- 2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save; And still He is nigh—His Presence we have; The great congregation His triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the Throne," Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son; The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
 All glory and power, all wisdom and might;
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing, for Infinite Love. Amen.



"Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness."

- 2 Go where the sick recline, Where mourning hearts deplore; And where the sons of sorrow pine, Dispense your hallowed store.
- 3 Be faith, which looks above, With prayer, your constant guest;
- And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
 A Mantle round your breast.
- 4 So shall you share the wealth
 That earth may ne'er despoil,
 And the blest Gospel's saving health
 Repay your arduous toil. Amen.

Holy Baptism.



"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

- 2 Lead every child that bears Thy Name 4 Gather Thy lambs within Thine Arm, To walk in Thy pure upright way, To dread the touch of sin and shame, And humbly, like Thyself, obey.
- 3 O let not this world's scorching glow Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface, Nor blast of sin too rudely blow, And quench the trembling flame of grace.
- And gently in Thy Bosom bear; Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm, And bid them rest for ever there!
- 5 So shall they, waiting here below. Like Thee, their Lord, a little span, In wisdom and in stature grow, And favor both with God and man. Amen.

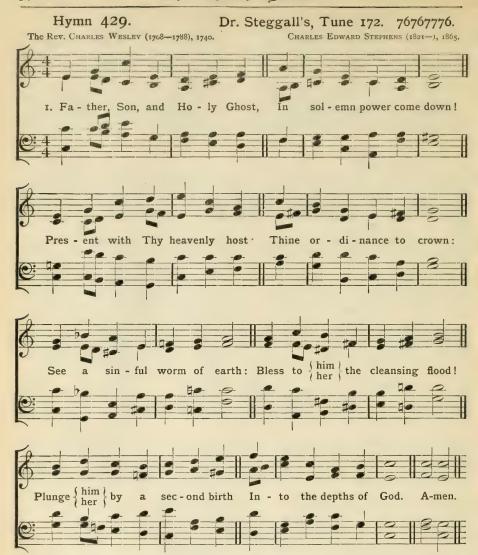


2 Our Sacrifice is one: One Priest before the Throne, The Slain, the Risen Son, Redeemer, Lord, alone: Thou Who didst raise Him from the dead, Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 O may that holy prayer, His tenderest and His last, His constant, latest care

Ere to His Throne He passed, No longer unfulfilled remain, The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 Head of Thy Church beneath, The Catholic, the true, On all her members breathe, Her broken frame renew: Then shall Thy perfect will be done, When Christians love and live as one. Amen.



"And lo! the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove."

2 Let the promised inward grace,
Accompany the sign;
On {his } new-born soul impress
The character Divine.
Father, all Thy Name reveal!
Jesus, all Thy Name impart!
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
Forever in {his } heart! Amen.



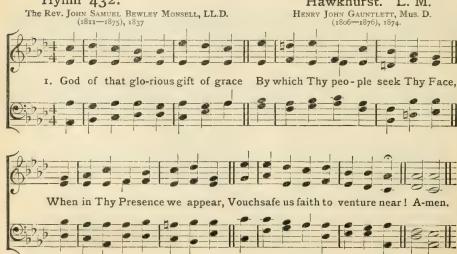
2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come, And make thy servants' hearts Thy home; May each a living temple be Hallow'd forever, Lord, to Thee; Enrich that temple's holy shrine With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine, With Wisdom, Light and Knowledge, bless

Strength, Counsel, Fear and Godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity
One only God, and Persons Three;
In Whom, through Whom, by Whom
we live,

To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious Face,
And ever with the Heavenly Host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.





"The Lord gave * * * Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

- 2 Confiding in Thy truth alone, Here, on the steps of Jesus' Throne, We lay the treasure Thou hast given To be received and rear'd for Heaven.
- 3 Lent to us for a season, we Lend $\begin{Bmatrix} him \\ her \end{Bmatrix}$ for ever, Lord, to Thee! Assured, that, if to Thee $\begin{Bmatrix} he \\ she \end{Bmatrix}$ live, We gain in what we seem to give.
- 4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
 Warm as these prayers, upon {his her} head!
 And on {his her} soul the dews of grace,
 Fresh as these drops upon {his her} face!
- 5 Make him and keep him ther Thine own Meek follower of the Undefil'd! [child, Possessor here of grace and love; Inheritor of Heaven above! Amen.



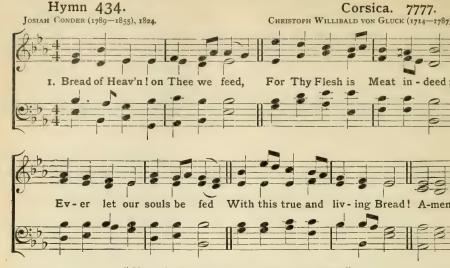
2 O Way thro' Whom our souls draw near To you eternal Home of peace, Where perfect love shall cast out fear And earth's vain toil and wandering cease; In strength or weakness may we see

In strength or weakness may we see Our heavenward path, O Lord, thro' Thee.

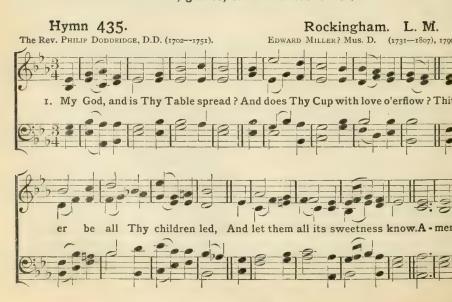
3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow, Thou priceless pearl for all who seek, To Thee our earliest strength we vow, Thy love will bless the pure and meek, When dreams or mists beguile our sight, Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the Well That ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

Amen.



- "My Flesh is Meat indeed-My Blood is Drink indeed."
- 2 Vine of Heaven! Thy Blood supplies This blest Cup of sacrifice; Lord! Thy Wounds our healing give, To Thy Cross we look and live.
- 3 Day by day with strength supplied, Through the Life of Him Who died: Lord of life! oh, let us be Rooted, grafted, built on Thee! Amen.



66 Thou preparest a table before me."

- 2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes! And may each soul salvation see, Rich Banquet of His Flesh and Blood; Thrice happy he, who here partakes That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food!
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain Before unwilling hearts display'd? Was not for you the Victim slain? Are you forbid the children's Bread?
- 4 O let Thy Table honor'd be, And furnished well with joyful guests

- That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd: With hearts inflam'd let all attend;

Nor, when we leave our Father's Board, The pleasure or the profit end.

6 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord! And bid our drooping graces live; And more, that energy afford,

A Saviour's Blood alone can give.



"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

- 2 "Sprinkled now with Blood the Throne-Why beneath thy burdens groan? On My piercéd Body laid, Justice owns the ransom paid-Bow the knee, and kiss the Son-Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 3 "Spread for thee, the festal board See with richest bounty stored; To thy Father's Bosom pressed.

Thou shalt be a child confessed, Never from His house to roam; Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 "Soon the days of life shall end-Lo, I come-your Saviour, Friend! Safe your spirits to convey To the realms of endless day, Up to My eternal Home-Come and welcome, sinner, come!" Amen.

Hymn 437. Ecce Panis. Irregular. The Rev. John Bacchus Dyres, Mus. D. The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart. (1821—1877). (1823-1876), 1868. " So man did eat angels' food." Slowly, and with expression. Lo! the an-gels' Food is giv en the pil-grim who hath 2. Truth the an-cient types ful - fill saac bound, a ing, the chil-dren's Bread from en; See Heav -Pas - chal Lamb Its Life-Blood will ing, spill ing, Which on dogs may ne'er be spent. Man na to the thers sent. tend Ver - y Bread, Good Shepherd, tend. . Je - sus! of Thy love beus; cresc. friend Thou re-fresh us, Thou de - fend us; us.



"That I may know Him, and the fellowship of His sufferings."

- 2 Truly blessed is this station, Low before His Cross to lie; While I see Divine compassion Floating in His languid Eye. Here it is I find my Heaven, While upon the Lamb I gaze; Love I much? I've much forgiven,— I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears His Feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go;
 Prove His Wounds each day more healing,
 And Himself most deeply know.
 Amen.



- "Let us come before His Presence with thanksgiving."
- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
 The blessings of Thy love;
 The Streams that through the desert flow;
 The Manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to Thy Word, To feast on Heavenly Food; Our Meat, the Body of the Lord: Our Drink, His precious Blood.
- 4 Thus would we all Thy words obey: For we, O God, are Thine; And go rejoicing on our way, Renewed with strength Divine! Amen.



"The Lord is my Theih rd."

- 2 Where streams of living water flow My ransomed soul He leadeth, And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder gently laid, And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
 With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
 Thy Cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a Table in my sight, Thy unction grace bestoweth, And oh! what transport of delight From Thy pure Chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days Thy goodness faileth never; Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house for ever. Amen.



"That I may know Him, and the fellowship of His sufferings."

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before His Cross to lie;
 While I see Divine compassion
 Floating in His languid Eye.
 Here it is I find my Heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,—
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears His Feet I'll bathe;
 Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go;
 Prove His Wounds each day more healing,
 And Himself most deeply know.
 Amen.



St. Sacrament. 10101010.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., (1808-), 1856. Abridged.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK (1823-).



"Let us come before His Presence with thanks giving."

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love;
The Streams that through the desert flow;
The Manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy Word, To feast on Heavenly Food; Our Meat, the Body of the Lord: Our Drink, His precious Blood.

4 Thus would we all Thy words obey:
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength Divine! Amen.

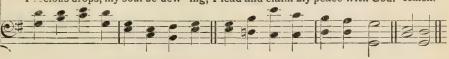




Ludwigsburg (Coblentz). (Ainsi qu'on oit le cerf bruire.)

Louis Bourgeois, 1551. I. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be - fore the Cross I spend; Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend. Here I'll sit, for ev - er view-ing Mer-cy's streams in streams of blood:

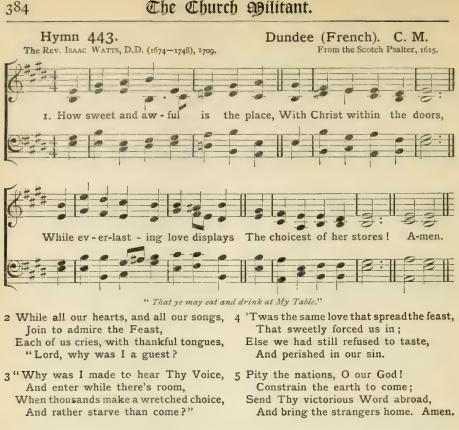
Precious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God. Amen.



"That I may know Him, and the fellowship of His sufferings."

2 Truly blessed is this station, Low before His Cross to lie; While I see Divine compassion Floating in His languid Eye. Here it is I find my Heaven, While upon the Lamb I gaze; Love I much? I've much forgiven,-I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing, With my tears His Feet I'll bathe; Constant still, in faith abiding, Life deriving from His death. May I still enjoy this feeling, In all need to Jesus go; Prove His Wounds each day more healing, And Himself most deeply know. Amen.





"This do in remembrance of Me."

- 2 Thy Body, broken for my sake, My Bread from Heaven shall be; Thy testamental Cup I take, And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine Agony and Bloody Sweat,
 And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Calvary, O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!

I must remember Thee:—

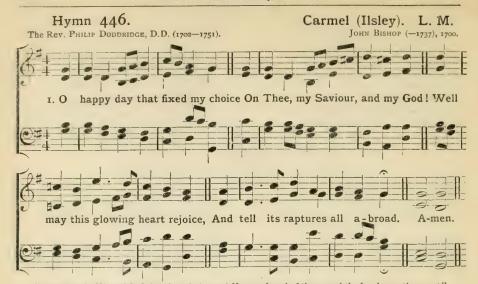
5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains And all Thy love to me; Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains, Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb, And mind and memory flee, When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come, Then, Lord, remember me! Amen.

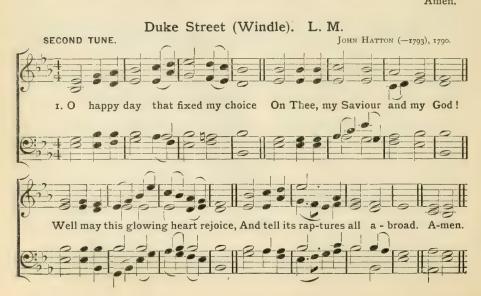


"He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood dwelleth in Me and I in Him."

- 2 O Fount of love, O cleansing Tide, Which from the Saviour's piercéd Side And Sacred Heart dost flow; Be ours to drink of Thy pure rill, Which only can our spirits fill And all we need bestow.
- 3 Lord Jesus, Whom, by power Divine
 Now hidden 'neath the outward sign,
 We worship and adore,
 Grant, when the veil away is rolled,
 With open face we may behold
 Thyself for evermore. Amen.



- "They sought Him with their whole desire and He was found of them, and the Lord gave them rest."
- 2 O, happy bond, that seals my vows To Him Who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His House, While to that sacred Shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the Voice Divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed, shall daily hear;
 Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.
 Amen.





"And I heard a Voice from Heaven saying unto me: Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,"

2 "Follow'd by their works they go Where their Head hath gone before; Reconcil'd by grace below, Grace hath opened Mercy's door; Justified through faith alone, Here they knew their sins forgiv'n; Here they laid their burden down, Hallow'd, and made meet for Heav'n."

3 Yes! the Christian's course is run! Ended is the glorious strife; Fought the fight, the work is done; Death is swallowed up in life! Lo! the prisoner is released— Lightened of his heavy load; Where the weary are at rest, He is gathered unto God!

4 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceas'd?
Let the world who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unbless'd:
When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"
Amen.



- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes Can reach the peaceful sleeper here, While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed;

Rest here, blest saint, till from His Throne
The Morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His Throne, illustrious Morn! Attend, O earth! His sovereign Word: Restore thy trust: a glorious form Shall then ascend to meet the Lord!

Amen.

Slightly altered from the 5th of "Five Lyric Odes on Death and Heaven."



"So shall we ever be with the Lord."

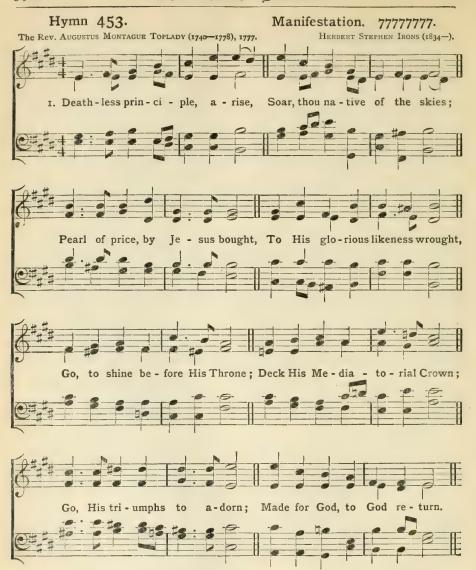
- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul! how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Forever with the Lord!
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 Even here to me fulfil.
- 5 Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail;
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
 Fight, and I must prevail.
- 6 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death
 And life eternal gain.
- 7 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the Throne:
 "Forever with the Lord!" Amen.

Sarum Hymnal, Tune 263. 46464646. Hymn 452. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838-), 1868. The Rev. EDWARD ARTHUR DAYMAN (1807-), 1868. cresc. pp1. Sleep thy last sleep. Free from care and sor-row; Rest, where none weep, Till th' E-ter - nal Mor - row; Though dark waves roll O'er the si-lent Slower, pp Ie - sus can de - liv - er. A-men. riv - er. Thy fainting soul "They that dwell under His shadow shall return."

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness,
Brightly at last,
Dawns a day of gladness;
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy Voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice,
All in Jesus sleeping. Amen.

The Rev. Mr. Dayman was one of the Editors of the "Sarum Hymnal," in which work this Hymn and Tune first appeared.



" The spirit shall return to God Who gave it."

- 2 Lo, He beckons from on high,
 Fearless to His Presence fly;
 Thine the merit of His Blood;
 Thine the Righteousness of God.
 Angels, joyful to attend,
 Hovering round thy pillow, bend;
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to Heaven.
- 3 Is thy earthly house distrest,
 Willing to retain her guest?
 'Tis not thou, but she, must die;
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
 Sweetly breathe thyself away;
 Singing, to thy crown remove;
 Swift of wing and fired with love.

- 4 Shudder not to pass the stream;
 Venture all thy care on Him;
 Him, Whose dying love and power
 Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
 Safe is the expanded wave,
 Gentle as a summer's eve;
 Not one object of His care
 Ever suffered shipwreck there.
- 5 See the Haven full in view; Love Divine shall bear thee through; Trust to that propitious gale; Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
- Saints, in glory perfect made, Wait thy passage through the shade; Ardent for thy coming o'er, See, they throng the blissful shore.
- 6 Mount, their transports to improve;
 Join the longing choir above;
 Swiftly to their wish be given;
 Kindle higher joy in Heaven!
 Such the prospects that arise
 To the dying Christian's eyes;
 Such the glorious vista, faith
 Opens through the shades of death.



" There remaineth therefore a Rest to the people of God."

2 Here hast Thou lain
After much pain,
Life of my life, reposing;
Round Thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.

3 Breath of all breath!
I know from death
Thou wilt my dust awaken:
Wherefore should I dread the grave,
Or my faith be shaken?

4 To me the tomb
Is but a room
Where I lie down on roses:

Who by death hath conquered death, Sweetly there reposes.

5 The body dies,—
(Naught else)—and lies
In dust, until victorious
From the grave it shall arise
Beautiful and glorious.

6 Meantime I will,
My Jesus, still
Deep in remembrance lay Thee,
Musing on Thy death; in death
Be with me, I pray Thee.

Amen.

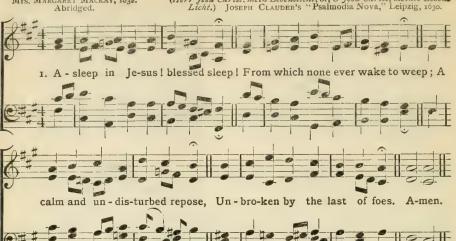
This is a rendering of a Hymn of six stanzas, addressed to "Jesus in the Grave," one of seven Passion Hymns given in the second volume of "Frank's Poems," published in 1716.



Breslau.

Mrs. Margaret Mackay, 1832. Abridged.

(Herr Jesu Christ, mein Lebenslicht, or, O Jesu Christ, meines Lebens Licht.) Joseph Clauder's "Psalmodia Nova," Leipzig, 1630.



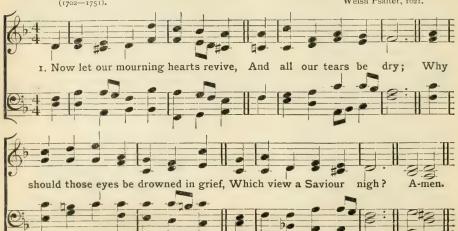
- "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With holy confidence to sing That death hath lost his venomed sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear-no woe, shall dim the hour That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me May such a blissful Refuge be: Securely shall my ashes lie, Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be: But thine is still a blesséd sleep From which none ever wake to weep. Amen.

Hymn 450.

The Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D. (1702-1751).

St. Mary (Hackney).

In Archdeacon Edmund Prys' Welsh Psalter, 1621.



" My servant is dead."

- 2 What though the arm of conquering Death Does God's own house invade? What though the prophet and the priest
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust, The agéd and the young; The watchful eye in darkness closed,

And mute th' instructive tongue:

Be numbered with the dead?

4 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives, New comfort to impart:

- His Eye still guides us, and His Voice Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo! I am with you!" saith the Lord; "My Church shall safe abide: For I will ne'er forsake My own, Whose souls in Me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust;
 And this shall be our children's song
 When we are cold in dust. Amen.

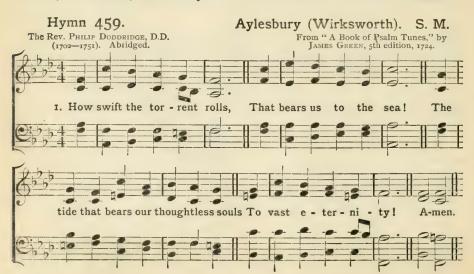
This Hymn is designed to be sung at the burial of a clergyman.



- "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God Who gave it."
- 2 Like the seed in spring-time sown, Like the leaves in autumn strown, Low these goodly frames must lie, All our pomp and glory die; Soon the spoiler seeks his prey, Soon he bears us all away.
- 3 Yet the seed, upraised again, Clothes with green the smiling plain, Onward as the seasons move,
- Leaves and blossoms deck the grove; And shall we forgotten lie, Lost forever, when we die?
- 4 Lord, from Nature's gloomy night
 Turn we to the Gospel's light;
 Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
 Thou wilt all Thy people save;
 Ransomed by Thy Blood, the just
 Rise immortal from the dust. Amen.



- "Where I am there shall also My servant be."
- 2 Day by day the Voice saith, "Come, Enter thine eternal Home:" Asking not if we can spare This dear soul it summons there.
- 3 Had He asked us, well we know We should cry, "Oh spare this blow!" Yes, with streaming tears should pray "Lord, we love him, let him stay."
- 4 But the Lord doth nought amiss, And, since He has ordered this, We have naught to do but still Rest in silence on His will.
- 5 Many a heart no longer here, Ah! was all too inly dear; Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call, Thou wilt be our All in all. Amen.



"Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?"

- 2 Our fathers, where are they, With all they called their own? Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares, And wealth and honor gone!
- 3 God of our fathers, hear, Thou everlasting Friend!

While we, as on life's utmost verge, Our souls to Thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before Thy Face. Amen.

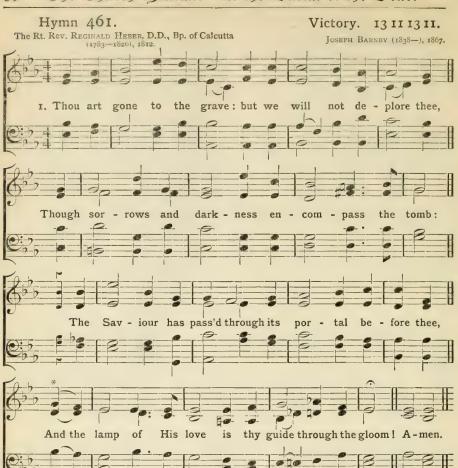


- 2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease; Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
 - Come from the heat of battle, and in peace, Soldier! go home; with thee the fight is won.
 - 3 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
 The germ of immortality shall keep;
 While, safe as watched by cherubim, thy dust
 Shall to the judgment-day in Jesus sleep.
 - 4 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay In death's embraces, ere He rose on high; And all the ransomed, by that narrow way, Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
 - 5 Go to the grave? no, take thy seat above!

 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,

 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,

 And open Vision for the written Word. Amen.



"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not,
even as others which have no hope."

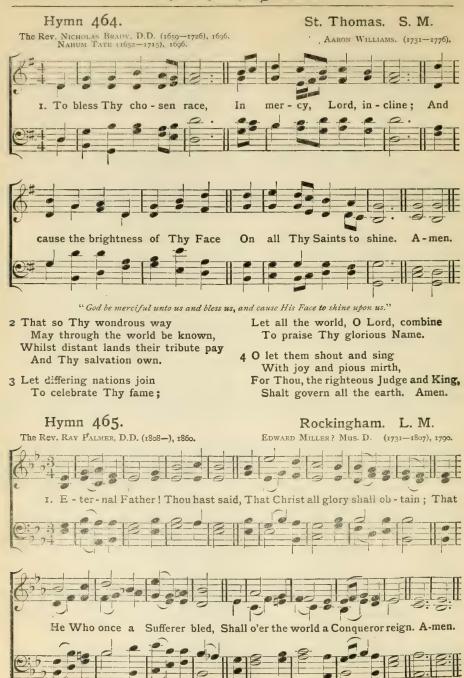
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide Arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee, And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave: and, its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee; Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide! He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee; And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died! Amen.

^{*} The ties should be used in the 2d and 4th verses only.

- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won;
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

Amen.





"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

- We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King! Long ages have prepared Thy way; Now all abroad Thy banner fling, Set Time's great battle in array.
- '3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field; "The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call; The old grim towers of darkness yield, And soon shall totter to their fall.
- 4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow, Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;

- Voice echoes voice, and onward flow The joyous shouts, from land to land.
- 5 Oh, fill Thy Church with faith and power! Bid her long night of weeping cease;
- To groaning nations haste the hour, Of life and freedom, light and peace.
- 6 Come, Spirit, make Thy wonders known! Fulfill the Father's high decree;
- Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown, Shall keep her last great jubilee. Amen.

Tamen.

Hymn 466. Weber's Choral Book, Tune 68. 77777777.

James Montgomery (1771–1854), 1819. Franz Weber (1819–



"Alleluia I for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

- 2 Alleluia! hark, the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies!
 See Jehovah's banner furled, [done!
 Sheathed His sword, He speaks—'tis
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son!
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole, With illimitable sway; He shall reign, when like a scroll Yonder heavens are passed away. Then the end: beneath His rod Man's last enemy shall fall: Alleluia! Christ in God, God in Christ, is All in all! Amen.





2 Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved?

Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning!

Zion still is well beloved!

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee; He Himself appears thy Friend; All thy foes shall flee before thee;

Here their boasts and triumphs end; Great deliverance

Zion's King vouchsafes to send!

4 Enemies no more shall trouble; All thy wrongs shall be redress'd; For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor bless'd; All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest! Amen.

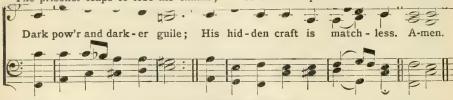


" His Name shall endure forever; His Name shall be continued as long as the sun."

- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His Head; His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;

The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Where He displays His healing power, Death and the curse are known no more; In Him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring Peculiar honors to our King; Angels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud Amen! Amen.



"God is our Refuge and Strength."

2 Our strength is weakness in the fight; 3 Then Lord, arise! lift up Thine Arm! With mighty succor stay us! Our courage soon defection;

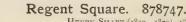
But comes a Warrior clad in might,

A Prince of God's election! Who is this wondrous Chief, That brings this glad relief? The field of battle boasts Christ Jesus, Lord of Hosts, Still conq'ring and to conquer!

O! turn aside the deadly harm, When Satan would betray us; That, rescued by Thy Hand, In triumph we may stand, And round Thy foot-stool crowd, In joy to sing aloud High praise to our Redeemer. Amen.

"The people which sat in darkness saw a great Light,"

- 2 To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness, The gathering nations come; They joy as when the reapers bear Their harvest treasures home.
- 3 For Thou their burden dost remove. And break the tyrant's rod, As in the day when Midian fell Before the sword of God.
- 4 For unto us a Child is born, To us a Son is given, And on His Shoulder ever rests All power in earth and Heaven.
- 5 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace, The Everlasting Lord, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The God by all adored.
- 6 His righteous government and power Shall over all extend: On judgment and on justice based, His reign shall have no end.
- 7 Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray, And make us Thine alone, Who with the Father ever art And Holy Spirit, One. Amen.





"Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."

2 Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning! Zion still is well beloved!

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee; He Himself appears thy Friend; All thy foes shall flee before thee;

Here their boasts and triumphs end; Great deliverance Zion's King vouchsafes to send!

4 Enemies no more shall trouble; All thy wrongs shall be redress'd; For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Maker's favor bless'd; All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest! Amen.



What though the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though every prospect pleases, And only man is vile; In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

^{*} Composed at Wrexham, North Wales, on the evening before Whitsunday, 1819, and first sung at Wrexham Church at the morning service on Whitsunday, when the Rev. Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph and Vicar of Wrexham (Dr. Heber's father-in-law), preached a sermon in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

[†] Composed by the late Dr. Lowell Mason, while residing at Savannah, and originally published in sheet form, as a Song. Written at the request of a lady, who had just received the hymn from a friend in England.

- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The Lamp of Life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's Name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign! Amen.



^{*} The late Henry Smart wrote this Tune expressly for this Hymn.



- 2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend In anxious silence o'er the Sign, And vainly seek to comprehend The wonder of the love Divine.
- 3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 And nations, gathering at the call,
 Their spirits kindle in its light.
- 4 Uplift the banner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; Our glory only in the Cross, Our only hope the Crucified.
- 5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine: Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours; We conquer only in that Sign. Amen.



"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory."

2 Where is their God? the heathen cry, And bow to senseless wood and stone; Our God, we tell them, fills the sky, And calls ten thousand worlds His Own.

- 3 Vain gods! vain men! the Lord alone Is Israel's Worship, Israel's Friend;
 - 6 Kings shall fall down belove And gold and incense bring; All nations shall adore Him, His praise all people sing; For He shall have dominion O'er river, sea, and shore, Far as the eagle's pinion, Or dove's light wing, can soar.
- O fear His power, His goodness own, And love Him, trust Him, to the end.
- 4 Who lean on Him, from strength to strength,

From light to light, shall onward move, Till through the grave they pass at length, To sing on high His saving love. Amen.

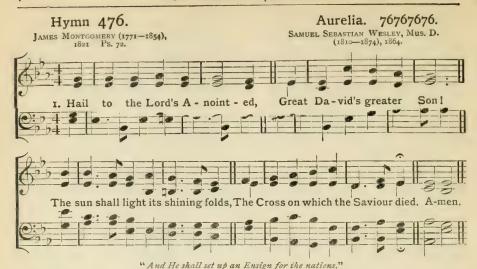
He on His Throne shall rest, From age to age more glorious, All blessing and All-blest: The tide of time shall never His Covenant remove; His Name shall stand for ever. That Name to us is Love. Amen.

Hymn 477.

Lübeck.



- 2 Tell them how the Father's will Made the world, and keeps it still; How He sent His Son to save All who help and comfort crave.
- 3 Tell of our Redeemer's love, Who forever doth remove, By His Holy Sacrifice, All the guilt that on us lies.
- 4 Tell them of the Spirit given Now, to guide us up to Heaven: Strong and holy, just and true, Working both to will and do.
- 5 Word of Life! most pure and strong. Lo, for Thee the nations long: Spread, till from its dreary night All the world awakes to light.
- 6 Up, the ripening fields ye see, Mighty shall the harvest be, But the reapers still are few, Great the work they have to do.
- 7 Lord of harvest, let there be Joy and strength to work for Thee: Let the nations, far and near, See Thy light, and learn Thy fear. Amen.



- 2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend In anxious silence o'er the Sign, And vainly seek to comprehend The wonder of the love Divine.
- 3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 And nations, gathering at the call,
 Their spirits kindle in its light.
- 4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
 Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
 Our glory only in the Cross,
 Our only hope the Crucified.
- 5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine: Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours; We conquer only in that Sign. Amen.



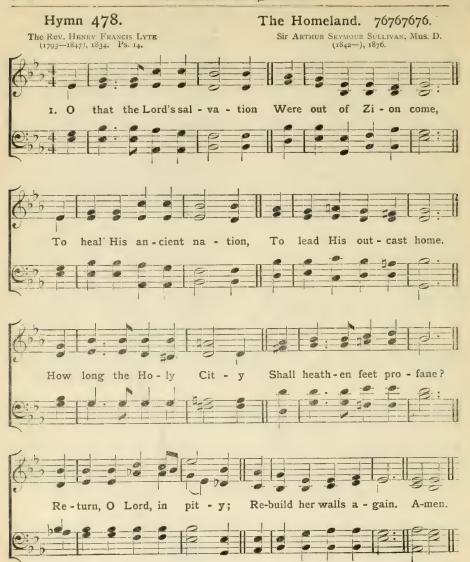
- 5 Arabia's desert-ranger To Him shall bow the knee: The Ethiopian stranger His glory come to see: With offerings of devotion Ships from the Isles shall meet, To pour the wealth of ocean In tribute at His Feet.
- 6 Kings shall fall down before Him, And gold and incense bring; All nations shall adore Him, His praise all people sing; For He shall have dominion O'er river, sea, and shore, Far as the eagle's pinion,

7 For Him shall prayer unceasing And daily vows ascend, His Kingdom still increasing, A Kingdom without end: The mountain-dews shall nourish A seed, in weakness sown, Whose fruit shall spread and flourish, And shake like Lebanon.

8 O'er every foe victorious He on His Throne shall rest. From age to age more glorious, All blessing and All-blest: The tide of time shall never His Covenant remove; His Name shall stand for ever.

Or dove's light wing, can soar. That Name to us is Love. Amen. Hymn 477. Lübeck. The Rev. Jonathan Frederic Bahnmaier (1774—1841), 1823. Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth (1827—1878), 1858. (Gott sey Dank durch alle Welt.)
The Rev. Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen
(1670-1739), 1704. of I. Spread, O spread, thou mighty Word, Spread the kingdom the Lord, Wheresoe'er His Breath has given Life to be-ings meant for Heaven. A - men. "That the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." 2 Tell them how the Father's will 5 Word of Life! most pure and strong.

- Made the world, and keeps it still; How He sent His Son to save All who help and comfort crave.
- 3 Tell of our Redeemer's love, Who forever doth remove, By His Holy Sacrifice, All the guilt that on us lies.
- 4 Tell them of the Spirit given Now, to guide us up to Heaven: Strong and holy, just and true, Working both to will and do.
- Lo, for Thee the nations long: Spread, till from its dreary night All the world awakes to light.
- 6 Up, the ripening fields ye see, Mighty shall the harvest be, But the reapers still are few, Great the work they have to do.
- 7 Lord of harvest, let there be Joy and strength to work for Thee: Let the nations, far and near, See Thy light, and learn Thy fear. Amen.



"O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion."

2 Let fall Thy rod of terror, Thy saving grace impart; Roll back the veil of error, Release the fettered heart. Let Israel, home returning, Her lost Messiah see; Give oil of joy for mourning, And bind Thy Church to Thee. Amen.

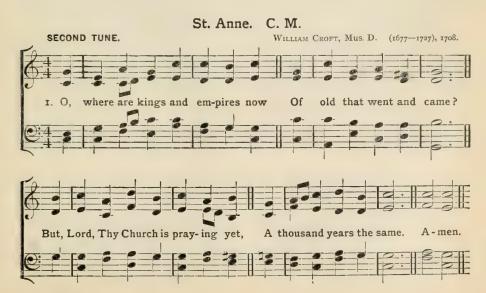


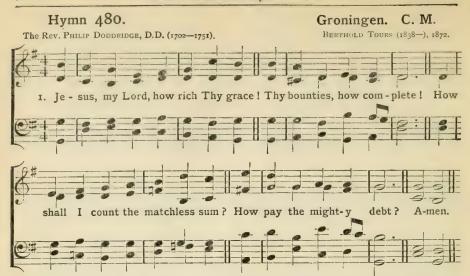
2 We mark her goodly battlements, And her foundations strong; We hear within the solemn voice Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world Thy Holy Church, O God! Tho' earthquake shocks are threatening And tempests are abroad; [her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills, Immovable she stands,

A Mountain that shall fill the earth, A House not made by hands. Amen.





"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me."

- 2 High on a Throne of radiant light Dost Thou exalted shine; What can my poverty bestow, When all the worlds are Thine?
- 3 But Thou hast brethren here below, The partners of Thy grace, And wilt confess their humble names Before Thy Father's Face.
- 4 In them Thou may'st be clothed, and fed, And visited and cheered,
 - And in their accents of distress My Saviour's Voice is heard.
- 5 Thy Face with reverence and with love I in Thy poor would see;
 - O rather let me beg my bread Than hold it back from Thee. Amen.



"All things come of Thee, and of Thine Own have we given Thee."

- 2 May we Thy bounties thus As stewards true receive, And gladly, as Thou blessest us. To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 O, hearts are bruised and dead, And homes are bare and cold. And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled, Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless,

To tend the lone and fatherless, · Is angels' work below.

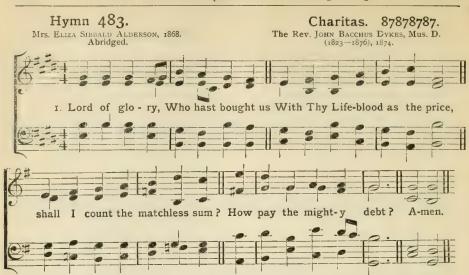
- 5 The captive to release, To God the lost to bring, To teach the way of life and peace. It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy Word, Though dim our faith may be; Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it unto Thee. Amen.

To find a balm for woe. SELINA, Countess of HUNTINGDON (1707-1791), (O Welt, ich muss dich lassen, or, Nun ruhen alle Wälder.) HEINRICH ISAAC? (1440—1500?), 1490. 1772. Slightly altered. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take Thy ransomed peo-ple home, among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as now with watchful care, And stir us up A-men.

"To Him That is ready to judge the quick and the dead."

- 2 To pray, and wait the hour, The awful hour unknown, When, robed in majesty and power, Thou shalt from Heaven come down, Th' Immortal Son of Man, To judge the human race, With all Thy Father's dazzling train, With all Thy glorious grace.
- 3 O may we all be found, Obedient to Thy Word, Attentive to the trumpet's sound, And looking for our Lord: O may we thus insure A lot among the blest;

And watch a moment, to secure An everlasting Rest! Amen.



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me."

- 2 High on a Throne of radiant light Dost Thou exalted shine; What can my poverty bestow, When all the worlds are Thine?
- 3 But Thou hast brethren here below, The partners of Thy grace, And wilt confess their humble names Before Thy Father's Face.
- 4 In them Thou may'st be clothed, and fed, And visited and cheered, And in their accents of distress My Saviour's Voice is heard.
- 5 Thy Face with reverence and with love I in Thy poor would see; O rather let me beg my bread Than hold it back from Thee. Amen.

Hymn 481.

Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 629. S. M.

The Rt. Rev. WILLIAM WALSHAM How, D.D., Bp. of Bedford (1823—), 1854.

"For we must all appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ."

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding:
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His Presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
 The lightnings are prevailing:
 Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears
 And sighs are unavailing;
 The day of grace is past and gone;
 They shake before the Judge's Throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK (1823-), 1872.

4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring!
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His Cross I view the day
When Heaven and Earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him. Amen.

^{*} First stanza by Ringwaldt; 2d, 3d and 4th by Collyer. The hymn and tune are often erroneously attributed to Luther.—The hymn is an imitation of the well-known Latin hymn, "Dies irae, dies iila," by Thomas of Celano, who died circa 1255.

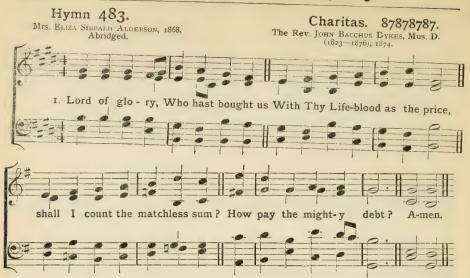
- "When the Son of Man shall come in His Glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the Throne of His Glory,"
 - 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before HisFace
 Astonished shrink away?
 - 3 But, ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark, from the Gospel's gentle voice
 What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners! seek His grace
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the shelter of His Cross,
 And find salvation there.
 - 5 So shall that curse remove By which the Saviour bled; And the last awful day shall pour His blessings on your head. Amen



"Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

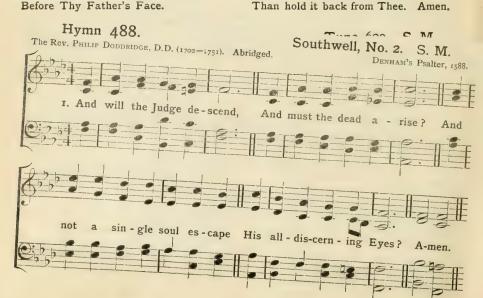
- 2 O quickly come, great King of all; Reign all around us, and within; Let sin no more our souls enthral, Let pain and sorrow die with sin: O quickly come: for Thou alone Canst make Thy scattered people one.
- 3 O quickly come, true Life of all; For death is mighty all around; On every home his shadows fall,
- On every heart his mark is found:
 O quickly come: for grief and pain
 Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.
- 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all,
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
 And weakly souls begin to fall
 With weary watching for the day;
 O quickly come: for round Thy Throne
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

Amen.



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me."

- 2 High on a Throne of radiant light Dost Thou exalted shine; What can my poverty bestow, When all the worlds are Thine?
- 3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of Thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
- 4 In them Thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
 And visited and cheered,
 And in their accents of distress
 My Saviour's Voice is heard.
- 5 Thy Face with reverence and with love
 I in Thy poor would see;
 O rather let me beg my bread



- "When the Son of Man shall come in His Glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the Throne of His Glory."
 - 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before His Face
 Astonished shrink away?
 - 3 But, ere that trumpet shakes The mansions of the dead, Hark, from the Gospel's gentle voice What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Ye sinners! seek His grace
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the shelter of His Cross,
 And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove By which the Saviour bled; And the last awful day shall pour His blessings on your head. Amen.

Hymn 489. Insbruck. 886886.



"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

- 2 I love to meet Thy people now,
 Before Thy gracious Feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all;
 But, can I bear the piercing thought,
 What if my name should be left out,
 When Thou for them shalt call?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace, Be Thou, dear Lord, my Hiding-place, In this the accepted day;
- Thy pardoning Voice, oh, let me hear, To still my unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
 To see Thy smiling Face; [sound,
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
 While Heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.
 Amen.



- 2 Day of terror, day of doom,
 When the Judge at last shall come;
 Through the deep and silent gloom,
 Shrouding every human tomb,
 Shall the Archangel's trumpet-tone
 Summon all before the Throne.
- 3 Then shall nature stand aghast, Death himself be overcast; Then, at her Creator's call, Near and distant, great and small, Shall the whole creation rise Waiting for the Great Assize,
- 4 Then the writing shall be read,
 Which shall judge the quick and dead;
 Then the Lord of all our race
 Shall appoint to each his place;
 Every wrong shall be set right,
 Every secret brought to light.
- 5 When, in that tremendous day, Heaven and earth shall pass away, What shall I the sinner say? What shall be the sinner's stay? When the righteous shrinks for fear, How shall my frail soul appear?

- 6 King of kings, enthroned on high, In Thine awful Majesty, Thou Who of Thy mercy free Savest those who saved shall be: In Thy boundless charity, Fount of pity, save Thou me.
- 7 O remember, Saviour dear, What the cause that brought Thee here; All Thy long and toilsome way Was for me who went astray: When that day at last is come, Call, O call, the wanderer home.
- 8 Thou in search of me didst sit
 Weary with the noonday heat;
 Thou to save my soul hast borne
 Cross and grief, and hate and scorn;
 O may all that toil and pain
 Not be wholly spent in vain!
- 9 O just Judge, to Whom belongs Vengeance for all earthly wrongs, Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last, Ere the dread account be past. Lo! my sighs, my guilt, my shame! Spare me for Thine Own great Name!

- From her tears, and go in peace;
 Thou Who to the dying thief
 Spakest pardon and relief;
 Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
 E'en to me, the hope of Heaven!
- II Naught of Thee my prayers can claim, Save in Thy free mercy's name; Worthless is each tear and cry: Yet, good Lord, in grace comply, Spare me; cause me not to go Into everlasting woe.
- 12 Make me with Thy sheep to stand,
 Severed from the guilty band;
 When the cursed condemned shall be,
 With the blest then call Thou me:
 Contrite, in the dust, I pray,
 Save me in that awful day.
- I3 Full of tears, and full of dread,
 Is the day that wakes the dead,
 Calling all, with solemn blast,
 From the ashes of the past;
 Lord of Mercy, Jesus Blest,
 Grant us Thine eternal Rest. Amen

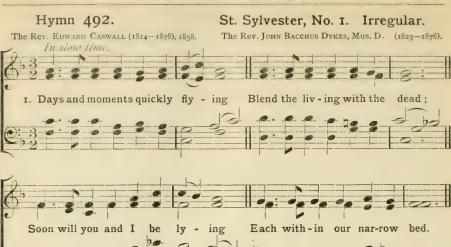
This translation is here given by the special permission of the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster.



2 The Lord of Love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid Eye
In nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His Blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of Love, and Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
And alleluias loud and long,
O'er Death and Hell defeated. Amen.

^{*} This tune is erroneously attributed to LUTHER.



"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

- 2 Soon our souls to God Who gave them Will have sped their rapid flight; Able now by grace to save them,
 - O, that while we can we might!
- 3 Jesus, Infinite Redeemer, Maker of this mighty frame,
- Teach, O teach us to remember What we are, and whence we came;
- 4 Whence we came and whither wending, Soon we must through darkness go, To inherit bliss unending, Or eternity of woe.



A combination of two original Hymns, viz., vv. 1, 2, 3, 4, are a Hymn on the "Swiftness of Time;" v. 5, "A Warning." Verse 5 may be sung as a refrain at the close of each of the preceding verses.



"The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Sion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads."

- 2 When I stand before the Throne, Dressed in beauty not my own; When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with unsinning heart: Then, Lord, shall I fully know— Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 When the praise of Heaven I hear,
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice:
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 4 Chosen, not for good in me,
 Wakened up from wrath to flee,
 Hidden in the Saviour's Side,
 By Thy Spirit sanctified:
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
 By my love, how much I owe.

- 5 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
 But, when fear is at the height,
 Jesus comes, and all is light;
 Blesséd Jesus, bid me show
 Doubting saints how much I owe.
- 6 When in flowery paths I tread,
 Oft by sin I'm captive led;
 Oft I fall, but still arise,
 Jesus comes, the tempter flies:
 Blesséd Saviour, bid me show
 Weary sinners all I owe.
- 7 Oft the nights of sorrow reign, Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain; But a night Thine anger burns, Morning comes, and joy returns: God of comforts, bid me show To Thy poor how much I owe. Amen.



" Who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

He carried as your due:
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
The Faith by which ye see Him,
The Hope in which ye yearn,
The Love that through all trouble
To Him alone will turn:—

2 The Cross that Jesus carried

3 What are they but forerunners To lead you to His Sight? What are they save the effluence Of Uncreated Light?

- The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations
 That Death alone can cure:
- 4 What are they, but His jewels
 Of right celestial worth?
 What are they but the ladder,
 Set up to Heaven on earth?
 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies;
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win you such a prize. Amen.



2"There, like streams that feed the garden, 3"Ye, no more your suns descending,

Pleasures without end shall flow: For the Lord, your faith rewarding, All His bounty shall bestow.

Still in undisturbed possession Peace and righteousness shall reign;

Never shall you feel oppression, Hear the voice of war again.

Waning moons no more shall see,

But, your griefs forever ending, Find eternal noon in Me.

God shall rise, and shining o'er you, Change to day the gloom of night;

He, the Lord, shall be your Glory, God your Everlasting Light." Amen.



"I am glorified in them."

- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might; Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight; Thou, in the darkness drear, their One True Light. Alleluia!
- 3 For the Apostles' glorious company
 Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,
 Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee. Alleluia!
- 4 For the Evangelists—by whose pure word
 Like fourfold stream, the garden of the Lord
 Is fair and fruitful, be Thy Name adored. Alleluia!
- 5 For Martyrs—who with rapture-kindled eye
 Saw the bright crown descending from the sky
 And dying, grasped it,—Thee we glorify. Alleluia!
- 6 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old, And win with them the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 7 O blest Communion! Fellowship Divine! We feebly struggle; they in glory shine; Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

- 8 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song, And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 9 The golden evening brightens in the west; Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes the rest; Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 10 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious Day; The saints triumphant rise in bright array; The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- II From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host, Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia! Amen.

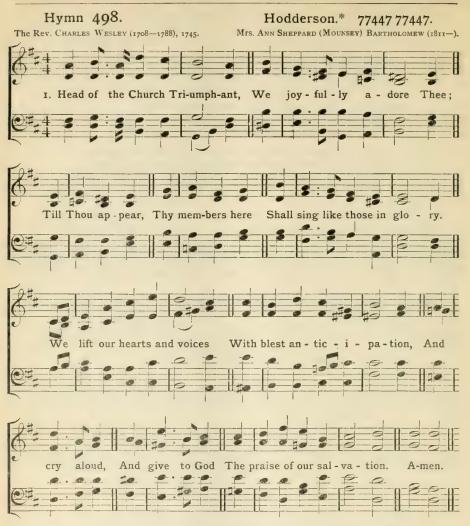


Beatitudo. C. M.

The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D. (1674—1748), 1709. Altered by the Rev. William Cameron (1751—1811), 1781. The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, Mus. D. (1823-1876), 1874. I. How bright these glo-rious spir - its shine! Whence all their white ar - ray? How came they to the blissful seats Of ev-er - last-ing day? A - men.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes?"

- Who came to realms of light; And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand Before the Throne on high, And serve the God they love, amidst The glories of the sky.
- 4 His Presence fills each heart with joy, Tunes every mouth to sing; By day, by night, the sacred courts With glad Hosannas ring.
- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more, Nor suns with scorching ray; God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams Diffuse eternal day.
 - 6 The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the Shall o'er them still preside, [Throne, Feed them with nourishment Divine, And all their footsteps guide.
 - 7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock, Where living streams appear; And God the Lord from every eye Shall wipe off every tear. Amen.



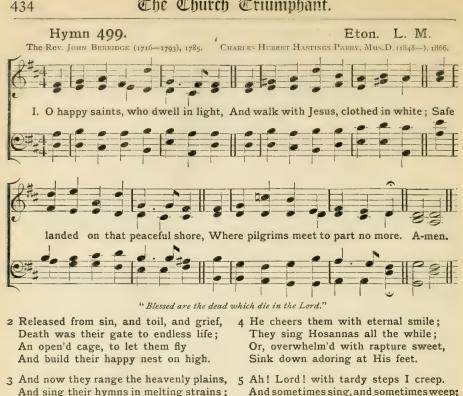
"Precious in the Sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise
 In grateful lays,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We lift our hands, exulting
 In Thine Almighty favor;
 The love Divine
 That made us Thine,
 Shall keep us Thine forever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
 Through torrents of temptation;
 Nor will we fear
 While Thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes;
 By Thee we shall
 Break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

^{*} Specially contributed for this Work.

4 By faith we see the glory,
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The world despise
For that high prize,
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's Right Hand,
To take us up to Heaven. Amen.





- And sing their hymns in melting strains; And now their souls begin to prove The heights and depths of Jesus' love.
- And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep: Yet strip me of this house of clay, And I will sing as loud as they. Amen.



"Therefore are they before the Throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple,"

- 2 Through tribulation great they came, They bore the cross, despised the shame; But now from all their labors rest, In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more; Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore; The tears are wiped from every eye, And sorrow yields to endless joy.
- 4 They see their Saviour Face to face, They sing the triumphs of His grace;

And day and night with ceaseless praise, To Him their loud Hosannas raise:

- 5 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain, Through endless years to live and reign: Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood, And made us kings and priests to God."
- 6 O may we tread the sacred road That holy saints and martyrs trod; Wage to the end the glorious strife, And win like them a crown of life. Amen.

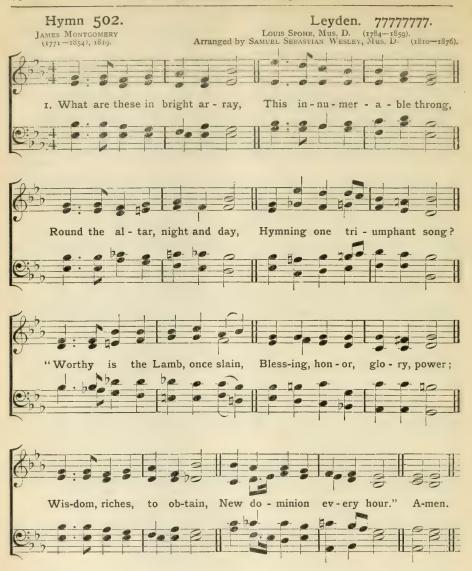


"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

- 2 Who are these in dazzling brightness, Clothed in God's Own Righteousness, These, whose robes of purest whiteness, Shall their lustre still possess, Still untouched by Time's rude hand? Whence come all this glorious band?
- 3 These are they who have contended For their Saviour's honor long, Wrestling on till life was ended,

Following not the sinful throng: These, who well the fight sustained, Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven, Sore with woe and anguish tried; Who in prayer full oft have striven With the God they glorified: Now, their painful conflict o'er, God has bid them weep no more. Amen.



"These are they which came out of great tribulation."

- 2 These through fiery trials trod; These from great affliction came; Now, before the Throne of God, Sealed with His Almighty Name, Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor-palms in every hand, Through their dear Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels all fear;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tear. Amen.



2 Never flinched they from the flame, From the torture, never; Vain the foeman's sharpest aim, Satan's best endeavor: For by faith they saw the Land Decked in all its glory, Where triumphant now they stand

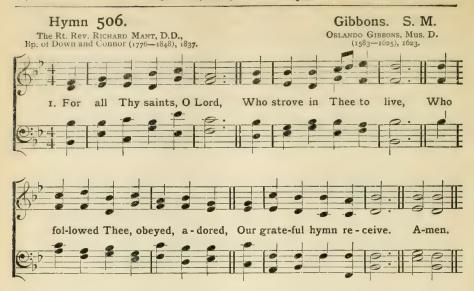
With the victor's story.

3 Faith they had that knew not shame, Love that could not languish; And Eternal Hope o'ercame Momentary anguish.

He Who trod the self-same road Death and Hell defeated; Wherefore these their passions show'd Calvary repeated.

Press through toil and sorrow; Spurn the night of fear, and then, O, the glorious Morrow! Who will venture on the strife? Who will first begin it; Who will seize the Land of Life? Warriors, up and win it! Amen.

4 Up and follow, Christian men!



"Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

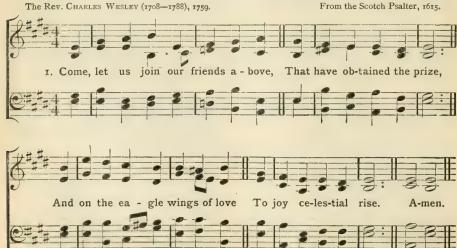
- 2 For all thy saints, O Lord, Accept our thankful cry, Who counted Thee their great Reward, And strove in Thee to die.
- 3 They all, in life and death, With Thee, their Lord, in view,

Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's Breath To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy Name we bless, And humbly pray that we May follow them in holiness, And live and die in Thee. Amen.



Dundee (French). C. M.

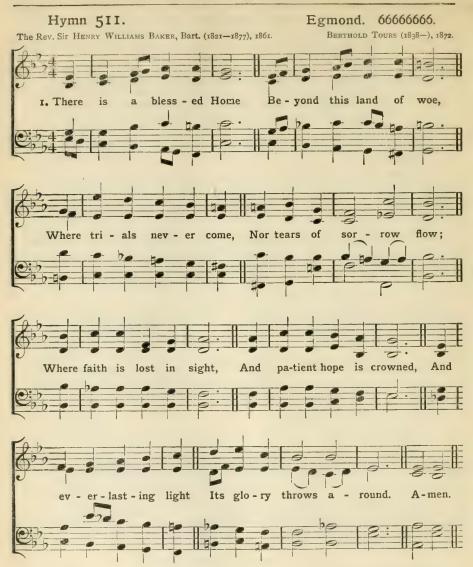


- 6 Now in the meanwhile with hearts raised on high, We for that country must yearn and must sigh; Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land, Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
- 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
 Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
 Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
 Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One. Amen.



"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live."

- 2 Heaven and earth must pass away—
 Songs of praise shall crown that day;
 God will make new heavens, new earth—
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come?
 No; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.
 Amen.



"The Throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him."

2 There is a Land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred Wound
In Hands, and Feet, and Side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.





- "For what is your life? It is even a vapor."
- 2 O happy retribution! Short toil, eternal rest; For mortals and for sinners A mansion with the blest!
- 3 And now we fight the battle;
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown.
- 4 And now we watch and struggle, And now we live in hope, And Sion in her anguish With Babylon must cope:
- 5 But He, Whom now we trust in, Shall then be seen and known, And they who know and see Him Shall have Him for their own.

St. Alphege. 7676.

Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. D. (1806–1876).

I. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor-row, short-liv'd care; The



"Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes, O Thou That dwellest in the Heavens."

2 O one, O only Mansion, O Paradise of joy, Where tears are ever banished, And smiles have no alloy; With jasper glow thy bulwarks, Thy streets with emerald blaze: The sardius and the topaz Unite in thee their rays.

3 Thine ageless walls are bonded With amethyst unpriced; The saints build up its fabric, The Corner-stone is Christ. The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright Day:
Dear Fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower. Amen.



" I will lift up mine eyes."

- 2 Far beyond that arch of gladness, Far beyond these clouds of sadness, Are the many mansions fair. Far from pain and sin and folly, In that palace of the holy—
 I would find my mansion there.
- 3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
 Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
 And the discord never comes;
 Where life's stream is ever laving,
 And the palm is ever waving;
 That must be the Home of homes.

- 4 Where the Lamb on high is seated, By ten thousand voices greeted: Lord of lords, and King of kings. Son of man, they crown, they crown Him, Son of God, they own, they own Him, With His Name the palace rings.
- 5 Blessing, honor, without measure, Heav'nly riches, earthly treasure, Lay we at His blessed Feet. Poor the praise that now we render. Loud shall be our voices yonder, When before His Throne we meet.

Hymn 515.

The Rev. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR

Heaven is my Home. 6464 6664.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, Mus D.

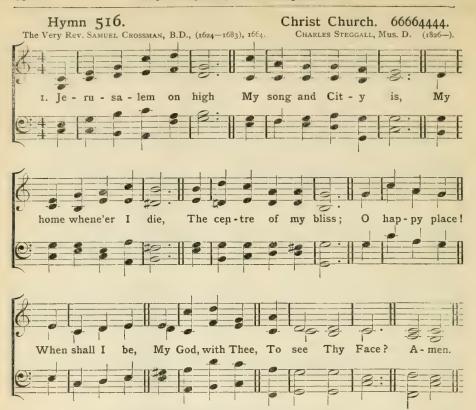


"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

- 2 What though the tempest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heaven is my home: And Time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be overpast; I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.
- 3 There at my Saviour's Side, Heaven is my home: I shall be glorified, Heaven is my home.

There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I, too, shall rest, Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not, Heaven is my home; Whate'er my earthly lot, Heaven is my home. And I shall surely stand There at my Lord's Right Hand: Heaven is my fatherland, Heaven is my home. Amen.



"As for me, I will behold Thy Face in righteousness."

2 Thy walls, sweet City, thine, With pearls are garnishéd; Thy gates with praises shine, Thy streets with gold are spread; O happy place! When shall I be, My God, with Thee, To see Thy Face?

3 No sun by day shines there,
Nor moon by silent night;
O no! these needless are;
The Lamb's the City's Light:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

4 There dwells my Lord, my King, Judged here unfit to live; There angels to Him sing, And lowly homage give: O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

5 The Patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The Prophets there behold
Their long'd-for Prince of Peace;
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,

6 The Lamb's Apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The Harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy Face?

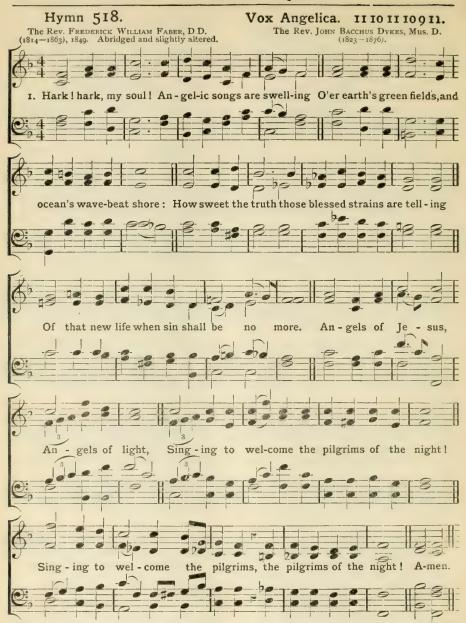
To see Thy Face?

- 7 The bleeding Martyrs, they
 Within those courts are found,
 Clothéd in pure array,
 Their scars with glory crown'd:
 O happy place'
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face?
- 8 Ah me, ah me! that I
 In Kedar's tents here stay!
 No place like that on high;
 Lord, thither guide my way
 O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face? Amen.

This is the Second Part of a piece of 14 stanzas on "Heaven," beginning "Sweet place, sweet place, alone.



- 2 There is a goodly Heritage, Where earthly passions cease to rage; The meek that Haven gain; There is a Board, where they who pine, Hungry, athirst, for grace Divine, May feast, nor crave again.
- There is a Voice to mercy true;
 To them who mercy's path pursue
 That Voice shall bliss impart;
 There is a Sight from man concealed;
 That Sight, the Face of God revealed,
 Shall bless the pure in heart.
- 4 There is a Name, in Heaven bestow'd;
 That Name, which hails them sons of God,
 The friends of peace shall know;
 There is a Kingdom in the sky,
 Where they shall reign with God on high,
 Who serve Him best below.
- 5 Lord! be it mine like them to choose
 The better part, like them to use
 The means Thy love hath given!
 Be holiness my aim on earth,
 That death be welcomed as a birth
 To life and bliss in Heaven! Amage



"Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth"

² Darker than night life's shadows fall around us, And, like benighted men, we miss our mark; God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us, Ere death finds out his victims in the dark. Angels of Jesus, etc.

- 3 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"

 And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,

 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

 Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 4 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The Voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 5 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.





"Ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him."

- 2 What rush of alleluias Fills all the earth and sky; What ringing of a thousand harps Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
 - O day, for which Creation And all its tribes were made;
 - O joy, for all its former woes A thousand fold repaid.
- 3 O then what raptured greetings On Canaan's happy shore; What knitting severed friendships up, Where partings are no more.
- Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late:
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain!
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power, and reign!
 Appear, Desire of Nations,
 Thine exiles long for home!
 Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
 Thou Prince and Saviour come!
 Amen.



- 2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 - The daylight is serene; The pastures of the blesséd Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the Throne of David; And there from care released, The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast;
- And they, who with their Leader Have conquered in the fight, Forever and forever Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blesséd country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blesséd country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

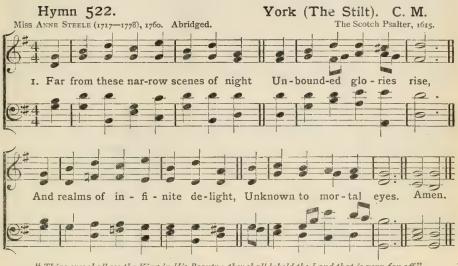


- "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindred and people and tongues, stood before the Throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."
- 2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
 Who prepared the way of Christ,
 King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
 Martyr and Evangelist,
 Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
 Widows who have watched to prayer,
 Joined in holy concert, singing
 To the Lord of all are there.
- 3 They have come from tribulation,
 And have washed their robes in Blood,
 Washed them in the Blood of Jesus;
 Tried they were and firm they stood;
 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
 They have conquered death and Satan
 By the might of Christ the Lord.

- 4 Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
 They have triumphed following
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,
 Thee their Saviour, and their King;
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
 And by death to Life immortal
 They were born and glorified.
- 5 Now they reign in heavenly glory, Now they walk in golden light, Now they drink, as from a river, Holy bliss and infinite;

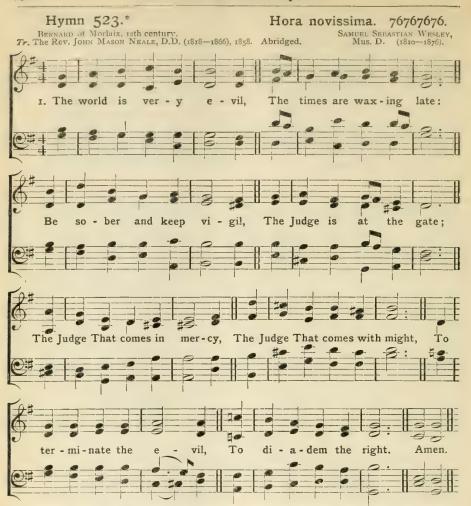
Love and peace they taste forever, And all truth and knowledge see In the Beatific Vision Of the Blesséd Trinity.

6 God of God, the One-Begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together
All the saints forever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost adore.
Amen.



- "Thine eyes shall see the King in His Beauty; they shall behold the Land that is very far off."
- 2 Fair distant Land!—could mortal eyes But half its joys explore, How would our spirits long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come, And grief no more complains; Health triumphs in immortal bloom, And endless pleasure reigns!
- 4 From discord free, and war's alarms, And want, and pining care, Plenty and peace unite their charms, And smile unchanging there.
 - 5 No clouds those blissful regions know, Forever bright and fair! For sin, the source of mortal woe, Can never enter there.

- 6 There no alternate night is known, Nor sun's faint sickly ray; But glory from the sacred Throne Spreads everlasting day.
- 7 The glorious Monarch there displays His beams of wondrous grace; His happy subjects sing His praise, And bow before His Face.
- 8 O may the heavenly prospect fire Our hearts with ardent love; Till wings of faith and strong desire Bear every thought above.
- 9 Prepare us, Lord, by grace Divine, For Thy bright courts on high; Then bid our spirits rise and join The chorus of the sky. Amen.



- "Abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."
- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed;
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead;
 To the light that hath no evening,
 That knows nor moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,

The light that is but one.

3 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest;

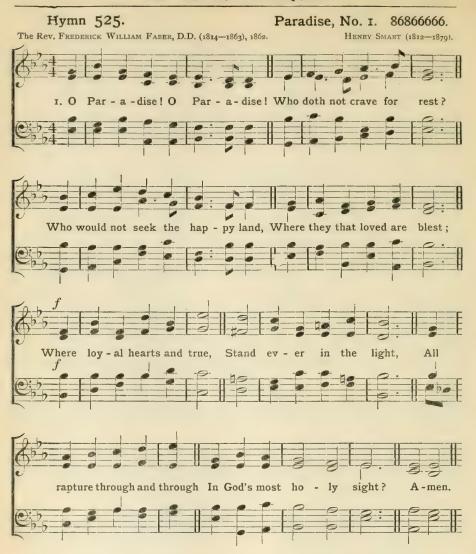
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

- 4 O sweet and blesséd country,
 The home of God's elect,
 O sweet and blesséd country
 That eager hearts expect:
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.
- * From Bernard, a monk of Clugny, 12th century, born at Morlaix (Bretagne), of English parents; not to be confounded with his more illustrious namesake, Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux.



" There shall be no night there."

- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green: So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between. But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And linger shivering on the brink, And fear to launch away.
- 3 O! could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love With unbeclouded eyes: Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er: [flood, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold Should fright us from the shore.



"There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

- 2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold?
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light, etc.
- 3 O Paradise! O Paradise! Wherefore doth death delay,

Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!

'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

- 5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more;
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.
- 6 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 Is destining for me;
 Where loyal hearts, etc.

7 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc. Amen.





- "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."
- 2 There for ever and for ever
 Alleluia is outpoured;
 For unending, for unbroken
 Is the feast-day of the Lord;
 All is pure, and all is holy
 That within thy walls is stored.
- 3 There no cloud nor passing vapor
 Dims the brightness of the air;
 Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
 From the Sun of suns is there;
 There night needs not rest from labor,
 For unknown are toil and care.
- 4 O how glorious and resplendent,
 Fragile body, shalt thou be,
 When endued with so much beauty,
 Full of health, and strong and free,
 Full of vigor, full of pleasure,
 That shall last eternally!
- 5 Now with gladness, now with courage
 Bear the burden on thee laid,
 That hereafter these thy labors
 May with endless gifts be paid,
 And in everlasting glory
 Thou with joy may'st stand arrayed.
 Amen.



"There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams."

2 See, the streams of living waters, Springing from Eternal Love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove: Who can faint, while such a river Ever flows their thirst to assuage: Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver, Never fails from age to age?

Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering:
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's Blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
Jesus' love His people raises,
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show:

Solid joys and lasting treasure

None but Zion's children know. Amen.



Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,

2 All the world is God's own field,

- Unto joy or sorrow grown:
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:
 Lord of Harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His harvest home; From His field shall in that day All offences purge away;
- Give His Angels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast, But the fruitful ears to store In His Garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
 To Thy final Harvest-Home!
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;
 There for ever purified,
 In Thy Presence to abide:
 Come, with all Thine Angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!
 Amen.



"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."

2 O Lord of Heaven and earth, Who givest joy and mirth, Open our lips to shew Thy wondrous praise; Our hearts are dull and cold, We leave Thy love untold; O give us strength our anthems glad to

3 Each month we sow or reap, Each hour we toil or sleep, Thou givest life and joy, and Thou alone: O grant to each and all When death's dark shadows fall,

To stand true workers round our Master's Throne.

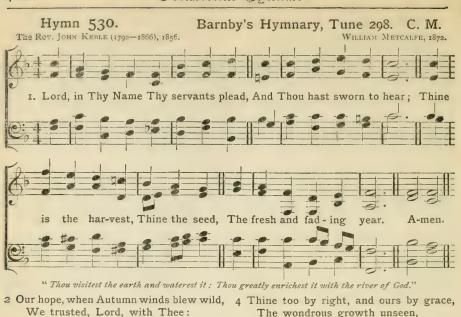
4 So, life's long task-work o'er, Set free for evermore We shall sit down at Thy Great Harvestfeast:

Reaper and sower met. The burning heat forget, And taste God's love, the greatest as the least.

5 Yea, Lord, Thou too dost claim, The Sower's mystic name; Thou sendest forth Thy reapers to their field; O be it theirs to bear The full corn in the ear.

When Thy true seed its hundred-fold shall yield.

6 Root out the evil tares, Earth's vexing griefs and cares, Bind the hot blasts that wither and destroy: And when the hour is come To bring the full sheaves Home, Bid men and angels share Thy harvest joy. Amen.

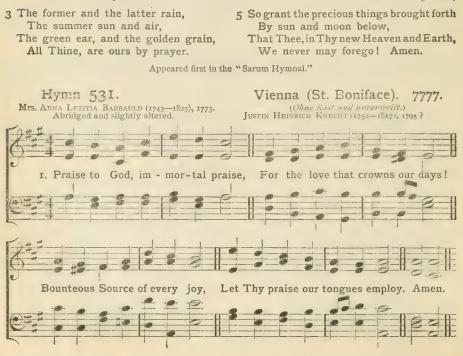


And still, now Spring has on us smiled,

We wait on Thy decree.

The wondrous growth unseen,

The hopes that soothe, the fears that The love that shines serene! [brace,



"O, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever."

- 2 For the blessings of the field, For the stores the gardens yield; For the fruits in full supply, Ripen'd 'neath the summer sky:
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain; Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain; Clouds that drop their fattening dews; Suns that temperate warmth diffuse:
- 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand Scatters o'er the smiling land, All that liberal Autumn pours From her rich o'erflowing stores:
- 5 These to Thee, my God, we owe, Source Whence all our blessings flow;

- And for these my soul shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear From its stem the ripening ear; Should the fig-tree's withered shoot Drop her green untimely fruit;
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more, Nor the olive yield her store; Though the sickening flocks should fall, And the herds desert the stall;
- 8 Yet to Thee my soul should raise Grateful vows and solemn praise; And, when every blessing's flown, Love Thee for Thyself alone! Amen.



- "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit,"
- 2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown, Its robe of vernal green puts on; Glad from its wintry grave it springs, Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings: So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
 As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
 But not alone our bodies feed;
 Supply our fainting spirits' need!
 O Bread of Life! from day to day,
 Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay!
 Amen.



"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us

All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts,
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord.

For all His love. Amen.

Hymn 534. Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 465. 8888448. Rev. John Hampden Gurney (1802—1862), 1851. Joseph Barnby (1838—), 1872



2 If Spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If Summer warms the fruitful earth;

When Winter sweeps the naked plain, Or Autumn yields its ripened grain:

> Still do we sing To Thee, our King;

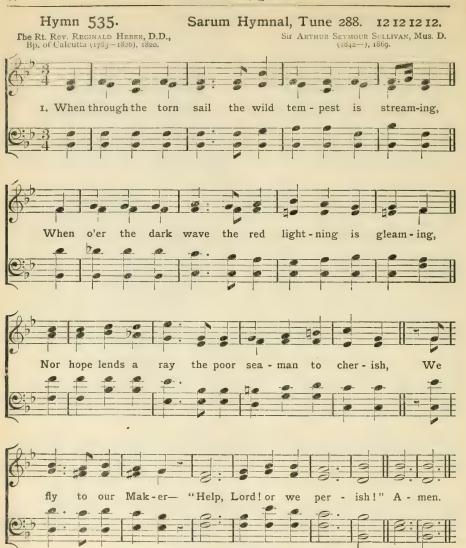
Thro' all their changes Thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal Hand Scatters new plenty o'er the land, When sounds of music fill the air, As homeward all their treasures bear; We too will raise Our hymn of praise, For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest! all is Thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!

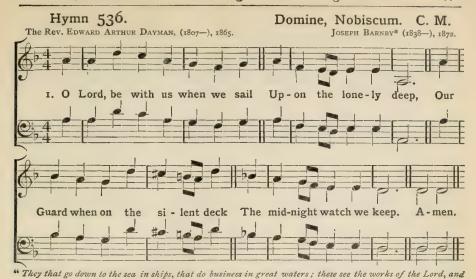
New, every year, Thy gifts appear;

New praises from our lips shall sound!
Amen.



"Lord save us; we perish."

- 2 O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow, Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow, Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish, Who cries in his danger, "Help, Lord! or we perish!"
- 3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging, When Hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging, Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish, Rebuke the Destroyer—"Help, Lord! or we perish!" Amen.



His wonders in the deep." GENERAL HEADING.

- 2 We need not fear, though all around 'Mid rising winds we hear The multitude of waters surge, For Thou, O God, art near,
- 3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm, That pass from land to land, All, all are Thine, are held within The hollow of Thine Hand.

PART I.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save,

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our heart
To whisper, "Peace, be still!"

PART II.

6 If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar,

7 Be Thou the Mainguard of our host, Till war and dangers cease, Defend the right, put up the sword And through the world make peace.

PART III.

8 When tempest-tost in seas of doubt Hearts sink, and cheeks grow pale, May we, within the Church, Thine Ark, Secure outride the gale.

9 And may our anchor, grappling still Fast moored to that firm Rock, By being held of Thee, hold on And brave the tempest's shock. To steer our course afar,

Thy Hope our anchor lest we drift,

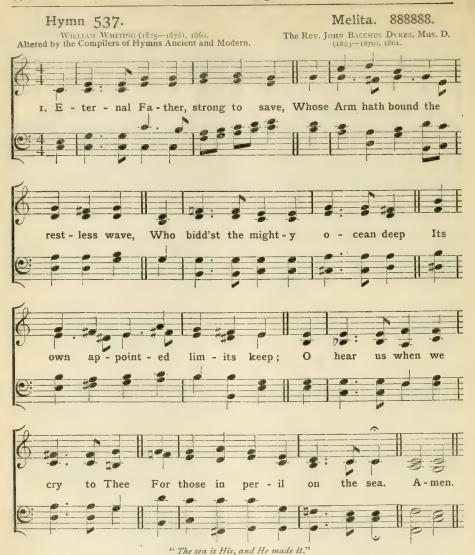
Thy Love our polar star.

II Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better Land
The Land that knows no sea.

DOXOLOGY.

To Thee, the Father, Thee the Son Whom earth and sky adore, And Spirit moving on the deep Be praise for evermore! Amen.

^{*} The Organist may at his pleasure introduce harmonies.



- 2 O Christ, Whose Voice the waters heard And hushed their raging at Thy Word, Who walkedst in the foaming deep, And calm amid its rage didst sleep; O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 Most Holy Spirit, Who didst brood Upon the chaos dark and rude, And bid its angry tumult cease,
- And give, for wild confusion, peace; O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in peril on the sea.
- 4 O Trinity of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.
 Amen.



"He shall give His angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways."

2 O Jesus, Who in weariness
 Didst sit at noon by Jacob's well;
 Who helpedst, in his sore distress,
 Him who among the robbers fell:
 O refresh them on their way,
 Guide and guard them lest they stray.

3 O Paraclete, Whose holy light Alone can guide, alone can cheer; Our only Safety in the night, By day our only Shield from fear Shelter them from noon-day heat; In the darkness lead their feet.

4 O ever blessed Trinity!

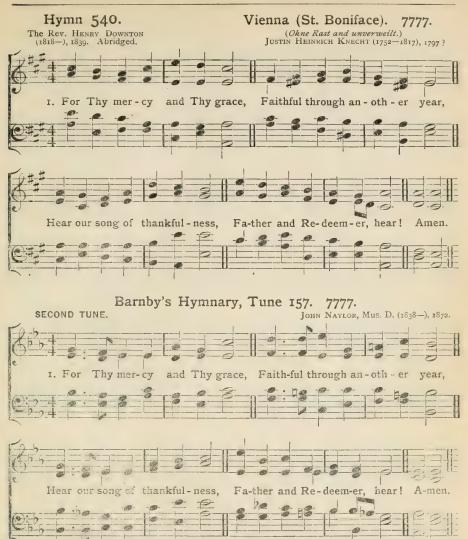
Whose love alone our life sustains;
Who keep'st our soul from evil free,
Our body from mischance and pains;
Bring them when life's journey's o'er,
Where are sin and pain no more.

Amen.



"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

- 2 If fierce the tempest round us,
 And white the angry deep;
 Yet He, when lost Who found us,
 Can still His treasure keep:
 Nor wind nor wave can harm us,
 Though hope itself grow dim,
 No tempest need alarm us,
 If peace we seek in Him.
- 3 Though life itself be waning, And waves shall o'er us sweep, The wild wind's sad complaining Shall lull us still to sleep:
- For as a gentle slumber
 E'en death itself shall prove
 To those whom Christ doth number
 As worthy of His love.
- 4 Then, Holy Jesus, hear us,
 And keep us free from harm;
 Have pity, Lord, and bear us
 On Thy supporting Arm:
 Should storm or calm befall us,
 Whate'er our lot may be,
 When all is o'er, then call us
 Home, Saviour, Home to Thee. Amen.



- "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."
- 2 In our weakness and distress, Rock of strength! be Thou our Stay! In the pathless wilderness Be our true and living Way!
- 3 Who of us death's awful road In the coming year shall tread? With Thy rod and staff, O God, Comfort Thou his dying bed!
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure, Keep us evermore Thine Own! Help Thy servants to endure! Fit us for the promised crown!
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
 We shall praise, on golden strings,
 Thee, the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings!
 Amen.



As the lightning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace behind; Swiftly thus our fleeting days

Bear us down life's rapid stream: Upward, Lord, our spirits raise! All below is but a dream.

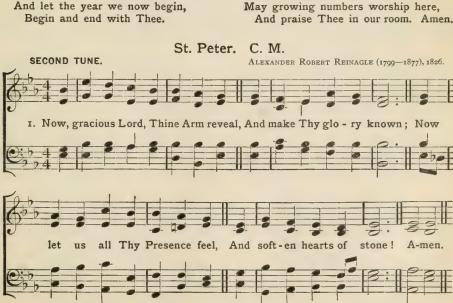
Teach us, henceforth, how to live With eternity in view:

Bless Thy Word to young and old; Fill us with a Saviour's love; And, when life's short tale is told,

May we dwell with Thee above! Amen.



- 2 Help us to venture near Thy Throne,
 And plead a Saviour's Name:
 For all that we can call our own
 Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin May mercy set us free: And let the year we now begin, Begin and end with Thee.
- 4 Send down Thy Spirit from above, That saints may love Thee more, And sinners now may learn to love, Who never loved before.
- 5 And when before Thee we appear In our eternal Home, May growing numbers worship here, And praise Thee in our room. Amen.





"Thou That hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all fiesh come."

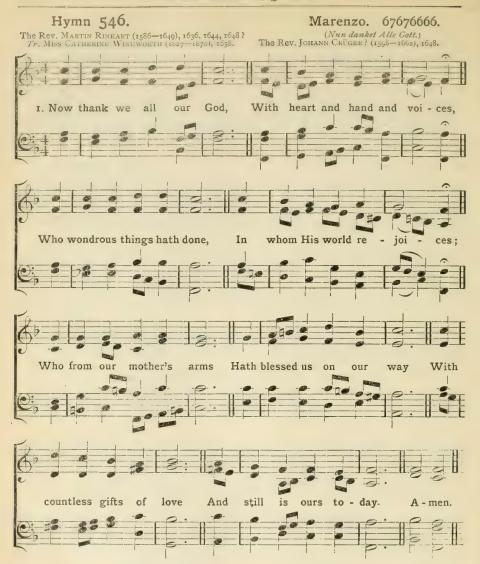
- 2 Then this our comfort is alone, That we may meet before Thy Throne, And cry, O faithful God, to Thee For rescue from our misery:-
- 3 For Thou hast promised graciously To hear all those who cry to Thee Through Him, Whose Name alone is great.
- 4 O hide not, for our sins, Thy Face: Absolve us through Thy boundless grace: Be with us in our anguish still; Free us at last from every ill:-
- 5 That so with all our hearts we may To Thee our glad thanksgiving pay: And walk, obedient to Thy Word, And now and ever praise the Lord. Amen.



2 Ridge of the mountain-wave, Lower thy crest! Wail of Euroclydon, Be thou at rest! Sorrow can never be,-Darkness must fly,-Where saith the Light of Light-"Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesus, Deliverer! Come Thou to me: Soothe Thou my voyaging Over life's sea. Thou, when the storm of Death Roars, sweeping by, Whisper, O Truth of Truth, "Peace! It is I!" Amen.

^{*} In the 1st verse sing the small notes, and tie the first two notes of the next measure.



"Now therefore our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious Name."

- 2 O may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us, With ever joyful hearts And blesséd peace to cheer us; And keep us in His grace, And guide us when perplexed, And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to God
 The Father, now be given,
 The Son, and Him Who reigns
 With them in highest Heaven,
 The One Eternal God,
 Whom earth and Heaven adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

Hymn 547.

Laudate Dominum. 14 14 478.

The Rev. Joachim Neander (1640—1680), 1679.

Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth
(1827—1878), 1863.

(Lobe den Herrn, den machtigen Kenig der Ehren, originally Hast Du denn, Jesu, Dein Angesicht gänzlich verborgen.) Peter Sohr [Sohre or Sohren?] (1668–1692?).



"I will extol Thee, my God, O King, and I will bless Thy Name forever and ever."

2 Praise to the Lord! Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth, Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth; Hast thou not seen

How thy desires e'er have been Granted in what He ordaineth?

3 Praise to the Lord! Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee, Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;

Ponder anew

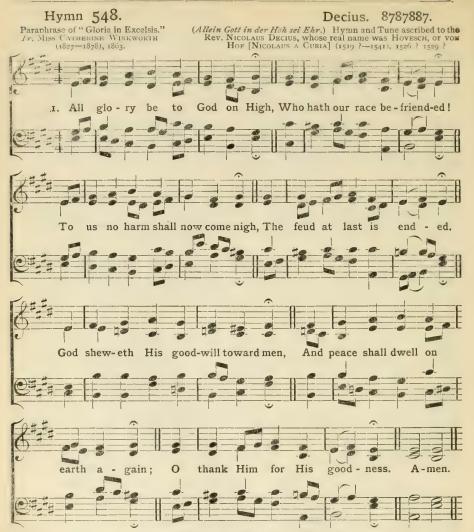
What the Almighty can do, If with His love He befriend thee!

4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!

All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!

Let the Amen

Sound from His people again, Gladly for aye we adore Him. Amen.



"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

2 We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,
And give Thee thanks forever,
O Fether that The rule is just

O Father, that Thy rule is just
And wise, and changes never; [reigns,
Thy boundless power o'er all things
Done is whate'er Thy Will ordains;
Well for us that Thou rulest!

3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord, Son of Thy Heavenly Father,

O Thou Who hast our peace restored And the lost sheep dost gather, Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on High From out our depths we sinners cry, Have mercy on us, Jesus!

4 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift, Thou Comforter unfailing,

O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift, And let Thy power availing

Avert our woes and calm our dread; For us the Saviour's Blood was shed, We trust in Thee to save us!

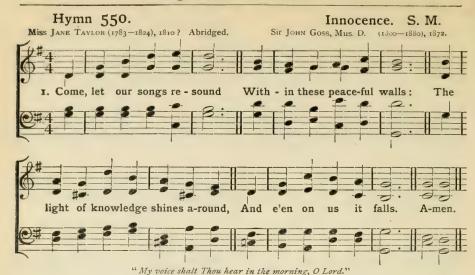
Amen.



"The children crying in the temple and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon His Throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's. Amen.



- 2 Through God our Father's care,
 - Though we deserved it not, Our lines in pleasant places are, And goodly is our lot.
- 3 This cheerful morning sun,
 That lights our happy plains,
 Shines, ere its daily course is run,
 Where heathen darkness reigns.
- 4 He saw the savage wild, Some idol's help implore;

- He saw the untaught Indian child His painted gods adore.
- 5 Lord, let Thy Light, we pray, On them—on us arise: For we are foolish, blind as they Till Jesus make us wise.
- 6 We learn Thy blessed Will, We read Thy Holy Word, Then may we Thy commands fulfil Which others never heard. Amen.



"Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits."

- 2 To God so good and great Their cheerful thanks they pour, Then carry to His Temple-gate The choicest of their store.
- 3 Like Israel, Lord, we give Our earliest fruits to Thee, And pray that, long as we shall live, We may Thy children be.
- 4 Thine is our youthful prime, And life and all its powers; Be with us in our morning time, And bless our evening hours.
- 5 In wisdom let us grow, As years and strength are given, That we may serve Thy Church below, And join Thy saints in Heaven. Amen

Children's Voices. 66664444.



2 But God from infant tongues On earth receiveth praise, We then our cheerful songs

In sweet accord will raise. Alleluia,

We too will sing To God our King; Alleluia.

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth To us Thy babes impart, And teach us in our youth To know Thee as Thou art.

Alleluia, Then shall we sing To God our King; Alleluia.

4 O may Thy holy Word Spread all the world around: And all with one accord Uplift the joyful sound. Alleluia, All then shall sing To God their King;

Alleluia. Amen.



" Of such is the Kingdom of God."

2 There's a Rest for little children, Above the bright blue sky, Who love the blesséd Saviour And to His Father cry; A Rest from every trouble, From sin and danger free; There every little pilgrim

Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a Home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A Home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

- 4 There's a Crown for little children, Above the bright blue sky, And all who look to Jesus Shall wear it by-and-by; A Crown of brightest glory. Which He shall sure bestow On all who love the Saviour, And walk with Him below.
- 5 There's a Song for little children, Above the bright blue sky A Harp of sweetest music, For hymns of victory: And all above is pleasure,

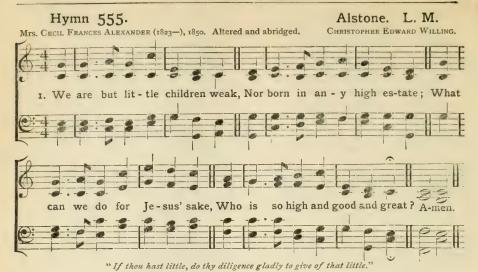


"For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His Hand."

- 2 We are Thine: do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray. Blessed Jesus, Hear Thy children when they pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be; Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free; Blessed Jesus, Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor, Early help us do Thy will; Holy Lord, our only Saviour! With Thy grace our bosom fill. Blessed Jesus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. Amen.



2 O, day by day, each Christian child Has much to do, without, within; A death to die for Jesus' sake,

A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts The thoughts of pride and anger rise, When bitter words are on our tongues And tears of passion in our eyes;

4 Then we may stay the angry blow, Then we may check the hasty word, Give gentle answers back again, And fight a battle for our Lord.

- 5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love, Light in our dwellings we may make, Bid kind good humor brighten there, And do all still for Jesus' sake.
- 6 There's not a child so small and weak But has his little cross to take, His little work of love and praise That he may do for Jesus' sake.



" Thou shalt call Me, my Father."

- 2 Art Thou my Father? Canst Thou bear 4 Art Thou my Father? I'll depend To hear my poor, imperfect prayer? Or wilt Thou listen to the praise That such a little one can raise?
- 3 Art Thou my Father? Let me be A meek, obedient child to Thee; And try in word, and deed, and thought, To serve and please Thee as I ought.
- Upon the care of such a Friend; And only wish to do and be Whatever seemeth good to Thee.
- 5 Art Thou my Father? Then, at last, When all my days on earth are past, Send down and take me in Thy love, To be Thy better child above. Amen.



- 2 Every spring the sweet young flowers Open bright and gay, Till the chilly autumn hours Wither them away: There's a Land we have not seen, Where the trees are always green.
- 3 Little birds sing songs of praise All the summer long; But in colder, shorter days They forget their song: There's a Place where Angels sing Ceaseless praises to their King.
- 4 Christ our Lord is ever near Those who follow Him! But we cannot see Him here, For our eyes are dim; There is a most happy Place, Where men always see His Face.
- 5 Who shall go to that bright Land? All who do the right; Holy children there shall stand In their robes of white; For that Heaven so bright and blest Is our everlasting Rest. Amen.



"Giving thanks always for all things unto God."

- 2 For the wonder of each hour
 Of the day and of the night,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon, and stars of light,
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
 For the heart and mind's delight,
 For the mystic harmony
 Linking sense to sound and sight:
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 4 For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 For all gentle thoughts and mild:
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 5 For Thy Church, that evermore
 Lifteth holy hands above,
 Offering up on every shore
 Her pure sacrifice of love:
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 6 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
 To our race so freely given,
 For that great, great Love of Thine,
 Peace on earth, and joy in Heaven;
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise
 This our hymn of grateful praise. Amen.

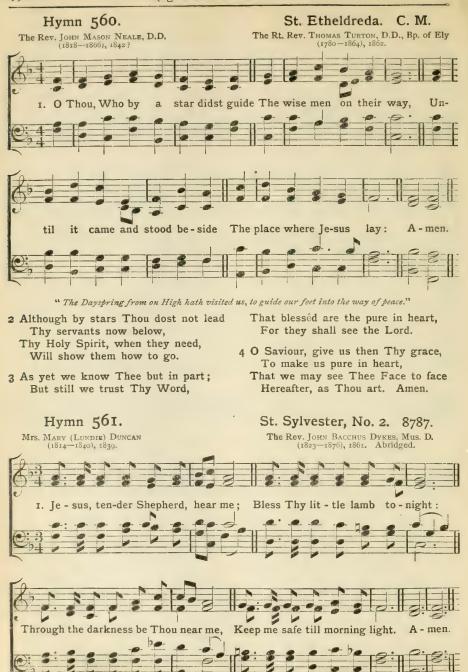


"He shall gather the lambs with His Arm and carry them in His Bosom."

2 Where Thy refreshing pastures grow,
Where all Thy chosen flock is fed,
Where living waters gently flow,
There may our wandering feet be led

There may our wandering feet be led; Direct us towards the Heavenly Hill; And bear us in Thy Bosom still.

- 3 Much do we need Thy watchful care,
 Through every day and every hour;
 For life is set with many a snare,
 And Satan wanders to devour:
 But we are safe from all alarms,
 Within our Heavenly Shepherd's Arms.
- 4 Here in the Gospel we are told,
 What great compassion was in Thee,
 When mothers brought their babes of old—
 Poor helpless children, such as we—
 E'en to Thy tender Bosom brought—
 And Thou didst say "Forbid them not."
- 5 And thus encouraged by Thy grace,
 To those still open Arms we fly;
 And though we cannot see Thy Face,
 Yet Thou canst bless us from on high:
 For still Thy precious Word, we see,
 Says "Suffer them to come to Me."
 Amen.



"And He took them up in His Arms, put His Hands upon them, and blessed them."

- 2 All this day Thy Hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care; Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, Listen to my evening prayer!
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
 Bless the friends I love so well;
 Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.
 Amer

Hymn 562. Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 59. 847847. (Seele, du musst munter werden.) FRIEDRICH RUDOLPH LOUIS, Baron von CANITZ (1654—1699), 1699. Ps. 38. Tr. Dr. T. Arnold (?) and the Rev. Henry James Buckoll, 1838. Abridged and alt. JOHN STAINER, Mus. D. (1840-), 1872. Now I. Come, my soul, thou must be waking; is breaking O'er the earth anto Him, Who made this splen-dor; oth er day: Come See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. Α men. Sweet-ly, fond - ly, safe-ly tend - ed, From all want and danger free.

"He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His Arm, and carry them in His Bosom."

- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us, From Thy fold to go astray; By Thy look of love directed May we walk the other way; Thus direct us, and protect us, Lest we fall to sin a prey.
- 3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
 In the Stream Thy love supplied,
 Mingled Stream of Blood and Water,
 Flowing from Thy wounded Side;
 And to heavenly pastures lead us
 Where Thine own still waters glide.
- 4 Let Thy Holy Word instruct us;
 Fill our minds with heavenly light;
 Let Thy love and grace constrain us
 To approve whate'er is right,
 Take Thine easy yoke and wear it,
 Feel Thy heavy burden light.
- 5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
 Which on earth Thy children sing,
 Both with lips and hearts unfeignéd
 May we our thank-offerings bring;
 Then, with all the saints in glory,
 Join to praise our Lord and King.
 Amen.



"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

- 2 The present moment flies, And bears our life away:
 - O make Thy servants truly wise, That they may live to-day!
- 3 Since on this wingéd hour Eternity is hung,

Waken by Thine Almighty power The aged and the young!

4 One thing demands our care: O! be it still pursued! Lest, slighted once, the season fair Should never be renew'd!

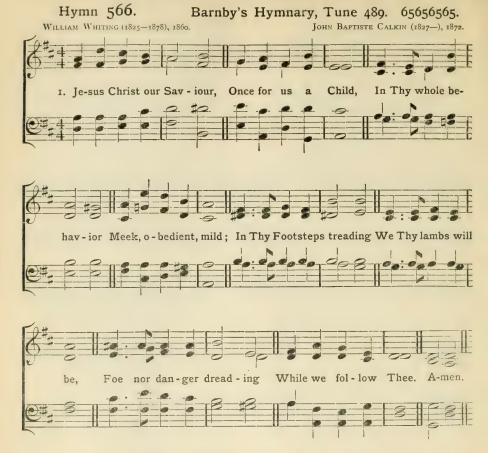
5 To Jesus may we fly Swift as the morning light; Lest life's young golden beams should In sudden endless night! Amen.

Requiem. 878787.



"He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His Arm, and carry them in His Bosom,"

- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us, From Thy fold to go astray; By Thy look of love directed May we walk the other way: Thus direct us, and protect us, Lest we fall to sin a prey.
- 3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly In the Stream Thy love supplied, Mingled Stream of Blood and Water, Flowing from Thy wounded Side; And to heavenly pastures lead us Where Thine own still waters glide.
- 4 Let Thy Holy Word instruct us; Fill our minds with heavenly light; Let Thy love and grace constrain us To approve whate'er is right, Take Thine easy yoke and wear it, Feel Thy heavy burden light.
- 5 Taught to lisp the holy praises Which on earth Thy children sing, Both with lips and hearts unfeignéd May we our thank-offerings bring; Then, with all the saints in glory, Join to praise our Lord and King.



"Behold we come unto Thee, for Thou art the Lord our God."

- 2 For the varied blessings
 Given us to share;
 Mother's fond caressings,
 Father's guardian care;
 For our friends and kindred,
 For our daily food,
 For our wanderings hindered,
 For our learning good;
- 3 For all Thou bestowest,
 All Thou dost withhold;
 Whatsoe'er Thou knowest
 Best for us, Thy fold;
 For all gifts and graces
 While we live below,
 Till in heavenly places
 We Thy Face shall know.
- 4 We Thy children raising
 Unto Thee our hearts,
 In Thy constant praising
 Bear our duteous parts:
 As Thy love hath won us
 From the world away,
 Still Thy Hands put on us;
 Bless us day by day.
- 5 Let Thine Angels guide us; Let Thine Arms enfold; In Thy Bosom hide us, Sheltered from the cold; To Thyself us gather, 'Mid the ransomed host Praising Thee, the Father And the Holy Ghost. Amer,



"Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

- 2 Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
 Mental eye can scan,
 Can it be that Thou regardest
 Songs of sinful man?
 Can we feel that Thou art near us,
 And wilt hear us?
 Yea, we can.
- 3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
 O'er each work of Thine;
 Thou didst ears and hands and voices
 For Thy praise combine;
 Craftsman's art and music's measure
 For Thy pleasure
 Didst design.
- 4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
 Of Thine Own to Thee;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest
 Melody.
- 5 Honor, glory, might and merit,
 Thine shall ever be,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Blessed Trinity!
 Of the best that Thou hast given
 Earth and Heaven
 Render Thee. Amen.



"Little children, your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake."

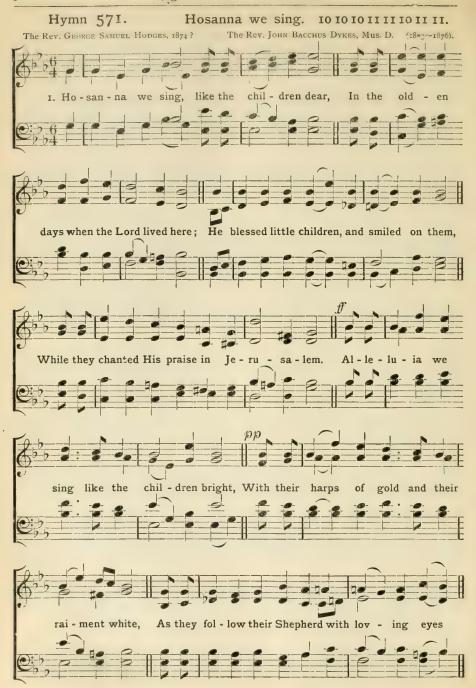
- 2 How when children came, He blessed 5 Still I read the ancient Story, Suffered no man to reprove, [them, Took them in His Arms and pressed them To His Heart with words of love.
- 3 How to all the sick and tearful Help was ever gladly shown; How He sought the poor and fearful, Called them brothers and His Own.
- 4 How no contrite soul e'er sought Him And was bidden to depart; How with gentle words He taught him, Took the death from out his heart.
- And my joy is ever new, How for us He left His glory. How He still is kind and true.
- 6 How the flock He gently leadeth, Whom His Father gave Him here; How His Arms He widely spreadeth, To His Heart to draw us near.
- 7 Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee, Let my heart in tears o'erflow, Melted by Thy love, adore Thee, Blest in Thee 'mid joy or woe! Amen.



"Thine eyes shall see the King in His Beauty; they shall behold the Land that is very far off."

2 Come to that happy land, Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand, Why still delay? O, we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free! Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land, Beams every eye; Kept by a Father's Hand, Love cannot die. O, then to glory run; Be a Crown and Kingdom won; And bright, above the sun, We reign for aye. Amen.





"The children crying in the Temple, and saying, Hosanna."

2 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His Ear, And rejoices the hymns of His Own to hear; We know that His Heart will never wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold. Alleluia we sing in the Church we love, Alleluia resounds in the Church above: To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of Heaven. Amen.



- 2 Now the darkness gathers, Stars begin to peep; Birds, and beasts, and flowers Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesus, give the weary Calm and sweet repose, With Thy tend'rest blessing May our eyelids close.
- 4 Grant to little children Visions bright of Thee, Guard the sailors, tossing On the deep blue sea.

- 5 Comfort every sufferer Watching late in pain; Those who plan some evil From their sin restrain.
- 6 Through the long night-watches, May Thine Angels spread Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed.
- 7 When the morning wakens, Then may I arise Pure, and fresh, and sinless, In Thy Holy Eyes. Amen.



"I press toward the mark for the trize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

- 2 Nearer, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in adoration Bending low the knee: Thou for our redemption, Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great and ever greater Are Thy mercies here, True and everlasting Are the glories there, Where no pain nor sorrow, Toil nor care is known; Where the angel-legions Circle round Thy Throne.
- 4 Brighter still, and brighter Glows the western sun, Shedding all its gladness O'er our work that's done;

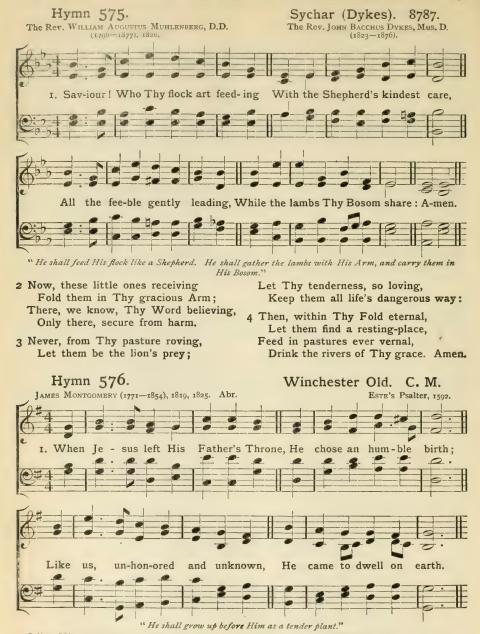
Time will soon be over, Toil and sorrow past, May we, Blessed Saviour, Find a Rest at last.

- 5 Onward, ever onward, Journeying o'er the road Worn by saints before us. Journeying on to God; Leaving all behind us, May we hasten on, Backward never looking Till the prize is won.
- 6 Higher, then, and higher, Bear the ransomed soul, (Earthly toils forgotten), Saviour, to its goal, Where in joys unthought of Saints with angels sing, Never weary, raising Praises to their King. Amen.



"They brought young children to Him."

- 2 I wish that His Hands had been placed on my head, That His Arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above—
- 4 In that beautiful Place He has gone to prepare For all who are washed and forgiven; And many dear children shall be with Him there, For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
 Never heard of that Heavenly Home;
 I wish they could know there is room for them all,
 And that Jesus has bid them to come. Amen.



2 Like Him, may we be found below In wisdom's paths of peace; Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength increase. 3 Jesus passed by the rich and great For men of low degree; He sanctified our parent's state, For poor like them was He. 4 Sweet were His Words, and kind His 6 When Jesus unto Salem rode Look.

When mothers round Him pressed; Their infants in His Arms He took. And on His Bosom blest.

- 5 Safe from the world's alluring harms, Beneath His watchful Eye,-Thus in the circle of His Arms May we forever lie!
- The children sang around;
 - For joy they plucked the palms, and strowed

Their garments on the ground.

7 Hosanna our glad voices raise, Hosanna to our King! Should we forget our Saviour's praise The stones themselves would sing.

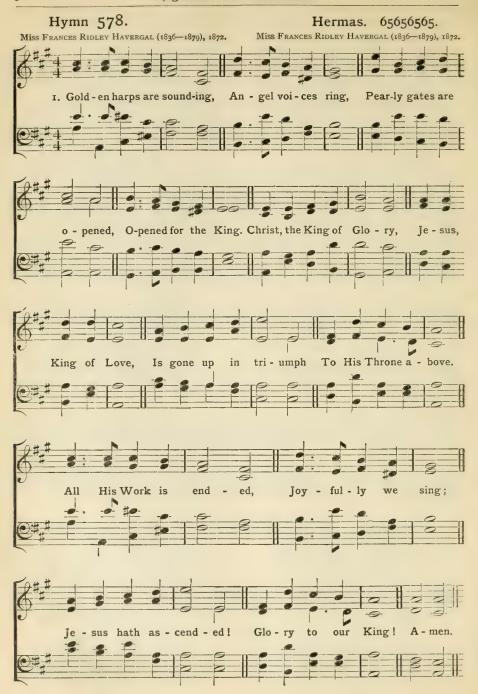


2 The old man, meek and mild, The priest of Israel, slept; His watch the temple-child, The little Levite, kept;

And what from Eli's sense was sealed. The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O! give me Samuel's ear, The open ear, O Lord, Alive and quick to hear Each whisper of Thy Word; Like him to answer at Thy call, And to obey Thee first of all.

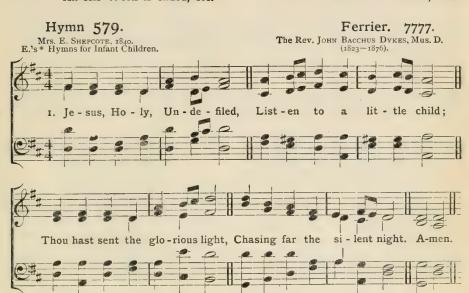
- 4 O! give me Samuel's heart, A lowly heart, that waits Where in Thy House Thou art, Or watches at Thy gates By day and night; a heart that still Moves at the breathing of Thy will.
- 5 O! give me Samuel's mind, A sweet unmurmuring faith, Obedient and resigned To Thee in life and death; That I may read with childlike eyes Truths that are hidden from the wise. Amen.



"And I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps."

2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with gladness
At His Father's Side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His Work is ended, etc.

3 Praying for His children
In that blessed Place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright Home preparing,
Little ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His Work is ended, etc.



"I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in."

- 2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine O'er this glorious world of Thine, Warmth to give, and pleasant glow On each tender flower below.
- 3 Now the little birds arise, Chirping gaily in the skies; Thee their tiny voices praise, In the early songs they raise.
- 4 Thou by Whom the birds are fed, Give to me my daily bread; And Thy Holy Spirit give, Without Whom I cannot live.
- 5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild, As becomes a little child;

- All day long, in every way, Teach me what to do and say.
- 6 Help me never to forget
 That in Thy great Book is set
 All that children think and say,
 For the awful Judgment Day.
- 7 Let me never say a word
 That will make Thee angry, Lord;
 Help me so to live in love,
 As Thine Angels do above.
- 8 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
 Thine more truly ev'ry day;
 And when Thou at last shalt come,
 Take me to Thy heav'nly Home.
 Amen.

^{*} The initial chosen by Mrs. Shepcote, a lady whose hymns appeared in "Hymns for Infant Children" (1840), written by three sisters, A., C. and E.



" Jesus called a little child unto Him."

- 2 Fain I would to Thee be brought; Dearest Lord, forbid it not: Give me, dearest Lord, a place In the kingdom of Thy grace.
- 3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee, Thou shalt my Example be: Thou art gentle, meek and mild. Thou wast once a little Child.
- 4 Fain I would be as Thou art, Give me Thy obedient Heart; Thou art pitiful and kind, Let me have Thy loving Mind.
- 5 Let me, above all, fulfil God my Heavenly Father's will;

- Never His Good Spirit grieve, Only to His glory live.
- 6 Thou didst live to God alone, Thou didst never seek Thine own, Thou Thyself didst never please; God was all Thy happiness.
- 7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb, In Thy gracious Hands I am; Make me, Saviour, what Thou art, Live Thyself within my heart.
- 8 I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my happy days; Then the world shall always see Christ, the Holy Child, in me. Amen.



"O Lord, how manifold are Thy Works, in Wisdom hast Thou made them all, the earth is full of Thy riches."

- 2 I sing the Wisdom That ordained The sun to rule the day; The moon shines full at His Command, And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the Goodness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food; He formed the creatures with His Word, And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord! how Thy wonders are displayed Where'er I turn mine eye! If I survey the ground I tread,
 - Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below But makes Thy glories known;

- And clouds arise, and tempests blow, By order from Thy Throne.
- 6 Creatures as numerous as they be Are subject to Thy Care; There's not a place where we can flee But God is present there.
- 7 In Heaven He shines with beams of love, With wrath in hell beneath; 'Tis on His earth I stand or move
 - 'Tis on His earth I stand or move And 'tis His air I breathe.
- 8 His Hand is my perpetual Guard; He keeps me with His Eye; Why should I then forget the Lord, Who is forever nigh?



" Jesus saith unto her: 'Mary!"

- 2 Bring the roses' rich perfume,
 Bring the garden's gladdest bloom,
 Bring the lilies' saintly white,
 Emblems of the soul's delight,—
 Emblems of the spirit's glow,
 We, like Mary, soon may know,
 When our Master's Voice we hear
 Speak our name in accents clear.
- 3 O the mansions Christ prepares,
 Where for each He looks and cares!
 O the gardens blooming bright,
 Where His glory is the Light!
 Here His love is perfect peace,
 There His love shall never cease!
 Sing, ye children, sing and say,
 "Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

Amen.



2 Lo! within a manger lies, He Who built the starry skies; He Who, throned in height sublime, Sits amid the Cherubim. Hail! Thou everblessed Morn, etc.

3 Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,

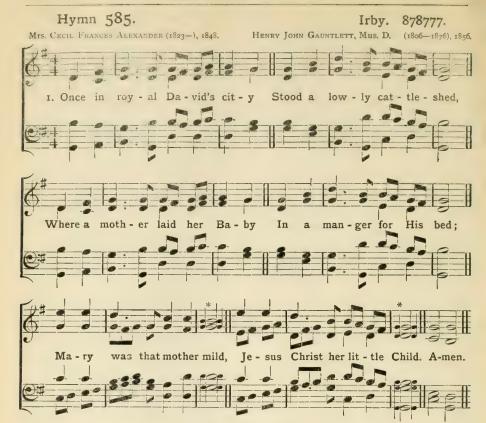
What your joyful news to-day? Wherefore have ye left your sheep On the lonely mountain steep? Hail! Thou everblessed Morn, etc.

4 "As we watched at dead of night, Lo! we saw a wond'rous light: Angels singing peace on earth

Told us of the Saviour's birth." Hail! Thou everblessed Morn, etc.

5 Sacred Infant, All Divine, What a tender love was Thine, Thus to come from highest bliss Down to such a world as this. Hail! Thou everblessed Morn, etc.

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child, By Thy Face so meek and mild, Teach us to resemble Thee In Thy sweet humility. Hail! Thou everblessed Morn, etc. Amen.



" Thy Holy Child Jesus."

- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall:
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.
- 3 And, thro' all His wondrous Childhood,
 He would honor, and obey,
 Love, and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay;
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew,
 He was little, weak and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew:
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love,
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in Heaven above;
 And He leads his children on
 To the place where He is gone.
- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable, With the oxen standing by, We shall see Him; but in Heaven, Set at God's Right Hand on high; When like stars His children crowned All in white shall wait around. Amen.

^{*} The small notes are for verses 2 and 4.



"The Babe lying in a manger."

2 Take courage, soul in grief cast down, Forget the bitter dealing:
A Child is born in David's town To touch all souls with healing.
Then let us go and seek the Child,
Children like Him meek, undefiled.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Child Jesus! Amen.

Translated from the Danish.



"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."

- 2 Come, ye poor, no pomp of station Robes the Child your hearts adore: He, the Lord of all salvation, Shares your want, is weak and poor: Oxen, round about behold them; Rafters naked, cold and bare, See the shepherds, God has told them That the Prince of Life use there.
- 3 Come, ye children, blithe and merry, This one Child your Model make; Christmas holly, leaf and berry, All be prized for His dear sake: Come, ye gentle hearts and tender, Come, ye spirits keen and bold; All in all your homage render, Weak and mighty, young and old.

- 4 High above a Star is shining,
 And the wise men haste from far:
 Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining,
 For you all has risen the Star;
 Let us bring our poor oblations—
 Thanks and love, and faith and praise.
 Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
 All in all draw nigh to gaze.
- 5 Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing,
 Christ the Lord to man is born!
 Are not all our hearts too singing—
 Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
 Still the Child, all power possessing,
 Smiles as through the ages past;
 And the song of Christmas blessing
 Sweetly sinks to rest at last. Amen.



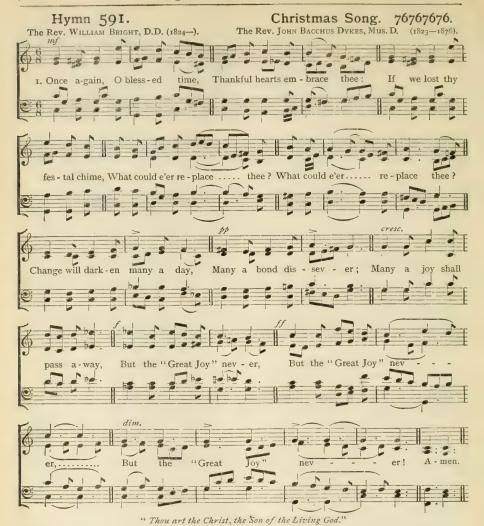
"This is the Day which the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it."

- 2 If Angels on that happy morn The Saviour of the world was born Poured forth seraphic songs, Much more should we of human race Adore the wonders of His grace, To Whom that grace belongs.
- 3 How wonderful, how vast His love, Who left the shining realms above, Those happy seats of rest: How much for lost mankind He bore, Their peace and pardon to restore, Can never be expressed.
- 4 While we adore His boundless grace,
 And pious joy and mirth take place
 Of sorrow, grief and pain,
 Give glory to our God on high,
 And not, among the general joy,
 Forget good-will to men.
- 5 O then let Heaven and earth rejoice, Creation's whole united voice, And hymn the Sacred Day, When sin and Satan vanquished fell, And all the powers of death and hell, Before His sovereign sway. Amen.





2 These tidings shepherds heard, Whilst watching o'er their fold; 'Twas by an Angel unto them That night revealed and told. Glad tidings, etc. 3 They praised the Lord our God And our celestial King: All glory be in Paradise, This heavenly host do sing. Glad tidings, etc. Amen.



2 Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light

Sheds its gentle splendor;
O could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation

In the Virgin's Child That brought
All mankind Salvation!

3 Welcome Thou to souls athirst, Fount of endless pleasure; Gates of Hell may do their worst While we clasp our Treasure: Welcome, though an age like this Puts Thy Name on trial, And the Truth that makes our bliss Pleads against denial!

4 Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best Fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,

"Jesus Christ is God with us, Born on Christmas Morning." 5 So we yield Thee all we can, Worship, thanks, and blessing; Thee True God, and Thee True Man, On our knees confessing;

While Thy Birth-day morn we greet With our best devotion,

Bathe us, O most True and Sweet! In Thy Mercy's Ocean.

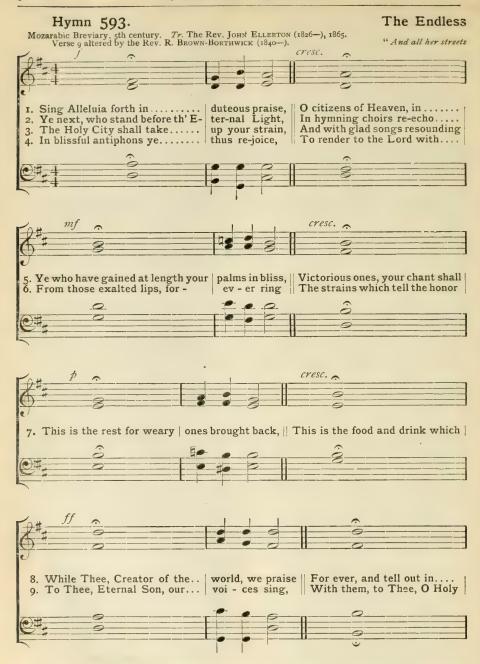
6 Thou That once, 'mid stable cold, Wast in babe-clothes lying, Thou Whose Altar-veils enfold Power and Life Undying, Thou Whose Love bestows a worth On each poor endeavor, Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth



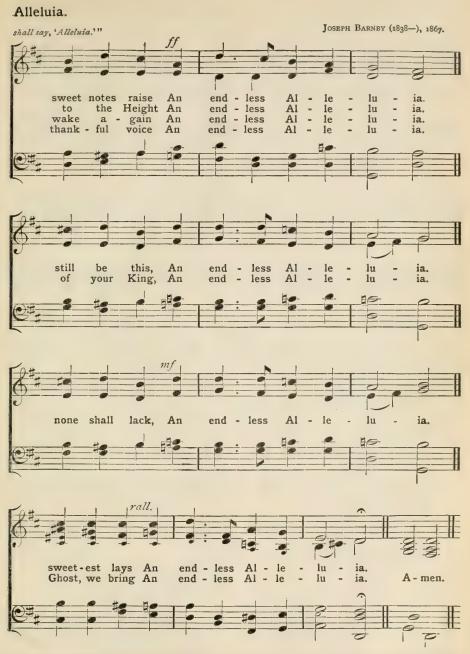
2 Prophets told the wondrous story Of the future King and Lord; Who from upper realms of glory Should descend our Light and Word. But they knew not all His brightness, Nor the fulness of His grace,-Could not join the heavenly chorus, Nor the song of triumph raise. As the angels sang we sing, Glory to our God and King,

And our song, etc.

3 We who know the loving Saviour, Who have found the lasting peace; Who have heard His Voice celestial, Bidding all our sorrows cease; We can raise the song of triumph, With th' angelic host proclaim: "Glory, glory in the highest! Christ is born in Bethlehem." And as angels sang we sing, Glory to our God and King, And our song, etc. Amen.



The performance of this Chant is capable of various modifications, e. g., the whole may be sung in Unison, by Trebles only.—I. B.



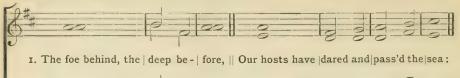
or only the 8th and 9th verses (the rest being sung in harmony); or again, the 5th and 6th verses may be sung

Hymn 594.

The Foe behind, the Deep before.

The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1854.

JOSEPH BARNBY (1838-), 1872.





And Pharaoh's warriors | strewthe |shore, || And Israel's | ransom'd | tribes are | free.



"I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriousty; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

- 2 Lift up, lift up your | voices | now! ||
 The whole wide | world re- | joices
 now! ||
 The Lord hath triumph'd | glorious-|ly!||
 The Lord shall | reign vic- | torious- | ly! ||
- Happy morrow,
 Turning sorrow
 Into | peace and | mirth! ||
 Bondage ending,
 Love de- | scending |
 O'er the | earth! ||
 Seals assuring,
 Guards securing,
 Watch His | earthly | prison: ||
 Seals are shattered,
 Guards are | scattered, |
 Christ hath | risen! ||
- 4 No longer must the | mourners | weep, ||
 Nor call de- | parted | Christians |
 dead; ||
 For death is hallowed | into | sleep, ||
 And every | grave be- | comes a |
 bed. ||

5 Now once more,
Eden's door
Open stands to | mortal | eyes; ||
For Christ hath | ris'n, and | men shall |
rise: |
Now at last,
Old things past,
Hope and joy and | peace be- | gin: ||

For Christ hath | won, and | man shall |

6 It is not exile, | rest on | high: ||

It is not | sadness, | peace from strife: ||

To fall asleep is | not to | die; ||

win. |

- To dwell with | Christ is | better | life. ||

 7 Where our banner leads us,
- Where our banner leads us,

 We may | safely | go: ||

 Where our Chief precedes us, |

 We may | face the | foe. ||

 His right Arm is o'er us,

 He will | guide us | through; ||

 Christ hath gone before us; |

 Christians! | follow | you! ||

8 He shall soon deliver from | ev'ry | woe. ||
Alleluia. | If His | paths ye | tread ||
Pleasures as a river shall | round you |
flow. ||

Alleluia. | When ye | see your | Head. ||

9 With loins upgirt, and | staff in | hand, || And hasty | mien and | sandalled | feet, ||

Around the Paschal | Lamb we | stand, || And of the | Paschal | Lamb we | eat. || 10 So shall He collect us, direct us, protect us

From | Egypt's | strand; ||

So shall He precede us, and feed us, and | lead us—to

Canaan's | land. ||

Toils and foes assailing, friends quailing, hearts failing

Shall | threat in | vain; ||

If He be providing, presiding and | Guiding-To | Him a- | gain. ||

II Christ, our Leader, Monarch, Pleader, Interceder,
Praise we | and a- | dore, ||
Exultation, veneration, gratulation |
Bringing | ever- | more. ||

These words are pointed for chanting.—Sing to the 11th verse the second part of the Chant.





"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."

- 2 Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind:
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace;
 Faint not, till in glory
 Gleams our Father's Face.
 Forward, all the life-time,
 Climb from height to height:
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth;
 Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth:
 Sick, they ask for healing,
 Blind, they grope for day;
 Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward, out of error,
 Leave behind the night;
 Forward, through the darkness
 Forward, into Light!
- Glories upon glories

 Hath our God prepared,

 By the souls that love Him

 One day to be shared:

 Eye hath not beheld them,

 Ear hath never heard;

 Nor of these have uttered

 Thought or speech a word:

 Forward, marching eastward

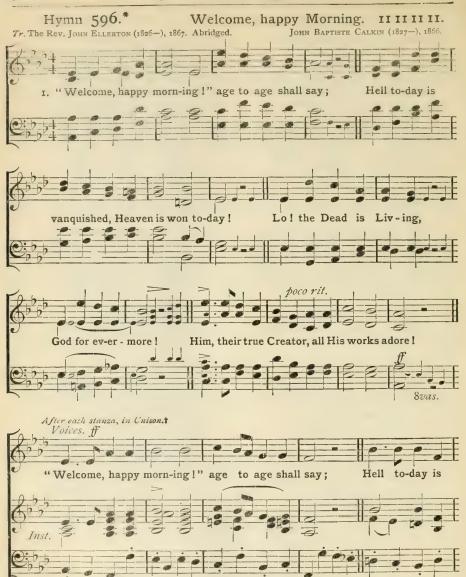
 Where the heaven is bright,

 Till the veil be lifted,

 Till our faith be sight!

- 5 Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth;
 That fair home is ours:
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold;
 Flows the gladdening river
 Shedding joys untold;
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might:
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into Light!
- 6 Into God's high Temple
 Onward as we press,
 Beauty spreads around us,
 Born of holiness;
 Arch, and vault, and carving,
 Lights of varied tone;
 Softened words and holy,
 Prayer and praise alone:
 Every thought upraising
 To our City bright,
 Where the tribes assemble
 Round the Throne of Light.
- 7 Nought that City needeth
 Of these aisles of stone:
 Where the Godhead dwelleth,
 Temple there is none:
 All the saints that ever
 In these courts have stood,
 Are but babes, and feeding
 On the children's food.
 On through sign and token,
 Stars amidst the night;
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into Light!

8 To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Glory,
Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into Light! Amen



^{*} This Hymn, written towards the close of the sixth century, by Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus (530—605), Bishop of Poietiers, was in use throughout Europe as a Processional Hymn for Easterday, and universally popular in the Middle Ages. So great a favorite did it become, that parodies of it were written for all the great festivals. Jerome of Prague sang it at the stake while dying. In 1544, Cranmer translated it into English, and sent it to Henry VIII., with a view to its being issued by royal authority, together with other Processional Hymns and Litanies. His translation is now lost, but his letter, recommending the use of the Hymn, is still preserved among the State Papers.

[†] After those verses which require the full organ for accompaniment, the Refrain may be taken piano to the end of the third line.



"This is a day of good tidings,"

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring, All good gifts returned with her returning King: Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough, Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now. "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light, Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight; Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea, Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee! "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
 Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
 Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
 Manhood to deliver, Manhood didst put on.
 "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 5 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo, Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show: Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word; 'Tis Thine own Third Morning, rise, my buried Lord! "Welcome, happy morning!" etc.
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chains; All that now is fallen raise to life again; Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see, Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee! "Welcome, happy morning!" etc. Amen.



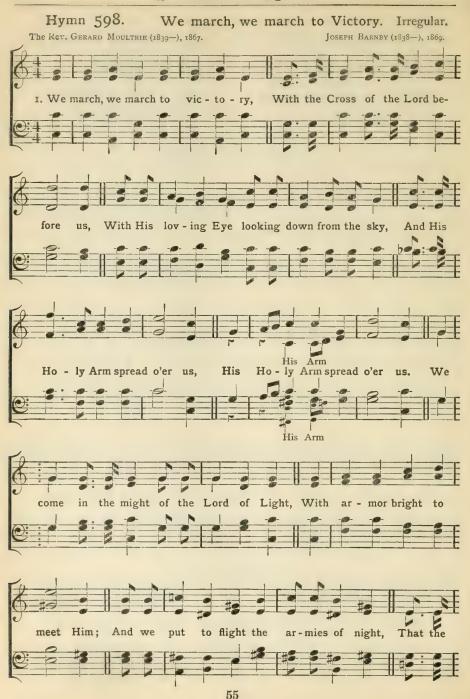
"They go from strength to strength."

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All One Body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's Own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, etc.
- 5 Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King;
 This through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing.
 Onward, etc.







"Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord."

2 Our Sword is the Spirit of God on High,
Our Helmet His Salvation;
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our Watchword—the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

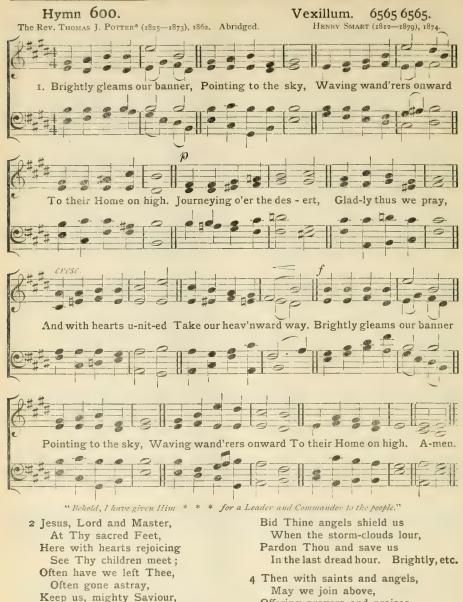
3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen
And burst the bars of iron. [gates,
We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His Eye of Love looking down from above,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, etc. Amen.





- 3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
 Our thankful hearts inviting
 To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,
 Both rich and poor uniting!
 Who bids us flee from sin,
 And makes us pure within,
 Till, warmed with heavenly love,
 We yearn to sing above
 Glad songs of praise for ever!
- 4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,
 Our thankful hearts inviting
 To High upraise our songs of praise,
 Both rich and poor uniting!
 To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 Till soaring higher and higher,
 We join the heavenly choir
 Before His Throne for ever! Amen.



3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;

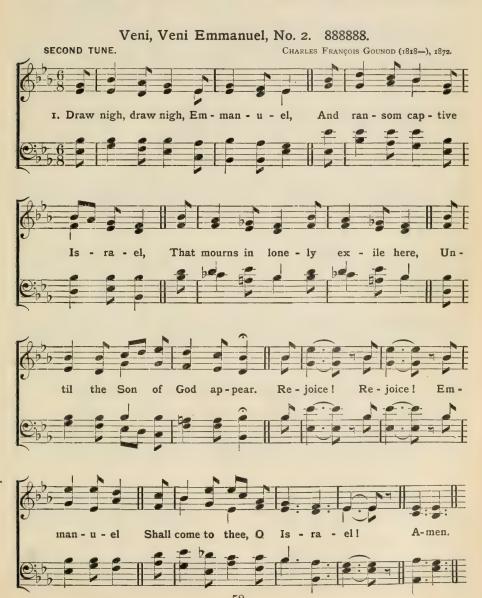
In the narrow way. Brightly, etc.

Then with saints and angels, May we join above, Offering prayers and praises At Thy Throne of love; When the toil is over, Then comes rest and peace,

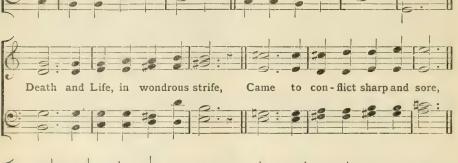
Jesus in His Beauty,
Songsthat never cease. Brightly, etc.
Amen.

^{*} He has rendered some of the ancient hymns in excellent verse

- 4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
 The Heavenly Gate unfolds to Thee;
 Make safe the way that leads on High,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel!
- 5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might, Who to Thy tribes from Sinai's height, In ancient time didst give the Law In cloud, and majesty, and awe. Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel Shall come to thee, O Israel! Amen.



Ancient Hymns. Hymn 605. Victimae Paschali. Irregular. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc. Hymnal Noted. Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818—1866), 1851. Slightly altered. (1806-1876), 1872. "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Un - to the Pas-chal Vic - tim bring, Christian, your thankful of - fer - ing, The Lamb the sheep hath ran-somed; Christ, the Un - de Hath sin-ners to His God Fa-ther re-con and led.



died,

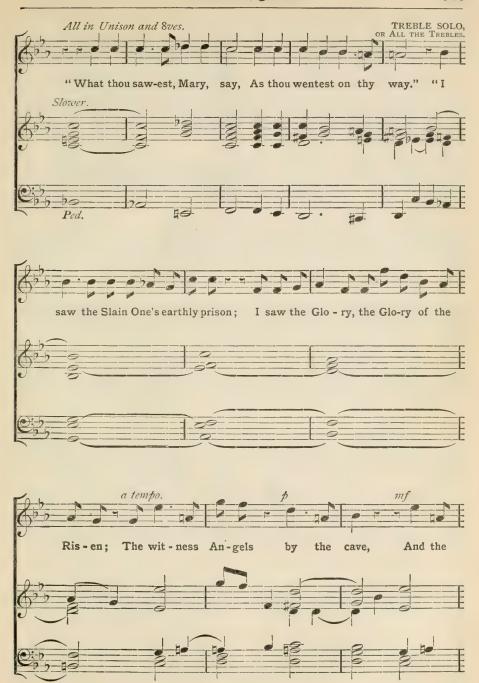
Now

no

more.

Mon-arch, He

That







"Who His Own Self bare our sins in His Own Body on the Tree."

- 2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed, Life's torrent rushing from His Side, To wash us in that precious Flood Where mingled Water flowed and Blood.
- 3 Fulfilled is all that David told
 In the prophetic song of old,
 Amidst the nations God, saith he,
 Hathreigned and triumphed from the Tree.
- 4 O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!
 O Tree with royal purple dight!

Elect on Whose triumphal breast Those holy Limbs should find their rest;

- 5 On whose dear Arms, so widely flung, The weight of this world's ransom hung; The price of human-kind to pay, And spoil the spoiler of his prey.
- 6 To Thee, Eternal Three in One, Let homage meet by all be done, Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore, Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.



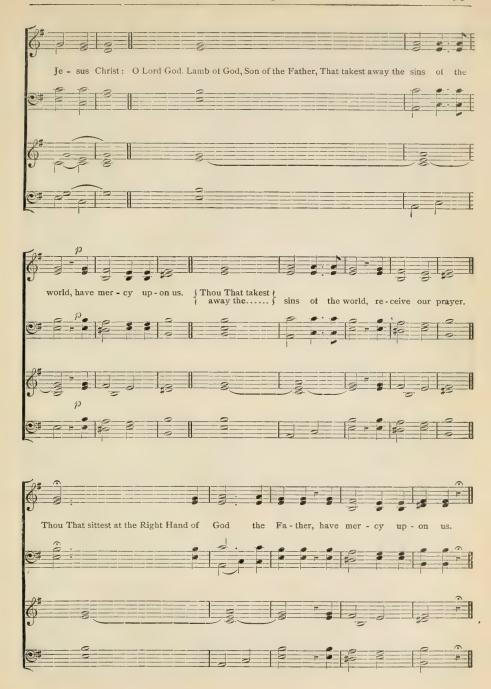
"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

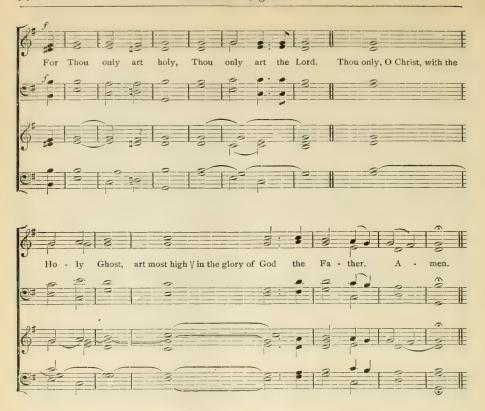
- 2 That Sunday morn, at break of day, The faithful women went their way To seek the tomb where Jesus lay. Alleluia!
- 3 An Angel robed in white they see,
 Who forthwith spoke unto the three,
 "Your Lord doth go to Galilee."
 Alleluia!
- 4 That night the Apostles met in fear; Amid them stood their Lord most dear, And said, "My peace be on all here." Alleluia!
- 5 When Thomas first the tidings heard, He doubted if it were the Lord, Until He came and spake this word: Alleluia!
- 6 "My Hands, my Feet I show to thee, My Side—stretch forth thy hand and see, Nor faithless but believing be." Alleluia!
- 7 No longer Thomas then denied; He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side; "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried. Alleluia!



- "Jerusalem, which is above, is free, which is the mother of us all."
- 2 Alleluia, joyful Mother, Salem, crowned above and free—Alleluia is thy watchword, where thine own rejoice with thee:
 But as yet by Babel's waters mourning exiles still are we.
- 3 Alleluia cannot always be our song while here below; Alleluia our transgressions make us for a while forego; For the solemn time is coming when our tears for sin must flow.
- 4 Wherefore in our hymns we pray Thee, blesséd, Holy Trinity, May we see Thine Easter glory in the Heavens with undimmed eye, There to Thee our Alleluia singing everlastingly. Amen.

Hymn 611 Gloria in Excelsis. JOHN HENRY CORNELL (1828-), 1880. Allegro. INSTRUMENT. O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Fa · ther Al - mighty. O Lord, the Only-begotten Son, 3 3 3 3 3





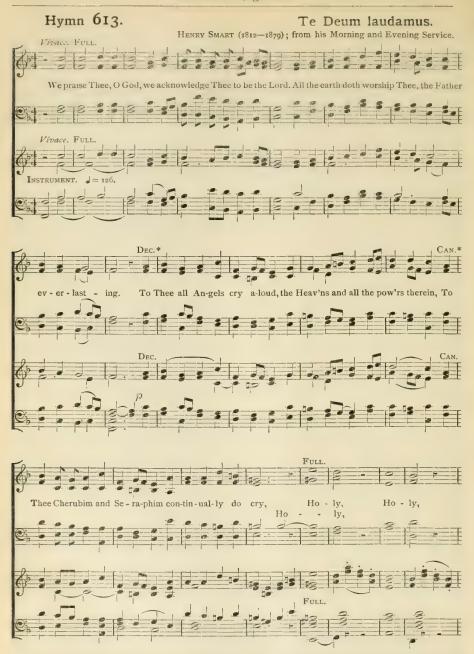
The use of a hymn of thanksgiving after the Communion may be reasonably associated with what is recorded of our Lord and His Aposties at the first institution of the Holy Eucharist; that "when they had sung an hymn" they left the upper chamber, as having thus concluded the sacred service. (St. Matthew xxvi., 30) The hymn or psalm then sung was probably part of the great Hallel, i. e., of Psalms 113-118. Or it might be as Archdeacon Freeman considers the "Praise-Song" still in use among the Jews, and in which he traces some remarkable coinci-lences of expression with our Lord's Great Eucharistic Prayer. In the Armenian Liturgy the 34th Psalm, and in the Constantinopolitan the 23d Psalm are sung after the Communion. The ordinary position of the Gloria in Excelsis in ancient Liturgies was, however, at the beginning, not at the end of the service. The Gloria in Excelsis—or, as it is cailed in the Oriental Church, "the Angelical Hymn," or "Great Doxology,"—so of great antiquity, naving been used from very early times as a daily morning hymn in combination with what is evidently the germ of the Te Deum. St. Chrysostom frequently mentions it, especially as used by ascetics for a morning hymn. It does not appear to have been thus used in the East, except among the Nestorians, at any time; but the first words of it are found in the Liturgy of St. James, and another portion of it in that of St. Chrysostom: "Thee we hymn; Thee we praise; to Thee we give thanks, Lord, and pray to Thee, our God." The germ of it was evidently used in Apostolic times, and perhaps the martyr Polycrams quoted it among his last words. Ancient writers state that the Gloria in Excelsis as now used was composed by Teles-Phores, Bishop of Rome, A.D. 128-138, but it does not appear that he did anything more than order the first words. The truth may possibly be that St. Hleary, A.D. 350, separated the ancient Morning Hymn of the Church into two portions, the first of which we know as the Gloria in Excelsis, and the second as the Te Deum, (Blunty's Ann

The above is an attempt to give, in the simplest form possible, a correct setting of the Gloria in Excelsis, to express the words and sense of the Hymn in a chant-form, with the proper division of the subject-matter into three parts, and omitting an unauthorized repetition of "Have mercy upon us."—J. H. C.

The Rev. John Henry Horriss, Jr., S.T.D., says, concerning the repetition alluded to by Mr. Cornell: "No branch of the Apostolic Church, in any land or any age, has that repetition in the middle portion of the Gloria in Excelsis except the Anglican Communion All Latin and Greek Liturgies have it correctly. The First Book of Edward VI. (the first English Prayer-Book, the offices being previously in Latin) was printed in 7549, and gives the Gloria in Excelsis correctly, without that repetition. The clause runs thus: "O Lord the only begotten Son, Jesu Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us." In the Second Book of Edward VI., published in 7552, a simple printer's doublet gave the repetition, which has since been reproduced in every subsequent edition. No other reason for the change is conceivable, except only that of a typographical error."



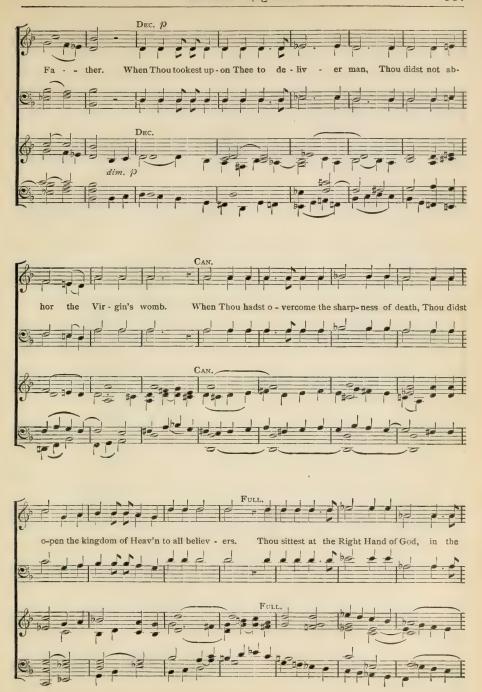
^{*&}quot;This beautiful anthem is of primitive origin, and if not an independently inspired form is naturally traceable to the angelic hymns in Isaiah vi. 3, and St. Luke ii. 13, the Trinitarian form of it being equally traceable to that of the baptismal formula ordained by our Lord in St. Matthew xxviii. 10. Clement of Alexandria, who wrote before the end of the second century, refers to the use of this hymn under the form, Giving glory to the One Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, and a hymn of about the same date is printed by Dr. Routh, in which there is an evident trace of the same custom: Praise we the Father and Son, and Holy Spirit of God. It is also referred to even earlier by Justin Martyrs. 'The Church throughout the world opens its lips day by day with the same words of faith in the Blessed Trinity, and of devout praise to Each Person; worshipping One God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.'"—(Blunt's Annotated Book of Common Prayer)

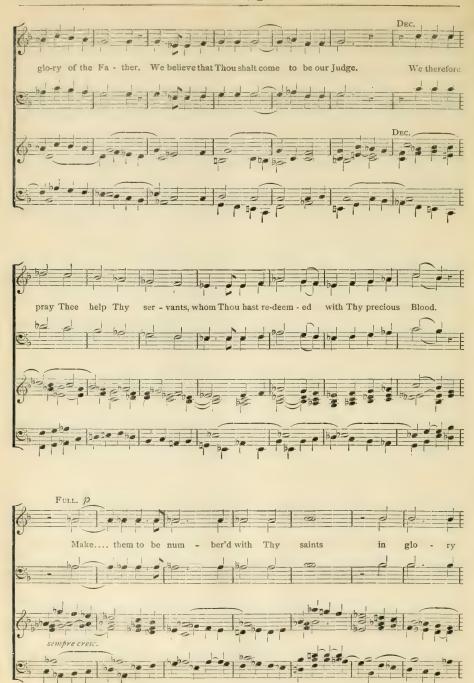


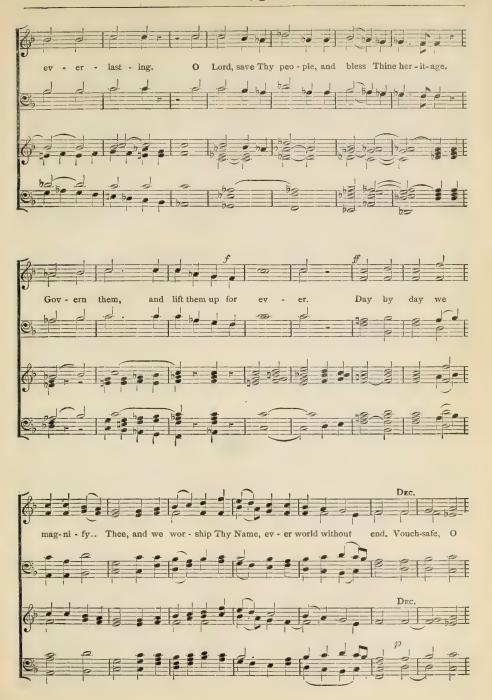
^{*} The words Decani (Dec.) and Cantoris (Can.) are used to distinguish the two sides of the Choir for the purposes of antiphonal (alternate) singing. The names are derived from the position of the Decanus or Dean and the Cantor or Precentor. The word "Full" applies both to Can. and Dec.

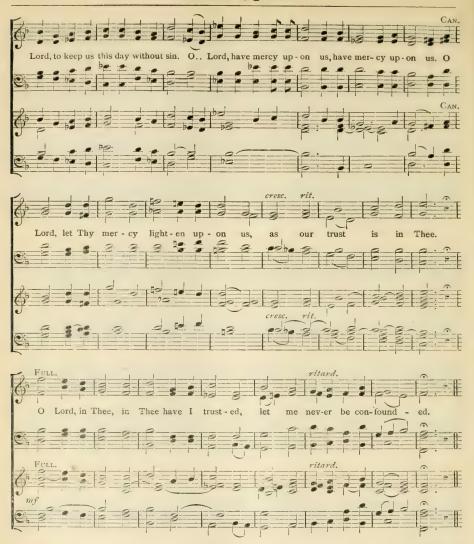












[&]quot;Fragments of the 'Te Deum' may have floated westward from Constantinople, just as the spirit of the early Greek hymns was breathed from Jerusalem; but there can be little doubt that in its final form this magnificent anthem first awakened the echoes of Ambrose's own Cathedra 14 Milan (A.D. 390), where a raptured listener was St. Augustine; and by the Bishop of Hippo it was borne over to Africa. The strain, so devout and stately, ran around the Mediterranean shore, and became a metrical cred to Christendom, as well as a c. ly prayer." (Dr. James Hamilton, of the Presbyterian Church, London.) "There is reason to think that some of the material of the 'Te Deum Laudamus' is much older than the time of St. Ambrose. So early as allowing words in St. Cyprian's Treatise, 'On the mortality' that was then afflicting Carthage: 'Ah. perfect and perpetual bliss! There is the glorious company of the Apostles; there is the fellowship of the prophets exulting: there is the innumerable multitude of martyrs, crowned after their victory of strife and passion; and the striking parallel between them and the seventh, eighth, and ninth verses of the 'Te Deum' seems certainly more than accidental." (Bluny's "Annotated Book of Common Prayer.") Others date it from the fifth or sixth century. The "Te Deum" was praised by Luther as "a good symbol not less than a perfect hymn." "This great lyric," says Thomas H. Gill. (a modern hymn-writer of rare ability) "recognizes every fundamental objective truth of Christianity—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Vicarious Redemption, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Second Coming; but," says he, "it presents these truths poetically, not dogmatically, to the adoring gaze of faith and love, not to the discriminating survey of the intellect."

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All praise and thanks to God Most High	107	Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth.
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All praise to Thee, my God, this night	16	The Rt. Rev. Thomas Ken, D.D.
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Almighty God, Thy Word is cast	56	The Rev. John Cawood.
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Amazing grace, how sweet the sound	374	The Rev. John Newton.
And will the Judge descend	488	The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D.
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Art thou weary, art thou languid	366	Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
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Awake, and sing the song	127	Hammond & Madan.
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Bread of the world, in mercy broken	440	The. Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D.
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Bright was the guiding star that led	215	Miss Harriet Auber.
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Children of the Heavenly King	367	The Rev. John Cennick.
Christ is made the sure Foundation	52	Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
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Christians, awake, salute the happy morn	213	John Byrom, M.A., F.R.S.
Clear upon the night air sounding	592	Author unknown.
Come, Heavenly Dove, inspire my song	140	Miss Anne Steele.
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	268	Tr. The Rt. Rev. John Cosin, D.D The Rev. Joseph Hart The Rev. Simon Browne.
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Come, let our songs resound	550	Miss Jane Taylor.
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	145	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
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Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	332	The Rev. John Newton.
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Day of wrath, O dreadful day Days and moments quickly flying	490	Tr. The Very Rev. A. P. Stanley, D.D The Rev. Edward Caswall.
Dear Refuge of my weary soul	49 2 404	Miss Anne Steele.
Deathless principle, arise!	453	The Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady.
Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness	447	Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth.
Dost Thou in a manger lie	205	Tr. Mrs. Elizabeth (Rundle) Charles.
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Eternal Father, strong to save Eternal Father, Thou hast said	465	The Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D.
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Ever would I fain be reading	569	Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth.
Every morning mercies new	3	The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.
Every morning the red sun	557	Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.
Exalted high at God's Right Hand	508	The Rev. Rowland Hill.
FAIR waved the golden corn	551	The Rev. John Hampden Gurney,
Far from my Heavenly Home	378	The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone.	348	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
Far from these narrow scenes of night	522	Miss Anne Steele.
Father, again in Jesus' Name we meet	40	Lady Lucy E. G. Whitmore.
Father, I know that all my life	302 326	Miss Anna Letitia Waring. The Rev. William Josiah Irons, D.D.
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For all the saints who from their labors	496	The Rt. Rev. William W. How, D.D.
For all Thy saints, O Lord	506	The Rt. Rev. Richard Mant, D.D.
For the beauty of the earth	558 513	Folliott Sandford Pierpoint. Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	540	The Rev. Henry Downton.
Forever with the Lord	451	James Montgomery.
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Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go	304	The Rev. Charles Wesley.
Fountain of mercy! God of love!	105	Mrs. Alice Flowerdew.
From all that dwell below the skies	59 5 88	The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D. The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
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From the deeps, to Thee, O Lord	292	William Bartholomew.
GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild	581	The Rev. Charles Wesley.
Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	416	Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth.
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Give me the wings of faith to rise	383	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
Give to the winds thy fears	40I 527	Tr. The Rev. John Wesley The Rev. John Newton.
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Glory be to the Father	612	Ancient.
Go labor on, spend and be spent	321	The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.
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Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime	460	James MontgomeryBeddome & Cotterill.
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God is the Refuge of His saints	359	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
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God of life and light and motion	97	The Very Rev. Frederick Oakeley.
God of mercy, God of peace	87	The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.
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Golden harps are sounding	578	Miss Frances Ridley Havergal.
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Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	262	The Rev. Jonathan Whittemore The Rt. Rev. C. Wordsworth, D.D.
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Great God! how infinite art Thou	117	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.

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Great God! what do I see and hear	485	Ringwaldt & Collyer.
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date me, e mea great jeneram visit	340	The Rev. William Williams.
HAIL the day that sees Him rise	255	The Rev. Charles Wesley.
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus	149	John Bakewell.
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Happy the souls to Jesus joined	344 449	The Rev. Charles Wesley. The Rev. Charles Wesley.
Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are	518	The Rev. Frederick W. Faber, D.D.
Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals	599	The Rev Godfrey Thring.
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord	275	William Cowper.
Hark! ten thousand harps and voices	193	The Rev. Thomas Kelly.
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes.	186	The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D
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Hark the song of jubilee	466 521	James Montgomery. The Rt. Rev. C. Wordsworth, D.D.
Hark the Voice of love and mercy	228	The Rev. Jonathan Evans.
Hark! what mean those holy voices	199	The Rev. John Cawood.
Have mercy, Lord, on me	282	Brady & Tate.
Have mercy on us, God Most High	74	The Rev. Frederick W. Faber, D.D.
He is gone, a cloud of light	258	The Very Rev. A. P. Stanley, D.D.
He lives! the great Redeemer lives!	403	Miss Anne Steele.
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How bright these glorious spirits shine!	497	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
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How gentle God's commands	350	The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D.
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How sweet and awful is the place	443	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	133	The Rev. John Newton.
How swift the torrent rolls	459	The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D.
Hushed was the evening hymn	577	The Rev, James Drummond Burns.
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I heard the Voice of Jesus say	276	The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.
I journey through a desert drear and wild.	410	Mrs. Mary Jane Walker.
I know that my Redeemer lives	131	The Rev. Charles Wesley.
I lay my sins on Jesus	308	The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D The Rev. T. Dwight, D.D., LL.D.
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord I sing the almighty Power of God	394 582	The Rev. I. Dwight, D.D., LL.D.
I think when I read that sweet story	574	Mrs. Jemima Luke.
If God be on my side	371	Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth.
If thou but suffer God to guide the	351	Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth.
I'll praise my Maker with my breath	102	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
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Jerusalem the golden!	520	Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
Jesus came, the Heavens adoring	195	The Rev. Godfrey Thring.
Jesus Christ our Saviour	566	William Whiting.
Jesus, grant me this I pray	167	Tr. The Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. . Tr. The Rev. Arthur T. Russell.
Jesus, guide our way	330	. Tr. The Rev. Arthur T. Russell.
Jesus, Holy, Undefiled	579	Mrs. E. Shepcote.
Jesus! I love Thy charming Name	142	The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D.
Jesus, I my cross have taken	303	The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	250	Tr. Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox.
Jesus, Lover of my soul	155	The Rev. Charles Wesley.
Jesus, meek and gentle	568	The Rev. George Rundle Prynne.
Jesus my Lord, how rich Thy grace	480	The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D.
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Jesus my Lord, my God, my All	165	The Rev. Henry Collins.
Jesus my Lord, my Life, my All	295	The Rev. Samuel Medley.
Jesus, my Saviour, look on me	153	The Rev. John Robert Macduff, D.D.
Jesus, my Strength, my Hope	161	The Rev. Charles Wesley.
Jesus, Name all names above	174	Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
Jesus, our gentle Shepherd, see	559	Miss Jane Taylor.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	469	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
Jesus, still lead on	159	Tr. Miss Jane Borthwick.
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Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts	152	Tr. The Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D.
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	154	Tr. The Rev. John Wesley.
Jesus, Thy Church with longing eyes	183	The Rev. William H. Bathurst.
Jesus, we look to Thee	53	The Rev. Charles Wesley.
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	341	William Cowper.
Jesus, Who knows full well	407	The Rev. John Newton.
Join, all ye servants of the Lord	65	Miss Harriet Auber.
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Let all the world in every corner sing	III	The Rev. George Herbert.
Let me be with Thee where Thou art	158	Miss Charlotte Elliott.
Let our Choir new anthems raise	505	Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
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Light of those whose dreary dwelling	180	The Rev. Charles Wesley.
Light's abode, Celestial Salem	526	Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
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Lc! He comes with clouds descending	181	Cennick, Wesley and Madan.
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Lo! summer comes again	529	The Very Rev. Edw. H. Plumptre, D.D.
Lo! the angels' Food is given	437	The Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
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Lord God of morning and of night	8	Francis Turner Palgrave.
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	esus, are we one with Thee	328	James George Deck.
	esus, when we stand afar	232	The Rt. Rev. William W. How, D.D.
	glory, Who hast bought us	483	Mrs, Eliza Sibbald Alderson.
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	Thee I make confession	284	Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth.
	re raise our cry to Thee	301	The Very Rev. Henry H. Milman, D.D.
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	d, how endless is Thy love	435	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
	d, is any hour so sweet	57	Miss Charlotte Elliott.
	d, my King, Thy various praise	114	The Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.
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	iour! I am Thine	311	The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D.
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My spi	rit on Thy care	331	The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.
My tru	st is in the Lord	92	The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.
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Now le	t our cheerful eyes survey t our mourning hearts revive	147	The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D. The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D.
	by soul, thy voice upraising		Tr. The Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart.
Now th	ank we all our God	546	Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth.
	e day is over.		The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.
	hen the dusky shades of night	7	Author unknown.
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	ld I speak the matchless worth		Tr. The Very Rev. Frederick Oakeley The Rev. Samuel Medley.
	d our thoughts and wishes fly	390	Miss Anne Steele.
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O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand	349	The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D.
O God of good th' unfathomed Sea	355	The Rev. John Wesley.
O God, Thou art my God alone	364	James Montgomery.
O God, Thy power is wonderful	100	The Rev. Frederick Wm. Faber, D.D.
O God, unseen, yet ever near	438	Edward Osler, M.D., F.L.S.
O God, we praise Thee and confess	76	Brady & Tate.
O help us, Lord, each hour of need	340	The Very Rev. Henry H. Milman, D.D.
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O Holy Lord, content to live	427	The Rt. Rev. Wm. W. How, D.D.
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O Jesus ever present	343	The Rev. Lawrence Tuttiett.
O Jesus, I have promised	309	The Rev. John Ernest Bode.
O Jesus, King most wonderful	122	Tr. The Rev. Edward Caswall.
O Jesus! Lord of heavenly grace	5	Tr. The Rev. John Chandler.
O Jesus, Thou art standing	219	The Rt. Rev. Wm. W. How, D.D.
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BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

AUTHORS AND TRANSLATORS.

- ADAMS (FLOWER), Mrs. SARAH, was the younger daughter of Mr. Benjamin Flower, editor and proprietor of "The Cambridge Intelligencer;" born at Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1805, married, 1834, to William Bridges Adams, an eminent civil engineer; died Aug. 14, 1848. Her hymns appeared in "Hymns and Anthems," published by Mr. Charles Fox (1841), in "Vivia Perpetua," a dramatic poem (1841), and in "The Flock at the Fountain" (1845),
- ADDISON, JOSEPH, M.A., son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, Rector of Milston, in Wiltshire (afterwards Dean of Lichfield); born at Milston Rectory, May 1, 1672: educated at the Charterhouse and at Queen's and Magdalen Colleges, Oxford, where he was graduated. His proficiency in Latin poetry soon brought him into notice, and in 1695 a poem on one of the campaigns of William III. obtained for him the patronage of Lord Somers. In 1699 a pension from the Crown enabled him to indulge in foreign travel, an account of which he subsequently published. In 1704 he celebrated the victory of Blenheim in a poem entitled "The Campaign," and was immediately appointed a Commissioner of Appeals. After holding other offices he became Secretary of State in 1717, but soon resigned his post, and died at Holland House, Kensington, near London, June 17, 1719. He is now best known by his contributions to the "Spectator," the "Tatler," the "Guardian," and the "Freeholder," which are remarkable for the excellence of their tone and style. He wrote five hymns, which appeared in the "Spectator" in 1712. He published "Cato," a tragedy, with many minor works.
- ALBINUS, The Rev. Johann Georg. Born in Unterneitza or Unternessa, near Weissenfels, March 6, 1624. In 1653 he became rector of the Cathedral School at Naumberg, and in 1657 Minister of St. Othmar's, at Naumburg. Died at Naumburg, May 25, 1679.
- ALDERSON (Dykes), Mrs. Eliza Sibbald.
- ALEXANDER, Mrs. CECIL FRANCES, daughter of Major John Humphreys; born in Dublin, 1823; married, Oct. 15, 1850, to the Rev. William Alexander, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Derry. She has published "Hymns for Little Children" (1848), "Hymns Descriptive and Devotional" (1858), "Verses for Holy Seasons" (1846), "Narrative Hymns" (1857), "Moral Songs," etc.
- ALEXANDER, The Rev. James Waddell, D.D., eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, born at Hopewell, Louisa County, Va., March 13, 1804,

- was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1820. After pastorates in Charlotte County, Va., and Trenton, N. J., and a professorship of rhetoric and belleslettres in the College of New Jersey, he became, in 1844, pastor of the Duane St. Presbyterian Church in New York. In 1849 he was appointed professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. In 1851 he assumed the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. He died at Sweetsprings, Va., July 31, 1859. His published works were many and are held in high estimation.
- ALFORD, The Very Rev. HENRY, D.D., son of the Rev. Henry Alford, Rector of Aston Sandford, Buckinghamshire; born in London, Oct. 7, 1810; educated at Ilminster Grammar School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow; appointed Dean of Canterbury in 1857, and died at the deanery Jan. 12, 1871. He was buried in the Church-yard of St. Martin's, Canterbury; and his tomb bears the beautiful inscription, in Latin: "The Inn of a Traveller on his way to Jerusalem." His hymns will be found in his "Poetical Works" (4th ed., 1865), in "Psalms and Hymns adapted to the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year" (1844), which he compiled, and in the "Year of Praise," edited by him in 1867. He was eminent as a preacher while Minister of Quebec Street Chapel, London. His edition of the Greek Testament is well known.
- ALLEN, James, son of Oswald Allen, was born at Gayle, in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, June 24, 1734. He was at first educated with the view of his taking Holy Orders, and spent a year (1751) at St. John's College, Cambridge; but in 1752 became a follower of Mr. Ingham, and, like him, one of Lady Huntingdon's preachers. He afterwards joined the Sandemanians, but subsequently left them, and built a chapel on his own estate at Gayle, where he officiated till his death, Oct, 31, 1804. He was editor and principal contributor to what is known as the "Kendal Hymn Book" (1757), and "Appendix" added to the 2d ed. (1761), He also published seventeen hymns, entitled "Christian Songs."
- AMBROSE. This eminent prelate was the son of the Prefect of Gaul, and was probably born at Treves about the year 340. He studied law in Milan, and was at an early age appointed Consular Prefect of Liguria, the province to which Milan belonged. In 374, during the contentions between the Arian and the Orthodox parties respecting the appointment of a

bishop, the people of Milan prevailed on Ambrose to take Holy Orders, and himself to accept the episcopal office, which he filled with distinction till his death, April 3d or 4th, 397. To Ambrose is attributed the introduction of the singing of Psalms into the Western Church, in imitation of the Eastern usege, and also the practice of antiphonal or responsive singing.

- ANATOLIUS, became Patriarch of Constantinople in 449; died in 458. The Rev. Dr. Neale says of his compositions: "They are not numerous, and are almost all short, but they are usually very spirited." Anatolius has become most familiar to us through Dr. Neale's translations in "The Hymns of the Eastern Church."
- ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN; Danish poet and novelist, born at Odensee, Denmark, April 2, 1805; his father was a shoemaker in needy circumstances. Andersen was a voluminous and popular writer, whose works became familiar to many in England and America. He died in 1875.
- ANDREW of Crete, born at Damascus about 660; embraced the monastic life at Jerusalem, from which city he sometimes takes his name; became Deacon of the Great Church, and Warden of the Orphanage at Constantinople; Archbishop of Crete in 711; died in the island of Hierissus, near Mitylene, about 732.

ANGELUS, SILESIUS. See Scheffler.

- ANSTICE, Joseph, the second son of Mr. William Anstice, of Madeley Wood, Shropshire, was born in 1808. He was educated at Westminster School and at Oxford, and in 1830 was appointed Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. He died at Torquay, Feb. 29, 1836. His hymns were all dictated to his wife during the last few weeks of his life, and a selection of them was privately printed by her soon after his death. In 1841 twenty-seven of Professor Anstice's hymns were published in "The Child's Christian Year."
- AUBER, Miss Harriet, daughter of Mr. James Auber; born in London, Oct. 4, 1773; died at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, Jan. 22, 1862. In 1829 she published anonymously "The Spirit of the Psalms," most of the pieces in which were original.
- BAHNMAIER, The Rev. Jonathan Frederic, D.D., born July 12, 1774, at Oberstenfeld, near Marbach in Würtemberg; studied theology at Tübingen; held ecclesiastical charges at Marbach and Ludwigsburg; from 1815 to 1819 Professor of Theology at Tübingen; afterward appointed Dean of Kirchheim: died Aug. 18, 1841. He was, towards the close of his life, one of a commission appointed to prepare a collection of hymns for the Lutheran Church.
- BAKER, Sir Henry Williams, Bart., son of Sir Henry Loraine Baker, 2d Baronet; born in London May 27, 1821; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1844; took Holy Orders in the same year; Vicar of Monkland, near Leominster, Herefordshire, 1851. His hymns appeared in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (1861), with "Appendix" (1868), new edition (1874). a collection of which he was one of the principal compilers. He died at Monkland, Feb. 11, 1877.

- BAKEWELL, The Rev. John, born in 1721, at Brailsford, Derbyshire; became in 1749 a Wesleyan preacher at Greenwich, and died at Lewisham, March 18, 1819.
- BARBAULD, Mrs. Anna Letitia, daughter of Dr. John Aiken, master of a school at Kibworth, Leicestershire; born at Kibworth, June 20, 1743; married, 1774, the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a Unitarian minister; died at Stoke Newington, March 9, 1825.
- BARING-GOULD, The Rev. Sabine, M.A., eldest son of Mr. Edward Baring-Gould, of Lew Trenchard, Devon; born at Exeter, Jan. 28, 1834; educated at Clare College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1854; took Holy Orders in 1864; Rector of East Mersea, Essex, 1871. His hymns, original and translated, have appeared in "The People's Hymnal" (1867), in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (1867), with "Appendix" (1868), and in other publications.
- BARTHOLOME W, WILLIAM; born in London, Sept. 6, 1793. From the year 1822 he devoted much of his time to writing lyric versions for foreign music; till 1841, when he became acquainted with Mendelssohn, who made him his collaborator. Mr. Bartholomew married, in 1853, Miss Ann Sheppard Mounsey. He died Aug. 18, 1867.
- BATHURST, The Rev. WILLIAM HILEY, son of the Hon. C. Bragge Bathurst, of Lydney Park, Gloucestershire; born at Clevedale, near Bristol, Aug. 28, 1796; became Rector of Barwich-in-Elmet, Yorkshire, 1820; resigned, from conscientious scruples, 1852; and retired to his estate of Lydney Park, where he died in 1877.
- BAXTER, The Rev. RICHARD, only son of Mr. Richard Baxter, veoman, of Eaton Constantine, Shropshire, born at Rowton, in the same county, Nov. 12, 1615; educated at Wroxeter School; became master of the Grammar School at Dudley, and afterwards, having taken Holy Orders, Curate of Kidderminster, Worcestershire. During the civil war he was chaplain to one of Cromwell's regiments, and on the restoration was appointed one of the chaplains to Charles II. He afterwards refused the bishopric of Hereford, and on the passage of the Act of Uniformity became a nonconformist minister. He died in London, Dec. 8, 1601. His "Poetical Fragments" were published in 1681, and his metrical "Paraphrase on the Psalms" in 1692, after his death. He was celebrated as a preacher, and is now best known as the author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest."
- BEDDOME, The Rev. Benjamin, born at Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire, Eng., Jan. 23, 1717. In early life apprenticed to a surgeon in Bristol, and afterwards removed to London. In 1743, he became pastor of the Baptist Congregation at Bourton-on-thewater, Gloucestershire, to whom he preached till the time of his death, Sept. 3, 1795. He was the author of several volumes of sermons, and a work entitled "Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion," which did not appear until 1818.
- BERNARD of Clairvaux. The great Bernard, who is distinguished as St. Bernard of Clairvaux, was born at Fontaine, in Burgundy, in the year 1991. His father was a nobleman, named Tecelinus. Bernard was educated at the University of Paris, and having become a Cistercian monk, was appointed in 1115

the first Abbot of the new monastery at Clairvaux, in Champagne. Luther calls him "the best monk that ever lived." He died at Clairvaux, Aug. 20, 1153. Seven poems are ascribed to him, the principal of which are "Jubilus Rhythmicus de Nomine Jesu" (cir. 1130), and "Oratio Rhythmica ad Christum a cruce pendentem."

- BERNARD of Morlaix lived in the 12th century; born at Morlaix, in Brittany, but, it is said, of English parents; became a monk of the celebrated Abbey of Clugny, in France. He composed a poem chiefly on the corruption of the age, entitled "De Contemptu Mundi."
- BERRIDGE, The Rev. John. An eccentric clergyman, the son of a farmer. Born at Kingston, Nottinghamshire, Eng., March 1, 1716. Entered Clare Hall, Cambridge, Oct. 28, 1734: Curate of Stapleford, near Cambridge, 1749; Vicar of Everton, 1755; a friend of Wesley, Whitefield and Lady Huntington; died Jan. 22, 1793.
- BLACKIE, Professor John Stuart, the son of Alexander Blackie, Esq., a banker of Aberdeen; born at Glasgow, July 25, 1809. Educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh; resided also at Gottingen, Berlin and Rome. Called to the bar in 1834; in 1841 appointed Professor of Latin Literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen; and in 1850, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, which position he now holds; the author of numerous classical articles, and of later works, entitled "Self-Culture" and "The Natural History of Atheism." In 1857 he published "Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems."
- BODE, The Rev. John Ernest, M.A., son of Mr. William Bode, late of the General Post Office; born in 1816; was educated at Eton and the Charter-house, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1837; took Holy Orders in 1841; Bampton Lecturer in 1855; Rector of Castle Camps, Cambridgeshire, 1860, and died there Oct. 6, 1874.
- BODEN, The Rev. James; born at Chester, Eng., 1757; studied for the ministry at Homerton College; was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society; and after long, earnest and laborious pastorates at Hanley, in Staffordshire, and at Sheffield, died June 4, 1841.
- BOHEMIAN BRETHREN. A Christian Society, which originated in the 15th century, and rejected the mass, purgatory, transubstantiation, prayers for the dead, and the adoration of images; and contended for the communion in both kinds. Attracted greatest notice in the 16th century; but afterwards joined the Zuinglians and generally disappeared. In the 16th century, a valuable translation of the Bible was published at Kralitz, in Moravia, by eight learned Bohemian Brethren.
- BONAR, The Rev. Horatius, D.D., son of Mr. James Bonar; born Dec. 19, 1808, at Edinburgh, where he was educated at the High School, and at the University; Minister of the Free Church of Scotland at Kelso, and now at Grange, Edinburgh. His hymns first appeared in "Songs for the Wilderness" (two series, 1843-4), in the "Bible Hymn Book," (1845), and in "Hymns Original and Selected" (1850). His "Hymns of Faith and Hope" appeared, the 1st Series in 1857

- (Preface dated 1856), the 2d Series in 1861, the 3d Series in 1866.
- BORTHWICK, Miss Jane, born in 1825. Miss Borthwick, in conjunction with her sister, Mrs. Eric Findlater, has published "Hymns from the Land of Luther," translated from the German, in four series, the first appearing in 1854; also "Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours (1859), and many poetical pieces contributed to the "Family Treasury." The sisters have adopted the common signature "H. L. L."
- BRADY, The Rev. NICHOLAS, D.D., son of an officer in the Royalist army, was born Oct. 28, 1659, at Bandon, in the county of Cork. He was educated at Westminster School, at Christ Church, Oxford, and afterwards at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1685. He was appointed one of the chaplains to William III., and died May 20, 1726. His name is now known as the associate of Nahum Tate in producing the metrical version of the Psalms authorized in 1696. The share of each in this work cannot be distinguished.
- BRIDGES, MATTHEW, youngest son of John Bridges, Esq., of Wallington House, Surrey; born at the Friars, Maldon, Essex, July 14, 1800. Mr. Bridges became a Roman Catholic about 1852.
- BRIGHT, The Rev. WILLIAM, D.D.; born in 1824. His name appears in connection with Hymn 589, a carol which appears in "Carols, New and Old," by the Rev. H. Bramley and Dr. Stainer. It is also given among Chope's "Carols for use in Church." London, 1875.
- BROWNE, The Rev. SIMON, born about 1680, at Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, Pastor of the Independent Church in Old Jewry, London, 1716; died at Shepton Mallet, 1732. He published "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," in three Books (1720).
- BRUCE, MICHAEL, son of a weaver; born at Kinnesswood, in Kinross-shire, March 27, 1746; studied for the ministry of the Scottish Church at the University of Edinburgh, but falling into a rapid decline, died at Kinnesswood July 5, 1767. After his death his manuscripts were placed into the hands of his friend, the Rev. John Logan, who published in 1770 a small volume entitled "Poems on Several Occasions, by Michael Bruce;" but of these, according to Logan's preface, only seven were Bruce's compositions. Afterwards, in 1781, Logan published a volume of poems in which he inserted as his own Bruce's "Ode to the Cuckoo," and several of his hymns. Some of the hymns were added in 1781 to "Translations and Paraphrases," a book prepared by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The works of Michael Bruce, in an authentic form, were edited by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart in 1865. Bruce wrote twelve hymns.
- BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN; born at Cummington, Hampshire Co., Mass., Nov. 3, 1794; in 1810 entered Williams College, and at the end of two years engaged in the study of the law; admitted to the bar in 1815; removed to New York in 1825; in 1826 became connected with the "Evening Post" newspaper, and after a long and brilliant literary career died, June, 1878.
- BUCKOLL, The Rev. Henry James, M.A., son of the Rev. James Buckoll, Rector of Siddington, near

Cirencester, Gloucestershire, where he was born Sept. 9, 1803; educated at Rugby School and at Queen's College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1826; became an Assistant Master at Rugby School in the same year; took Holy Orders in 1827, and died at Rugby, June 6, 1871. In 1839 he edited a collection of hymns for use in Rugby Parish Church, but nothing wholly composed by him is included in it. In 1857 he compiled, in conjunction with Dr. Goulburn, a new edition of the collection for Rugby School Chapel, which contains fourteen hymns by him. In 1842 he published "Hymns Translated from the German," taken from Bunsen's "Versuch eines allgemeinen Evangelischen Gesang-und Gebetbuchs" (1833). Some of his hymns are included in the collection used at Harrow School, in Gurney's "Psalms and Hymns Selected for some of the Churches in Marylebone" (1851), and in other collec-

- BULLOCK, The Very Rev. WILLIAM, D.D.; for many years a missionary in Nova Scotia, for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Afterward Dean of Nova Scotia. The compiler of "Songs of the Church," (Halifax, 1834.)
- BURNS, The Rev. James Drummond, born in 1823; died in 1864; the author of Hymn 577, "Hushed was the Evening Hymn," which appeared in 1856.
- BYROM, JOHN, M.A., F.R.S., second son of Edward Byrom, a linen-draper; born at Kersall near Manchester, and baptized Feb. 29, 1692; educated at Merchant Tailors' School, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1711, and of which he became a Fellow; died Sept. 26, 1763. He was the inventor of a successful system of shorthand. His poems were published posthumously in 1773, and in a more complete edition in 1814.
- CALVERLY, C. STUART. His name appears in connection with Hymn 160, "Sovereign of Heaven."
- CAMERON, The Rev. WILLIAM, born in 1751; educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen; Minister of Kirknewton, in Mid-Lothian, 1785; died at Kirknewton, Nov. 17, 1811. Some of Dr. Watts' hymns, altered by Cameron, were included in the revised edition of the "Scottish Paraphrases," (1781). A posthumous volume of his poems, containing five Psalms and four Hymns, was published in 1813.
- CAMPBELL, Miss Jane Montgomery. Her name appears in connection with the admirable harvest-tide Hymn, "We plough the fields and scatter"—Hymn 533—a translation from the German of Matthias Claudius, published in "A Garland of Songs, with Tunes," edited by the Rev. C. S. Bere, 1861.
- CAMPBELL, ROBERT; an advocate who resided in Edinburgh; prominent as a compiler of a hymnbook for the diocese of St. Andrew's of the Scottish Episcopal Church. To this book Mr. Campbell contributed several original hymns and admirable translations from the Latin. He died in Edinburgh, Dec. 29, 1868. He had some time before been received into the Church of Rome.
- CARLYLE, The Rev. JOSEPH DACRE, B.D., son of George Carlyle, M.D., of Carlisle, where he was born June 4, 1758; Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, 1794: succeeded Dr. Paley as Chancellor of Carlisle; Vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne,

- where he died, April 12, 1804. His hymns appeared in a posthumous volume of poems published in 1805.
- CASWALL, The Rev. Edward, son of the Rev. R. C. Caswall; born July 15, 1814, at Yately in Hampshire; educated at Brasenose College, Oxford; took Holy Orders in 1838, and in 1847 joined the Church of Rome, of which he became a priest. In 1849 fle published the "Lyra Catholica," containing all the Breviary and Missal Hymns, with others from various sources; in 1858 the "Masque of Mary," and other poems. Died Jan. 2, 1878.
- CAWOOD, The Rev. John, M.A., son of Mr. Thomas. Cawood, a farmer at Matlock, Derbyshire, where he was born, March 18, 1775; educated at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1801; took Holy Orders in the same year; Perpetual Curate of St. Ann's, Bendley, Worcestershire, 1814; died Nov. 7, 1852. Mr. Cawood wrote about seventeen hymns, none of which he published himself. Some of them, however, have been printed. Nine are in "Cotterill's Selection of Psalms and Hymns" (1810).
- CENNICK, The Rev. John, born at Reading, Berkshire, Dec. 12, 1718; was at first a preacher under Wesley, then under Whitefield; afterwards (in 1745) joined the [Moravian] Brethren, and died in London, July 4, 1755. His hymns are found in his "Sacred Hymns for the Children of God in the Days of their Pilgrimage" (1741-42), in "Sacred Hymns for the use of Religious Societies," (1743-45), and in 'Hymns for Children' (1754). Some of his unpublished hymns were afterwards included in the Brethren's collections.
- CHANDLER, The Rev. John, M.A., son of the Rev. John F. Chandler; born at Witley, Godalming, Surrey, June 16, 1806; educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1827; took Holy Orders in 1831; Vicar of Witley, 1837; died at Putney, July 1, 1876. His translations will be found in his "Hymns of the Primitive Church" (1837). He also published some original hymns.
- CHARLES (Rundle), Mrs. ELIZABETH; the distinguished author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family," and other widely-known historical tales. Mrs. Charles was born in 1828, and is now living, a widow, at Hampstead, London.
- CLAUDIUS, MATTHIAS, son of the pastor of Reinfeld, in Holstein, where he was born Aug. 15, 1740, or according to some, in 1743; educated at the University of Jena; died at Wandsbeck near Hamburg, Jan. 21, 1815. His hymns appeared in the "Wandsbecker Bote," and in other publications, and lastly, in the Collection of all his writings, published in 8 volumes, 1774-1812, under the title "Asmus omnia sua secum portans," or the "Works of the Wandsbecker Boto," (the "Wandsbeck Messenger"), by which name Claudius was known.
- CLAUSNITZER, The Rev. Tobias, born at Thum, near Annaberg, in Saxony, in 1619; Chaplain to the Swedish army during the Thirty years' war; afterwards Pastor at Pargstein and Weyden, in the Palatinate; died May 7, 1684.
- COFFIN, CHARLES, born 1676; succeeded Rollin as Principal of the College of Dormans-Beauvais, in the

- University of Paris; died 1749. His Latin hymns were written for the Paris Breviary in 1736. His complete works were published at Paris in 1755.
- COLLINS, The Rev. Henry, M.A., educated at Oxford; ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, which he left soon afterwards for that of Rome. He entered the Cistercian Order of Monks in 1860.
- COLLYER, The Rev. WILLIAM BENGO, D.D., born at Blackheath, near London, April 14, 1782; educated at Homerton College; Pastor of a Congregational church at Peckham; died Jan. 9, 1854. In 1812 he published "Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original," of which the last fifty-seven are by himself; also in 1837, "Services Suited to the Solemnization of Matrimony, Baptism, etc.," in which are included eighty-nine hymns written by him.
- COSIN, The Right Rev. John, D.D., son of Giles Cosin, a citizen of Norwich, where he was born, Nov. 30, 1594; educated at Caius College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He was afterward Master of Peter House, Cambridge, and was consecrated Bishop of Durham in 1660; died at Westminster, Jan. 15, 1672.
- COTTERILL, The Rev. Thomas, M.A., born Dec. 4, 1779, at Cannock, Staffordshire; educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow; Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Sheffield; died Dec. 29, 1823. His hymns appeared in "A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use" (1870, 8th ed., 1870), compiled by him.
- COWPER, WILLIAM, of the Inner Temple; son of the Rev. John Cowper, D.D., Rector of Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, where he was born, Nov. 15, 1731; educated at Westminster School, died at Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800. He contributed sixty-seven hymns to the "Olney Collection," written in conjunction with the Rev. John Newton, and published in 1779; Cowper wrote all these hymns before 1793, when the return of a mental malady compelled him to discontinue all literary pursuits for nearly seven years. His chief work is a poem entitled "The Task," besides which he published translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer, and several minor poems.
- COX, Miss Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. George V. Cox, born at Oxford. Her translations appeared in "Sacred Hymns from the German," (1841).
- COXE, The Right Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND, D.D., son of the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., of Brooklyn, United States (having changed the spelling of his name); born at Mendham, New Jersey, May 10, 1818; educated at the University of New York, where he was graduated in 1838; appointed in 1864 Bishop of the Diocese of Western New York. He published "Athanasion, an Ode," (1840, second edition, to which was added "Miscellaneous Poems," 1842), "Christian Ballads" (1840), "Hallowe'en and other Poems" (1844), and other works.
- CROSSMAN, The Very Rev. Samuel, B.D., son of Samuel Crossman, of Bradfield Monachorum, Suftolk; born 1624; Prebendary and afterwards Dean of

- Bristol, died Feb. 4, 1683. His hymns appeared in "The Young Man's Meditation," (1664).
- DAVIES, The Rev. Samuel, born in Newcastle Co., Delaware, Nov. 3, 1724; entered the ministry, 1745; in 1753 went to England with Gilbert Tennant, to solicit donations for Princeton College, New Jersey; in 1759 he succeeded the Rev. Jonathan Edwards as President of the College; died Feb. 4, 1761.
- DAYMAN, The Rev. Edward Arthur, B.D., son of Mr. John Dayman, of Mambury, Devonshire; born at Padstow, Cornwall, July 11, 1807; educated at Exeter College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow; took Holy Orders in 1835; Rector of Shillingstone, near Blandford, Dorsetshire (1842), and a Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral (1862). He was one of the compilers of the "Sarum Hymnal" (1869), in which his hymns and translations appeared.
- DECK, The Rev. James George, eldest son of Mr. John Deck, of Bury St. Edmunds; was an officer in the Indian army; in 1843 became a Minister of the Plymouth Brethren at Wellington, Somersetshire, and in 1852 settled in New Zealand. His hymns will be found in "Hymns for the Poor of the Flock" (1837, and "Supplement" 1838), in "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in Two Parts" (1842), to which two more parts were subsequently added by the Rev. Andrew Jukes, of Hull; in the "Wellington Hymn Book" (1857), a collection of 505 hymns, edited by Mr. D. C. Fox; in "Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Children of God" (1860), etc.
- DENNY, Sir Edward, Bart., of Tralee Castle, County of Kerry; son of Sir Edward Denny, 3d baronet; born Oct. 2, 1796, at Tralee Castle. His hymns appeared in "Hymns and Poems" (1839, 2d ed. 1848). Sir Edward is a member of the sect of Plymouth Brethren.
- DIX, WILLIAM CHATTERTON, son of John Dix, surgeon, of Bristol, where he was born, June 14, 1837; educated at the Bristol Grammar School. He has contributed hymns to "St. Raphael's Hymnal" (1861), to "Lyra Eucharistica" (1864), to "Lyra Messianica" (1864), to "Illustrated Book of Poems" (1867), etc.
- DOANE, The Right Rev. George Washington, D.D., born at Trenton, New Jersey, United States, May 27, 1799; educated at Union College, New York. In 1832 he was consecrated Bishop of New Jersey; died at Burlington, New Jersey, April 27, 1859. His hymns are in "Songs by the Way" (1824). Since his death his works have been published in 4 vols.
- DODDRIDGE, The Rev. Philip, D.D., son of an oilman in London; born in London, June 26, 1702; educated at Kingston Grammar School, and at the Academy at Kibworth, Leicestershire: Pastor of the Congregational Church at Northampton (1729) and Principal of the Theological Academy there; died at Lisbon, Oct. 26, 1751. His hymns, which, during his life, were circulated in manuscript only, were published in 1755 under the title "Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures."
- DOWNTON, The Rev. Henry, M.A., son of Mr. John Downton, Sub-librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge; born at Pulverbatch, Shropshire, Feb. 12, 1818; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1840; took Holy Orders in

1843; Perpetual Curate of St. John's, Chatham, 1849-57; afterwards British Chaplain at Geneva; Rector of Hopton, Suffolk, 1873. His hymns have appeared in the "Church of England Magazine"; in "Psalms and Hymns, Partly Original, Partly Selected," by the Rev. A. T. Russell (1851), in "Psalms and Hymns for the Church, School, and Home," compiled by the Rev. D. T. Barry (1862, and 2d ed., 1867), and in the "Sunday Magazine" (1868-76). His poetical works were published in a collected form under the title "Hymns and Verses" (1873).

- DRYDEN, John, M.A., eldest son of Erasmus, and grandson of Sir Erasmus Dryden, Bart., of Canons-Ashby, Northamptonshire; born at Aldwincle Rectory, Northamptonshire, Aug. 9, 1621; educated at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Cambridge; appointed Poet-laureate in 1668; died in London, May 1, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.
- DUNCAN (Lundie), Mrs. Marv, daughter of the Rev. Robert Lundie; born at Kelso Manse, April 26, 1814; married in 1836 to the Rev. W. Wallace Duncan, Minister of the Church of Scotland at Cleish, Kinross-shire; died at Cleish, Jan. 5, 1840. Her hymns appeared in a "Memoir of Mrs. Duncan," published by her mother (1841), and afterwards separately as "Rhymes for My Children" (1842).
- DWIGHT, The Rev. TIMOTHY, D.D., L.L.D., son of a merchant; born at Northampton, Hampshire Co., Massachusetts, United States, in 1752; educated at Yale College, Connecticut, of which he became President in 1795; and where he also filled the Chair of Theology; died Jan. 11, 1817. In 1800 he completed a Revision of Dr. Watts's version of the Psalms, to which he added thirty-three. Two hymns by him are found in the "New Congregational Hymn Book," and in several American collections, His chief work is "Theology Explained and Defended," which has passed through numerous editions in America and England.
- EBER, The Rev. Paul, born at Kitzingen, in Germany, Nov. 8, 1511; educated at Nuremberg and at Wittenberg University; arose from humble origin to be a Lecturer on Philosophy and Languages; in 1557 became Professor of Hebrew and preacher at the Castle Church of Wittenberg, and the year following, prelate of all Saxony. He died Dec. 10, 1569.
- EDMESTON, JAMES, born at Wapping, London, Sept. 10, 1791; was an architect and surveyor; died at Homerton, Middlesex, Jan. 7, 1867. He wrote very many hymns, which were published under various titles.
- ELLERTON, The Rev. John, son of Mr. George Ellerton; born in London, Dec. 16, 1826, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1849; in Holy Orders; Rector of Hinstock, Shropshire, 1872. His hymns appeared in the "Nantwich Choral Festival Books" (1866), in the "Chester Cathedral Hymn Book" (1867, in "Select Hymns for Church and Home," edited by the Rev. Robert Brown Borthwick (1871), in "Church Hymns" (1872), in "The Hymnary" (1872), etc.
- ELLIOTT, Miss Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Charles Elliott; born in 1789, died at Brighton, Sept. 22, 1871.

- Most of her hymns appeared in the "Invalid's Hymn Book" (1841), in "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship," selected by the Rev. H. V. Elliott (1835), etc.
- EVANS, The Rev. ALBERT EUBULE, son of the late Dr. Robert Evans, D. C. L. (some time Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxtord); educated at Oxford, Leipzig, and Göttingen; studied Medicine at Paris and Chemistry at Göttingen; a writer of numerous papers in periodicals, and a contributor to various Hymnals; vicar of Kirk Hallam, Derbyshire,
- EVANS, The Rev. Jonathan, born of humble parents, at Coventry, in 1748 or 1749; Minister of the Congregational Church at Foleshill, near Coventry; died Aug. 31, 1809. His hymns appeared in the "Gospel Magazine" (1777-78), in the "Christian Magazine" (1790-93), in the "Evangelical Magazine," in "Burder's Selection" (1784), and in "Rippon's Selection" (1787).
- EVEREST, The Rev. Charles William, born at East Windsor, Ct., May 27, 1814; he designed to become an editor, but afterward entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church; was graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, in 1838, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1842; was rector of the parish of Hamden, near New Haven, Ct., for thirty-one years; during thirty of these years he also maintained a school, in which he accomplished an important work. He died at Waterbury, Ct., Jan. 11, 1877, and at the time of his death was actively engaged in connection with the Protestant Episcopal "Society for the Increase of the Ministry."
- FABER, The Rev. Frederic William, D.D., son of Mr. Thomas Henry Faber; born at Calverly Vicarage, Yorksnire, June 28, 1814; educated at Harrow School, and at Baliol College, Oxford, where he became a Fellow of University College; took Holy Orders in 1837, but in 1845 joined the Church of Rome, of which he became a priest; died in London, Sept. 26, 1863. His hymns first appeared in 1848; enlarged editions were published in 1849, 1852, 1854, and 1862.
- FAWCETT, The Rev. John, D.D., born Jan. 6 (O. S.), 1739, at Lidgate Green, near Bradford, Yorkshire; minister of the Baptist Chapel near Winsgate, 1765; died July 25, 1817. He published in 1782. "Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion," of which a corrected edition was issued in 1817.
- FINDLATER, Mrs. Eric. See Borthwick.
- FLOWERDEW, Mrs. ALICE, born 1759; married Daniel Flowerdew, who for a few years held a Government appointment in Jamaica. Mrs. Flowerdew kept a ladies' boarding-school at Islington, and while there, she wrote most of her poetical pieces. She removed from Islington to Bury St. Edmunds, and afterward to Ipswich, where she died, Sept. 23, 1830.
- FORTUNATUS, VENANTIUS HONORIUS CLEMENTI-ANUS, born about 530, in the district of Treviso, in Venetia. Dr. Neale calls him "the connecting link between the poetry of Sedulius and Prudentius and

that of the Middle Ages." He studied at Ravenna, and attained a high proficiency in oratory and poetry. For many years Fortunatus lived a life of pleasure, as the fashionable poet of the day, but afterwards, under the influence of the pious Rhadegunda, wife of Clotaire, king of the Franks, he entered the priesthood and became Bishop of Poitiers in 500. He died about 600.

- FRANK, John; born at Guben in Saxony, June x, 1618; a contemporary of Paul Gerhard; studied at Stettin and Thorn, and entered the University of Konigsberg in 1637; practised the law at Guben; his hymns are profound, massive, and full of spiritual fervor; he died in 1677.
- FRANK, SOLOMON; born at Weimar, March 6, 1659; about 300 hymns are attributed to him; he filled the office of Secretary to the Consistory, and died in his native town, June 11, 1725.
- FREYLINGHAUSEN, The Rev. Johann Anastasus, son of the Burgomaster of Gandersheim, in Wolfenbuttel; born Dec. 2 (or, according to some, 11), 1670; educated at the University of Jena and at Halle; succeeded Franke, whose daughter he married, as Minister of St. Ulric's Church at Halle, and Director of the Orphan Houses; died Feb. 12, 1739. He has left forty-four hymns, which are included in two volumes of hymns with tunes, edited by him in 1704 and 1714.
- FULBERT, of Chartres: the place of his birth is uncertain; he studied at Rheims, in France, whence he went to Chartres. He was a man of splendid and varied attainments; and after conducting for some time a theological college at Chartres, was consecrated Bishop of that Diocese; he died about 1029, It is said his hymns were used in the English Church during his lifetime.
- GELLERT, CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT, son of the Pastor of Haynichen, in Saxony, where he was born, July 4, 1715; educated at Meissen, and at the University of Leipzig, in which he became Professor of Philosophy; died at Leipzig, Dec. 13, 1769. His "Sacred Odes and Hymns" (Geistliche Lieder und Oden), fifty-four in number, were published in 1757.
- GERHARDT. The Rev. Paul, son of Christian Gerhardt, Burgomaster of Grafenhainichen, in Saxony, where he was born in 1606; Minister of St. Nicolas's Church, Berlin, and afterwards Archdeacon of Lubben, in Saxony; died there June 7, 1676. His hymns, 125 in number, appeared at various times. A collection of them, containing 120 hymns, was published in 1666-67.
- GIBBONS, The Rev. Thomas, D.D.; born near Newmarket, England, May 31, 1720; from 1743 to the end of his life Pastor of the Independent Church assembling in Haberdashers Hall, London; an intimate friend of the Countess of Huntingdon and of the Rev. Dr. Watts; died of apoplexy, Feb. 22, 1785.
- GILBERT, Mrs. Ann, daughter of Mr. Isaac Taylor, an engraver, and afterwards Minister of the Congregational Church at Ongar, Essex; born at Islington, London, Jan. 30, 1782; married, 1813, to the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, classical tutor at Rotherham College, and afterwards Congregational Minister successively

- at Hull and Nottingham; died at Nottingham, Dec. 20, 1866. Her hymns appeared in "Hymns for Infant Minds" (1809), in "Original Hymns for Sunday Schools" (1810), in "Leifchild's Original Hymns" (1842), in the "Nottingham Hymn Book" (1812, 20th ed., 1861), etc.
- GRANT, Sir Robert, G.C.H., second son of Mr. Charles Grant, for many years M.P. for Inverness, and a Director of the East India Company; born in 1785; educated at Cambridge; Governor of Bombay; died at Dapoorie, Western India, July 9, 1838. Twelve of his poetical pieces, some of which had already appeared in periodicals, were published in a volume by his brother, Lord Glenelg, in 1839 (new ed., 1868).
- GREGOR, The Rev. Christian, born of poor parents at Dirsdorf, in Silesia, Jan. 1, 1723; compiler both of the Hymn Book (1778) and of the Tune Book (1784) of the [Moravian] Brethren's Church in Germany; consecrated 2 Bishop of that Church in 1789, and died Nov. 6, 1801, at Berthelsdorf, near Herrnhut, having been a member of the Directing Board of the Brethren's Unity from 1764 to the time of his death. He was the author of many hymns and tunes.
- GREGORY I., the Great, son of Gordianus; of a noble family; born about 540, at Rome, where he studied jurisprudence, and filled for some time the office of Prætor. In his fortieth year he took the monastic habit, and founded six monasteries, of one of which he became the abbot. He acted as agent at Constantinople for Pelagius II., and on the death of that Pope in 590 was elected his successor; died in Rome in 604. To Gregory are due many improvements in church music.
- GURNEY, The Rev. Archer Thompson; born in 1820, was some years in the legal profession, but, having changed his course, was ordained deacon in 1849, and priest in 1850; was Curate of Buckingham, and for many years minister of an Episcopal Church in Paris; has published numerous poetical works.
- GURNEY, The Rev. John Hampden, M.A., eldest son of Sir John Gurney, a Baron of the Exchequer; born in Serjeants' Inn, London, Aug. 15, 1802; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated, 1824; took Holy Orders in 1827; Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, London, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral; died in London, March 8, 1862. When Curate of Lutterworth (1827-1844), he compiled "A Collection of Hymns for Public Worship" (1838), and subsequently edited "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship, selected for some of the Churches in Marylebone" (1851). Thirteen hymns by him are in the latter collection.
- HAMMOND, The Rev. WILLIAM, born Jan. 6, 1719 at Battle, Sussex; educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; was one of the early Calvinistic Methodist preachers, and afterwards joined the [Moravian] Brethren. He died in London, Aug. 19, 1783. His "Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs and Discourses" were published in 1745.
- HART, The Rev. Joseph, born in London, 1712; was at first a teacher of languages; became Minister of Jewin street Congregational Chapel, London, about

- 1760; died in London, May 24, 1768. His "Hymns Composed on Various Subjects" appeared in 1759, and a 2d ed. with "Supplement" in 1762.
- HASTINGS, Thomas, Mus. D., born in Washington, Litchfield Co., Conn., Oct. 15, 1784, and subsequently removed to Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y.; for some years connected with a religious journal in Utica; in 1832 invited by a number of Churches to come to New York in the interests of Hymnody, His labors in New York extended over a period of forty years. He died May 15, 1872.
- HAVERGAL, Miss Frances Ridley, born in 1836. Widely and favorably known as the author of numerous devotional works in prose and verse; the youngest daughter of the late Rev. William Henry Havergal, Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral. Miss Havergal died in 1870.
- HAWEIS, The Rev. Thomas, LL.B., M.D., born at Truro, Cornwall, 1734; was originally a physician, but afterwards entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated, and became Rector of All Saints, Aldwincle, Northamptonshire; he was chaplain to Lady Huntingdon, and for several years officiated at her chapel in Bath; died at Bath, Feb. 11, 1820. His hymns appeared in his "Carmina Christo; or, Hymns to the Saviour" (1792, enlarged ed. 1808).
- HEATH, George, born 1781, died 1822; the name appears in this collection, as the author of Hymn 354. "My soul, be on thy guard."
- HEBER, The Right Rev. REGINALD, D.D., son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, rector of Malpas, Cheshire, where he was born, April 21, 1783; educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where, in 1801, he obtained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem, and produced, in 1803, another prize poem, "Palestine." Having taken Holy Orders, he became Rector of Hodnet, Shropshire, and was appointed Bishop of Calcutta, 1823; died at Trichinopoly, April 3, 1826. His hymns appeared in the "Christian Observer" (1811 and 1812), in "Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year" (1827), a collection of hymns by various authors, published, after Bishop Heber's death, by his widow; and were collected, to the number of fifty-seven, in his " Poetical Works" (1842).
- HENSEL, Miss Luise, daughter of a Lutheran clergyman; born at Linum, in Brandenburg, March 30, 1798. Her hymns are forty-four in number.
- HERBERT, The Rev. George, born in the ancestral castle near Montgomery, England, April 3, 1593; on his father's side he belonged to the family of the Earl of Pembroke: educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge; a favorite friend of King James I.; in 1630, married Jane, daughter of Charles Danvers, Esq., of Bainton, Wilts; in the same year he received from King Charles I. the living of Bemerton near Salisbury, where he exercised, with purity and sweetness of character, the ministry of the Gospel; he died of consumption in 1632, in the 39th year of his age.
- HILL, The Rev. Rowland; a son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart.; born at Hawkstone near Shrewsbury, Aug. 23, 1744; educated at Eton, and St. John's Col-

- lege, Cambridge; in 1783 became pastor of the famous Surrey Chapel, London, where he pursued an eminent ministry for nearly fifty years. He died April 11, 1833, aged 88.
- HOW, The Rt. Rev. WILLIAM WALSHAM, son of Mr. William Wybergh How, of Shrewsbury, solicitor; born at Shrewsbury, Dec. 13, 1823; educated at Shrewsbury School, and at Wadham College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1845; took Holy Orders in 1846; Rector of Whittington, Shropshire, 1851; and Canon of St. Asaph Cathedral; Suffragan Bishop of Bedford, 1879. He contributed several hymns to "Psalms and Hymns Compiled by Revs. T. B. Morell and W. W. How" (1854), and to "Church Hymns" (1872).
- HUNTINGDON (Shirley), Selina, Countess of, second daughter of Washington, Earl Ferrers; born Aug. 24, 1707; married, June, 1728, Theophilus Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon. Her life is deeply connected with the Methodist movement under Wesley, Whitefield, Ingham, and others; to this she gave her fortune and her labors. She died June 17, 1791, in her 84th year.
- INGEMANN, BERNHARD SEVERIN, born at Thorkildstrup, island of Falster, Denmark, May 28, 1789; educated at the University of Copenhagen; Professor of the Danish Language and Literature at the Academy at Sorõe, in Zealand, Denmark, from 1822; died in 1862. His collected works were published in 1851 in 34 volumes.
- IRONS, The Rev. WILLIAM JOSIAH, D.D., born at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire. Sept. 12.1812; Vicar of Barkway, 1838; Vicar of Brompton, 1842; Prebendary St. Paul's, 1860; Rector of Wadingham, and Dean, 1870; Rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, London, 1872; died June 19, 1883.
- JACOBUS DA TODI, or DE BENEDICTIS, of noble Italian family; born at Todi in Umbria; at first lived a secular life, but finally became a lay-brother of the Order of St. Francis. He died In 1306.
- JOHN OF DAMASCUS, the son of Sergius, was born at Damascus early in the 8th century. He filled a civil office of considerable importance under the Caliph of Damascus, but afterwards retired to the Convent of St. Sabas, near Jerusalem, and died there about 760, having been ordained a priest of the Church of Jerusalem at a comparatively late period of life. He was called by the Saracens Ibn-Mansur, or son of "Mansur," which in Arabic means "Victor." This name was either applied to him as a compliment or was a translation of a family name.
- JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM; born in Sicily, but left his country on its occupation by the Mahometans in 830; he then removed to Thessalonica; his poetical writings are full of scriptural thought; the Rev. Dr. Neale has furnished admirable translations in "Hymns of the Eastern Church."
- KEBLE, The Rev. John, son of the Rev. John Keble, Rector of Coin St. Aldwyn, Gloucestershire; born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, April 25, 1792; educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1810; became a Fellow of Oriel College, and was appointed in 1831 Professor of Poetry in the University; took Holy Orders in 1815; Vicar of Hursley, near Winchester; died at Bournemouth, March

- 29, 1866. His principal poetical works are "The Christian Year" (1827, and numerous later editions), "The Psalter, or Psalms of David in English Verse" (1839), and "Lyra Innocentium" (1846, 8th ea. 1860). He was also a contributor to "Lyra Apostolica" (1830).
- KEITH, George; a London publisher whose name is associated with the hymn "How firm a foundation," which appeared in "Rippon's Selection," 1787, with the signature K. The late Mr. Sedgwick, of London, pronounces this initial to indicate the authorship of Keith rather than Kirkland, as some have held.
- KELLY, The Rev. Thomas, son of Thomas Kelly, a Judge of the Irish Court of Common Pleas; born in Dublin, July 13, 1769; educated at Trinity College, Dublin; was designed for the bar, but took Holy Orders in 1792; afterwards became a nonconformist preacher; died in Dublin, May 14, 1855. He published, in 1802, a "Collection of Psalms and Hymns extracted from various authors," with an Appendix, containing some of his own hymns, and in 1804, "Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture" (7th ed. 1853).
- KEN, The Rt. Rev. Thomas, D.D., son of Thomas Ken, attorney, of Furnival's Inn, London; born at Little Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire, July, 1637; educated at Winchester School and at Hart Hall (afterwards called Hertford College) and New College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1661; took Holy Orders in 1662; was appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1684; died at Longleat, the seat of Viscount Weymouth, in Wiltshire, March 19, 1711 (N.S.). He was one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower in 1688, and, as a Nonjuror, was deprived of his see in 1691. He published, in 1674, his "Manual of Prayers for the Scholars of Winchester College," of which he became a fellow in 1666, and to the edition of 1695 were added his "Morning," "Evening," and "Midnight Hymns," written for the use of the scholars some time before.
- KETHE, The Rev. WILLIAM, born in Scotland; an exile with Knox at Geneva, 1555, and one of the translators of the Geneva Bible; Rector of Okeford, Dorsetshire. Of twenty-five metrical psalms added to the old Psalter in 1562, twenty-four are assigned to Kethe.
- KEY, Francis Scott, born in Maryland in 1779; studied law, and in 1801 established himself at Frederick, Md. A few years afterwards he removed to Washington, and was United States District Attorney there until his death at Baltimore, Jan. 11, 1843.
- KING, John, incumbent of Christ Church, Hull; died Sept. 12, 1858, in the 70th year of his age. Gwyther's "Psalmist" contains one psalm and four hymns marked J. King. In a copy of the "Psalmist," with MS. notes by the editor, these hymns are assigned to "Joshua King, Vicar of Hull;" but the person meant by Mr. Gwyther must have been the Incumbent of Christ Church, no one named King having held the Vicarage of Hull. Mr. King published several sermons and other works, and edited a volume of hymns and poems by a lady (M. A.

- Bodley), entitled "Original Hymns on Scripture Texts and Other Poems." London, 1840.
- LAURENTI, LAURENTIUS, born at Hurum, in the duchy of Holstein, June 8, 1660; devoted to the musical profession; studied at Keil; in 1684 became precentor and director of the choir at the Cathedral in Bremen; the author of more than 100 hymns; he died in 1722.
- LUKE, Mrs. Jemma, daughter of Mr. Thomas Thompson, of Poundsford Park; born at Islington, London, Aug. 19, 1813; married in 1843 to the Rev. Samuel Luke, Minister of the Congregational Church, Clifton.
- LUTHER, The Rev. Martin, D.D.; the great leader of the Reformation in Germany; was the son of a miner, and was born in Eisleben, in Saxony, Nov. 10, 1483; educated at the University of Erfurth; became a member of the Augustinian Order; Professor of Philosophy and Divinity in the University of Wittenberg; died at Eisleben, Feb. 18, 1546. Luther wrote thirty-six (or if two versions of "Aus Tiefer Noth" are counted, thirty-seven) hymns, some of which were originally printed on single sheets with the tunes. Most of them were composed in 1523 and 1524.
- LYTE, The Rev. Henry Francis, M.A., son of Captain Thomas Lyte; born at Ednam, near Kelso, June 1, 1793; educated at Portora, the Royal School of Enniskillen; and at Trinity College, Dublin, of which he was a Scholar, and where he was graduated in 1814; Perpetual Curate of Lower Brixham, Devonshire, 1823; died at Nice, Nov. 20, 1847. His hymns appeared in "Poems Chiefly Religious" (1833), in "Miscellaneous Poems" (1868), and in "The Spirit of the Psalms" (1834, 5th ed. enlarged, 1841).
- MACDUFF, The Rev. John Robert, D.D.; educated at the University of Edinburgh; ordained a clergyman of the Church of Scotland; and appointed to the parish of Kettins, Forfarshire; in 1842 he removed to the parish of St. Madres, Perthshire, and in 1856 to Sandyford, Glasgow. He is the author of numerous and popular devotional manuals.
- MACKAY, Mrs. Margaret, the daughter of Captain Robert Mackay, of Inverness, Scotland; married, in 1820, Lieut. Col. William Mackay. She is the author of the well known hymn, "Asleep in Jesus."
- MADAN, The Rev. Martin, son of Colonel Madan, of the Guards; born 1726; founded and became Chaplain of the Lock Hospital, London; died 1790. His collection of "Psalms and Hymns Extracted from Various Authors" was published in 1760, the "Appendix" in 1763. It does not appear that Madan wrote any original hymns.
- MAGLORIANUS, SANTOLIUS, whose real name was Claudede Santeüil, born at Paris, Feb. 3, 1628; a secular ecclesiastic at the College of St. Magloire, Paris; distinguished as a Church Historian; contributed hymn to the "Paris Breviary;" he died Sept. 29, 1684.
- MAITLAND, FRANCES SARA FULLER, fourth daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Fuller-Maitland, of Park Place, Henley; born June 20, 1809, at Shinfield Park, near Reading; married, 1834, to Mr. John Colquhoun, 2d

- son of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart.; died at Edinburgh, May 27, 1877. Her hymns appeared in "Hymns for Private Devotion, Selected and Original" (1827, new ed. 1863).
- MANT, The Right Rev. RICHARD, D.D., son of the Rev. Richard Mant, Master of the Grammar School, Southampton; born at Southampton, Feb. 12, 1776; educated at Winchester School, and at Trinity Colling to the Secame a Fellow of Oriel Colling and translated to the Sec of Down and Connor in 1823; died at Ballymoney, County of Antrim, Nov. 2, 1848. Most of his hymns appeared in "Scripture Narratives" (1831), in "Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary, with Original Hymns" (1837), etc. He published "The History of the Church of Ireland" (1840), and many other works.
- MARRIOTT, The Rev. John, son of the Rev. R. Marriott, D.D., born at Cottesbach, near Lutterworth, Leicestershire, 1780; educated at Rugby School and at Oxford; Rector of Church Lawford, Warwickshire; died at Broad Clyst, near Exeter, March 31, 1825. The Hymns of Mr. Marriott appeared in print after his death.
- MAUDE, Mrs. Mary Fawler, daughter of Mr. George Henry Hooper, of Stanmore, Middlesex; married in 1841, to the Rev. Joseph Maude, Vicar of Chirk, near Brabon, and Hon. Canon of St. Asaph Cathedral. The hymn "Thine for ever. God of love," was first published in "Mrs. Maude's Twelve Letters on Confirmation (1848), and was afterwards published in the Collection of the Right Rev. William Walsham How.
- MEDLEY, The Rev. Samuel, born at Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, June 23, 1738; was first apprenticed to an oilman in London, but in 1755 entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman. In 1761 he opened a school in London, began to preach in 1766, and became in 1767 Pastor of the Baptist Church at Watford, Hertfordshire; removed to Liverpool in 1772, and died July 17, 1799. He published in 1789 a small volume of hymns, to which others were added in later editions (3d ed. 1800).
- MEINHOLD, The Rev. Johann Wilhelm, born at Netzelkau, in Usedom, an island in the Baltic, Feb. 27, 1797; Pastor in Rehwinkel, near Stargard; died at Charlottenburg, near Berlin, Nov. 30, 1851.
- MENTZER, The Rev. Johann; born July 27, 1658, at Jahma in the Oberlausitz. Pastor at Chemnitz, near Bernstadt in the Oberlausitz, where he died, February 24, 1734; wrote about 34 hymns.
- MERCER, The Rev. WILLIAM, M.A., born at Barnard Castle, County of Durham, about 1811; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1835; Vicar of St. George's, Sheffield, 1840; died at Leavy Greave, Sheffield, Aug. 21, 1873. His hymns appeared in his "Church Psalter and Hymn Book" (1861).
- METROPHANES, Bishop of Smyrna towards the close of the ninth century; a friend and supporter of St. Ignatius; wrote "Eight Canons in Honor of the Trinity"; died about 910.

- MIDLANE, ALBERT, born at Newport, Isle of Wight, Jan. 23, 1825. His hymns have appeared in various collections, "There's a Friend for little children" was first printed in "Good News for the Little Ones" (1860).
- MILMAN, The Very Rev. HENRY HART, D.D., youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, M.D.; born in London, Feb. 10, 1791; educated at Eton and at Brasenose College, Oxford where he was graduated in 1513; took Holy Orders in 1817; Vicar of St Mary's, Reading, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, 1835, and Dean of St. Paul's, London, 1849; was Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford from 1821 to 1831; died at Sunningfield, near Ascot. Sept. 24, 7868. His hymns appeared in "Hymns Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year," a collection prepared by Bishop Heber and published by his widow (1827), and in a "Selection of Psalms and Hymns for the use of St. Margaret's, Westminster" (1837). His Histories of the Jews and of Latin Christianity have given Dean Milman a distinguished place among modern historians. He was the author of "Fazio," a tragedy, and of many poetical works (among which may be named "The Fall of Jerusalem" and "The Martyr of Antioch"), collected in 3 volumes, 1826. His "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral" appeared posthumously in
- MILTON, John; born Dec. 9, 1608, in Bread St., London; the son of a scrivener; educated at St. Paul's School and at Cambridge; subsequently lived for five years on his father's estate at Horton, near Windsor; three times married; in 1649 appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State, an office he held ten years, till the time of the brief Protectorate of Richard Cromwell. Milton suffered from blindness, and died Nov. 8, 1674; was buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate. His magnificent literary career is familiar to all students of English Literature,
- MONSELL, The Rev. John Samuel Bewley, Ll.D., son of Thomas Bewley Monsell, Archdeacon of Londonderry; born at St. Columb's, Londonderry, March 2, 1811; educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1832; took Holy Orders in 1834; was Chancellor of the diocese of Connor, and afterwards Rector of St. Nicholas's, Guildford, 1870, where he died, April 9, 1875. His hymns appeared in "Parish Musings" (1850, 8th ed. 1864), in "Hymns of Love and Praise" (1863, 2d ed. 1866), in "Spiritual Songs," etc.
- MONTGOMERY, James, son of the Rev. John Montgomery, a Minister of the Moravian Church; born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Nov. 4, 1771, educated at the Seminary of the [Moravian] Brethren at Fulneck, in Yorkshire; became editor of the "Sheffield Iris;" died at Sheffield, April 30, 1854. His hymns appeared in "Songs of Zion, being Imitations of [fifty-six of the] Psalms" (1822) in the "Christian Psalmist" (1825) and in "Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion" (1853).
- MORRISON, The Rev. John, D.D., born in Aberdeenshire, 1749; Minister of the Parish of Canisbay Caithness-shire, where he died, June 12, 1798. His hymns appeared in the "Scottish Paraphrases" (1781).

- MOULTRIE, The Rev. GERARD; son of the Rev. John Moultrie; born, 1839; educated at Exeter College, Oxford; ordained priest, 1858; Master of Shrewsbury School, 1852-1855; Headmaster of Royal Kepler Grammar School, 1855-1864; Vicar of South Leigh, near Oxford, 1868.
- MUHLENBERG, The Rev. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, D.D., son of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Pennsylvania, United States; born Sept. 16, 1796; Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, and the founder and resident chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital, New York. His hymns appeared in "Hymns of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States" (1826), in the "Episcopal Recorder" (1826), in "Church Poetry" (1823), and in "The People's Psalter" (revised ed. 1858). Died April 8, 1877.
- NEALE, The Rev. John Mason, D.D., son of the Rev. Cornelius Neale; born in London, Jan. 24, 1818; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1840; took Holy Orders in 1841; Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, Sussex; died Aug. 6, 1866. He published "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences" (1851, 3d ed. 1867), "Hymns for Children" (1842, 6th ed. 1854), "Hymns of the Eastern Church" (1862, 3d ed. 1866), "The Rhythm of Brainard de Morlaix" (1858, 8th ed. 1866), etc.
- NEANDER, The Rev. JOACHIM; born at Bremen, 1640; Headmaster of the Grammar School at Dusseldorf, 1674; in 1679 became second preacher at St. Martin's Church, Bremen. He died May 31, 1680.
- NELSON, HORATIO, third Earl Nelson, son of Mr. Thomas Bolton, of Burnham, Norfolk, nephew of the celebrated Admiral Viscount Nelson, whose name he assumed on succeeding to the title as second earl; born Aug. 7, 1823; educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. His hymns appeared in "Hymn for Saints' Days, and other Hymns, by a Layman" (1864). In 1857, with the assistance of Mr. Keble, he compiled "The Salisbury Hymn Book," and in 1868 edited a revised edition of the same work, under the title of "The Sarum Hymnal."
- NEUMARCK, Georg; son of Michael Neumarck; born at Langensalza in Thüringen, March 16, 1621; studied law at the University of Königsberg; in 1651 lived at Hamburg in great poverty; in 1653, appointed by Duke William IV. Librarian of the Archives at Weimar, where he died July 8, 1681.
- NEWMAN, Cardinal John Henry, D.D., son of Mr. John Newman, banker; born in London, Feb. 21, 1801; educated at Ealing School and at Trinity Colege, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1820, and became a Fellow of Oriel College, and in 1825 Vice-President of St. Alban's Hall. From 1828 he was incumbent of St. Mary's, Oxford, where he was distinguished as a preacher. He shared with Dr. Pusey the leadership of the High Church party, and wrote twenty-four of the "Tracts for the Times," including the celebrated Tract No. 90. In 1845 he joined the Church of Rome. From 1854 to 1858 he filled the office of Rector of the Roman Catholic University in Dublin, and is now the Head of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham. He has contributed many

- works to Theology and Church History, among which may be named "The Arians of the Fourth Century," and "Parochial Sermons." His "Hymni Ecclesiæ" appeared in 1838. Some of his hymns have been collected under the title "Verses on Various Occasions." He was created Cardinal, May 12, 1879.
- NEWTON, The Rev. John, son of a sea-captain; born in London, July 24, 1725; followed a seafaring life for some years, but afterwards (1764), having taken Holy Orders, became Curate of Olney, Buckinghamshire, where he was associated with Cowper in writing the collection known as the "Olney Hymns," which was published in 1779. It had been commenced in 1771, and many of the hymns were written before 1773. Newton was afterwards (1779) Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, and died Dec. 21, 1807. He was the author of "Cardiphonia, or Utterances of the Heart" (1781), and published sermons and other works.
- NICOLAI, The Rev, Philipp, son of Theodor (or Theodorich) Nicolai, Lutheran pastor at Mengeringhausen, in Waldeck, where he had introduced the reformed doctrines; born at Mengeringhausen, Aug. 10, 1556; Pastor, finally, of St. Catherine's Church, Hamburg; died at Hamburg, Oct. 26, 1668. His hymns, four in number, appeared as an Appendix to his "Freuden-Spiegel des ewigen Lebens" (1599; preface dated Aug. 10, 1598).
- OAKELEY, The Rev. FREDERICK, M.A., youngest son of Sir Charles Oakeley; born at Shrewsbury, Sept. 5, 1802; educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1824, and became Fellow of Baliol College in 1827; took Holy Orders in the Church of England, became a Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral, 1832, and in 1839 Minister of Margaret Chapel, Margaret street, London; in 1845 joined the Church of Rome, of which he became a priest; was nominated a Canon of the Pro-Cathedral in the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical district of Westminster in 1852. He has published "Lyra Liturgica" (1865). Died in 1880.
- OMEGA, CHELSEA. "Lord of my life, Whose tender care" (1838). (This anonymous hymn was published with the signature "Ω, Chelsea," in the "Church of England Magazine," 1838.)
- OSLER, EDWARD, born at Falmouth, Jan., 1798; a surgeon, and editor of the "Royal Cornwall Gazette"; died at Truro, March 7, 1863. His hymns appeared in "The Mitre Hymn Book" (1836), and in a serial called "Church and King" (1836-7).
- PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER; born about 1824; educated at the Charter House, and at Baliol College, Oxford; was private Secretary to the Rt. Hon. Mr. Gladstone, and has held a post under Government in the Educational Department; distinguished as an art critic; published a small volume of "Original Hymns" (1867); "Lyrical Poems" (1871).
- PALMER, The Rev. Rav. D.D., son of the Hon. Thomas Palmer, a Judge in Rhode Island, United States; born at Little Compton, Rhode Island, Nov. 12, 1808; Pastor of the Congregational Church at Albany, and afterwards Secretary of the Congregational Union, New York. He published "Hymns and Sacred Pieces" in 1865. His hymns also ap

- peared in Dr. Lowell Mason's Collection (1832), and in "Hymns of my Holy Hours" (1867). His complete poetical works were published in 1876.
- PERRONET, The Rev. Edward, son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham, Kent; a preacher under the direction of Mr. Wesley, afterwards of Lady Huntingdon, and lastly, to an unattached nonconformist congregation; died at Canterbury, Jan., 1792. His hymns appeared in "Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred" (1785).
- P., F. B. These initials are attached to the manuscript of the hymn "Jerusalem, my happy home," found in the British Museum in a MS. book of religious songs, compiled about the end of the 16th or the beginning of the 17th century.
- PHILLIMORE, The Rev. Greville; one of the compilers of "The Parish Hymn Book" (1863); born 1821; was graduated from Christ Church, Oxford, 1842; ordained deacon and priest, 1843; in 1851 was Vicar of Dorm Ampney, Gloucestershire.
- PIERPOINT, FOLLOTT SANDFORD. His name appears in connection with Hymn 558, "For the beauty of the earth." Mr. Pierpoint was born in 1835, and his hymn bears date 1864.
- PLUMPTRE, The Very Rev. Edward Haves, D.D., son of Mr. Edward Hallows Plumptre; born in London, Aug. 6, 1821; educated at King's Coll., London, and at University Coll., Oxford, where he was graduated in 1844, and became a Fellow of Brasenose Coll; took Holy Orders in 1846; Vicar of Bickley, Kent, 1873; Prebendary of St. Paul's, 1863, and Professor of the Exegesis of the New Testament in King's Coll., London, 1864; has received the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity from the University of Glasgow; made Dean of Wells' Cathedral, A.D. 1882.
- POTT, The Rev. Francis, M.A., born in 1832; educated at Brasenose Coll., Oxford, where he was graduated in 1854; took Holy Orders, 1856; Vicar of Northill, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, 1866. In 1861 he edited "Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer," a collection of 267 hymns, of which 16 are tranlations by him from the Latin, with an appendix of 40 hymns.
- PRUDENTIUS, AURELIUS CLEMENS, born in Spain in 348; a Judge; afterwards Chief of the body-guard of the Emperor Honorius; returned to Spain about 405, and died there probably about 413. He wrote the "Liber Cathemerinon," a collection of hymns for the various times and employments of the day; "Hymni Peristephanon," fourteen hymns in praise of distinguished martyrs; etc.
- PUSEY, Philip, eldest son of Mr. Philip Pusey, whose father, a son of the first Viscount Folkestone, had assumed the name of Pusey instead of that of Bouverie; born Jan. 25, 1799; died July 9, 1855.
- RINGWALDT, The Rev. Bartholomaus, born at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, 1530 or 1531; Pastor of the Lutheran Church at Longfeld, in Prussia, where he died in 1598 or 1599. His hymns appeared in "Hymns for the Sundays and Festivals of the Whole Year" (1581).
- RINKART, The Rev. Martin, son of a cooper; born at Eilenburg, in Saxony, April 23, 1586; studied Theology at Leipzig, and became Pastor of Eilenburg, where he died, Dec. 8th, 1649.

- ROBINSON, GEORGE; appears as the author of the very beautiful hymn No. 428, "One sole baptismal sign," bearing date 1842.
- ROBINSON, The Rev. ROBERT, son of Michael Robinson; born at Swaffham, Norfolk, Sept. 27, 1735; Minister of the Baptist Church at Cambridge (1761); died at Birmingham, June 3, 1790.
- RORISON, The Rev. GILBERT, LL.D., son of Mr. John Rorison, merchant; born at Glasgow, Feb. 7, 1821; educated at the University of Glasgow; Incumbent of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire; died at the Bridge of Allan, Oct. 11, 1869. His hymns appeared in a collection formed for the use of his congregation at Peterhead (1850).
- RUSSELL, The Rev. ARTHUR TOZER, B.C.L., born at Northampton, England, March 20, 1806, educated at Merchant Taylors' School, London, at Manchester College, York, and St. John's College, Cambridge; Vicar of Caxton, Cambridgeshire, 1830; of Whaddon, near Royston, 1852; of St. Thomas's, Toxteth Park, near Liverpool, 1863; of Holy Trinity Church, Wrockwardine Wood, Wellington, Salop, 1867. Rector of Southwick, Sussex, 1874; died there Nov. 18, 1874.
- RYLAND, The Rev. John, D.D., an eminent Baptist clergyman, born at Warwick, England, Jan. 29, 1753; in 1781 entered the ministry and became his father's assistant, succeeding him as sole pastor in 1786; in 1794 he became president of the Baptist College at Bristol, and in 1815 Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society. After an earnest, laborious life, he died May 25, 1825.
- SANTOLIUS, Maglorianus; see Maglorianus, Santolius.
- SANTOLIUS, VICTORINUS; see Victorinus, Santolius.
- SCHEFFLER, The Rev. Johann, born at Breslau, in Silesia, 1624; studied medicine at the University of Breslau, and took the degree of M.D. at Padua; adopted the name of Angelus, by which he is commonly known, after Johannes ab Angelis, a Spanish mystic of the 16th century, usually adding to it "Silesius," from his native country; physician to the Duke of Würtemberg-Oels, and afterwards to the Emperor Ferdinand III; joined the Church of Rome in 1653: some time afterwards took priest's orders, and died at the Jesuit Monastery of St. Matthias, in Breslau, July 9, 1677. His hymns appeared first under the title "Heilige Seelenlust, oder geistliche Hirtenlieder,—"Holy Delight of the Soul or Spiritual Pastorals" (1657, 2d ed. enlarged, 1668).
- SCHENK, The Rev. Heinrich Theobald, born at Alsfeld, near Geissen, Hesse; Head Master of the school at Geissen, and afterwards chief Pastor there, where he died, 1727. Nothing more is known of him.
- SCHMOLKE (or SCHMOLCK), Benjamin, born Dec. 21, 1672, at Brauchitschdorf, in Silesia, where his father was pastor; educated at the University of Leipzig; Pastor in Schreidnitz, where he died, Feb. 12, 1737. He wrote more than a thousand hymns, which appeared at various dates from 1704, and in a collected form (1740-44).
- SCHÜTZ, Johann Jacob, born Sept. 7, 1640, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he became an eminent

lawyer; died at Frankfort, May 22, 1690. This hymn, the only one which he is known to have written, first appeared as an appendix to a small devotional book published by him in 1673.

- SCOTT, The Rev. Thomas, born at Norwich, England; the son of a Dissenting minister; in 17,3 he settled in the ministry at Lowestoft, in Suffolk; subsequently removed to Ipswich, where he remained till 1774; he then resigned through ill health, and died at Hupton in Norfolk in 1776. He is not to be mistaken for the eminent Commentator who bore the same name.
- SCOTT, Sir Walter, poet and novelist; born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771; in 1786 a writer to the Signet; in 1796 began his literary career; in 1797 he married Miss Carpenter; from 1799 to 1816 appeared his poems; "Waverley," the first of his novels, appeared in 1814. The remaining twenty-six rapidly followed; he died at Abbotsford Sept. 21, 1832.
- SEAGRAVE, The Rev. ROBERT; born at Twyford in Leicestershire, Nov. 22, 1693; graduated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, 1714; a minister of the Church of England, and subsequently became a dissenter.
- SEARS, The Rev. EDMUND HAMILTON, D.D., son of Mr. Joseph Sears; born at Sandisfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, United States, April 6, 1810; educated at Union College, Schenectady, and at Harvard University; Pastor of the Unitarian Church at Wayland, Massachusetts, 1838. The hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear," appeared in the "Christian Register" (Boston, U.S.), 1851. He died at Weston, Mass., Jan. 14, 1876.
- SHEPCOTE, Mrs. E., a lady who, in 1840, under the initial "E," published hymns in a work entitled "Hymns for Infant Children," written by three sisters, A., C., and E.
- SHIRLEY, The Hon. and Rev. Walter, fourth son of the Hon. Lawrence Shirley, son of the first Earl Ferrers, born in 1725; Rector of Loughrea, County of Galway; died in 1786. His hymns appeared in the collection of his cousin, Lady Huntingdon, which he revised (cir. 1774).
- SHRUBSOLE, WILLIAM, Jr., born at Sheerness, Kent, Nov. 21, 1759; was first a shipwright in the Sheerness Dockyard; removed to London in 1785, and was appointed a clerk in the Bank of England, and finally held the post of Secretary of the Committee of the Treasury; was connected with the London Missionary Society; died at Highbury, Aug. 23, 1829.
- SIGOURNEY (Huntley), Mrs. Lydia; born in Norwich, Connecticut, about 1791. In 1819 married Charles Sigourney, Esq., a wealthy merchant of Hartford; wrote and published many works in poetry and prose; her genius and character were by many held in great esteem. She died at Hartford, June 10, 1865.
- SINGLETON, The Rev. ROBERT CORBETT, M A., Warden of St. Peter's College, Radley; edited the "Anglican Hymn Book."
- STANLEY, The Very Rev. ARTHUR PENRHYN, D.D., son of the late Right Rev. Edward Stanley, D.D., Bishop of Norwich; born 1815; educated at Rugby and at Baliol College, Oxford; Fellow of

- University College; in 1845–1846 Select Preacher to the University; from 1851–1858, Canon of Canterbury; from 1858–1864 Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, Canon of Christ-Church, and Chaplain to the Bishop of London; in 1862 he accompanied the Prince of Wales to the East: in 1864 he succeeded Archbishop Trench in the Deanery at Westminster, which he occupied till his death; was a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Member of the Institute of France, and of other learned and honorable Societies. He visited the United States in the year 1878. All classes of Christians united in doing honor to him as the exponent of a truly Catholic Christianity. He died on the 18th of July, A.D. 1881, greatly beloved and deeply lamented.
- STENNET'I, The Rev. Joseph, D.D., born at Abingdon, Berkshire, 1663; Pastor of the Baptist Congregation at Pinners' (originally Pinnakers') Hall, Old Broad-street, London, 1690; died July 11, 1713. He published "Hymns for the Lord's Supper" (1697, 3d ed. enlarged, 1709), and "Hymns (12 in number) for Baptism" (1712). His collected works appeared in 1732.
- STEELE, Miss Anne, daughter of Mr. William Steele, a timber merchant, who also acted as Minister of the Baptist Church at Broughton, Hampshire; born at Broughton in 1716; died at Broughton, Nov. 1778. Her "Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional," published in 1760 in 2 vols., with a third volume of "Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose," published in 1780, originally appeared under the assumed name of "Theodosia," and were reprinted by the late Mr. Sedgwick in 1863 in a collected form, under the title "Hymns, Psalms, and Poems by Anne Steele,"
- STEPHEN THE SABAITE, nephew of John of Damascus; born in 725; when only ten years of age was placed by his uncle in the Monastery of St. Sabas, near Jerusalem, whence he derived his name, and where he remained till his death in 794. Little is known of his life.
- STERNHOLD, Thomas, born in Gloucestershire, England; Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII and Edward VI; his greatest work was the production of a Metrical Psalter, in which he was associated with John Hopkins, a clergyman—the complete version of this Psalter was published in England in 1562. Sternhold died in August, 1549.
- STONE, The Rev. Samuel John, M.A., son of the Rev. William Stone; born at Whitmore Rectory, Staffordshire, April 25, 1839; educated at the Charterhouse, and at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1862; took Holy Orders in the same year; Vicar of St. Paul's, Haggerstone, London, 1874. He has published "Lyra Fidelium, Twelve Hymns on the Twelve Articles of the Apostles' Creed," the "Thanksgiving Hymn" sung at St. Paul's Cathedral on the recovery of the Prince of Wales (1872), "Hymns for Day of Intercession for Missionary Work," etc.
- STRAUSS, VICTOR FRIEDRICH VON; born Sept. 18, 1809. Archiv- und Kabinetsrath at Bückeburg, 1840.
- TATE, Nahum, son of Faithful Tate, D.D., born in Dublin in 1652; educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1672; appointed Poetlaureate in 1690; died in London, Aug. 12, 1715. Ho

- is best known by his "New [metrical] Version of the Psalms," executed in conjunction with Dr. Nicholas Brady. Twenty Psalms were published in 1695. The entire Psalter was authorized in 1696. The whole of the Psalms, fitted to the tunes, appeared in 1698, and the "Appendix with Hymns" in 1700. The latter was licensed in 1703; all the hymns in it are by Tate.
- TAYLOR, Miss Jane, daughter of Isaac Taylor, an engraver, of London; born Sept. 23, 1783. At Colchester she learned her father's profession of artist and engraver, but literary labors engrossed her after years; her life was that of a most devoted and lovely Christian, full of usefulness. She died in April, 1824; her chief literary success was in the production of suitable hymns for children.
- THEOCTISTUS, of the Studium; said to have been the friend of St. Joseph of the Studium; a poet of the Greek Church; some of his hymns have been translated by Dr. Neale. Theoctistus died about A.D. 890.
- THOMAS, of Celano; the famous author of "Dies Irae"; the pupil, friend, co-laborer, and biographer of St. Francis of Assisi. The date of the death of Thomas is not known; it is supposed to have been in the latter half of the 13th century.
- THRING, The Rev. Godfrey, son of the Rev. J. D. Thring, Rector of Alford-with-Hornblotton, Somersetshire; born at Alford, March 25, 1823; educated at Shrewsbury School and at Baliol College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1845; succeeded his father as Rector of Alford, 1858. His hymns were published in "Hymns Congregational, and others," (1866). Some of them had already appeared in "Morell and How's Collection," and in "Chopes' Hymnal." He has recently (1880) compiled "A Church of England Hymn Book."
- THRUPP, Miss Dorothy Anne, daughter of Mr. Joseph Thrupp, of Paddington Green; born in London, June 20, 1779; died in London, Dec. 14, 1847. Her hymns appeared in Mrs. Herbert Mayo's "Selection of Hymns and Poetry for the use of Infant and Juvenile Schools" (1838, 4th ed. 1849).
- TOKE, Mrs. Emma Leslie, daughter of the Rt. Rev. John Leslie, D.D., Bishop of Kilmore; born at Holywood, Belfast, Aug. 9, 1812; married in 1837 to the Rev. Nicholas Toke, Godington Park, Ashford, Kent. Her hymns were written for the Hymn Book published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, in which they appeared, 1853; died 1878.
- TOPLADY, The Rev. Augustus Montague, sor of Richard Toplady, a major in the army; born at Farnham, Surrey, Nov. 4, 1740; educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated, 1760; took Holy Orders in 1762; Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devonshire, 1768; died at Knightsbridge, London, Aug. 11, 1778. His hymns appeared in "Poems on Sacred Subjects" (1759), in the "Gospel Magazine" (1770–1776), etc., and in a collected form (1860). He published a collection of hymns in 1776.
- TWELLS, The Rev. Henry, born at Ashted, near Birmingham, in 1823; educated at Birmingham Grammar School, and at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1848; took Holy

- Orders in 1849; was for several years Head Master of the Godolphin School, Hammersmith; Rector of Waltham-on-the-Wolds, Leicestershire, 1871. The hymn "At even, ere the sun was set" appeared in the "Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern" (1868).
- TUTTIETT, The Rev. Lawrence; born at Colyton, Devon, in 1825; educated at Christ's Hospital and at King's College, London; determined to enter the Church and became a Theological Associate in 1848; ordained priest 1849; has had livings in Warwickshire, and at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, London; has published tracts, sermons, and volumes of prayers.
- VAUGHAN, The Very Rev. Charles John, D.D., born at Leicester, England, 1816; educated at Rugby School and Trinity College, Cambridge; B.A., 1838; Fellow of Trinity College, 1830; M.A., 1841; D.D., 1845; Vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester, 1841-44; Head Master of Harrow School, 1844-1859; Vicar of Doncaster, 1860-69; Master of the Temple, 1869; Dean of Llandaff, 1879.
- VICTORINUS, SANTOLIUS; his French name was Jean Baptiste de Santeiiil, born in Paris, of good family, May 12, 1630; a distinguished author and hymn-writer; a canon of St. Victor, at Paris, and, like his brother, Santolius Maglorianus, a contributor to the Paris Breviary. He died at Dijon, Aug. 5, 1697.
- WALWORTH, The Rev. CLARENCE AUGUSTUS, an ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic Church; born 1820. His name appears in connection with Hymn 78, a paraphrase of the Te Deum.
- WARING, Miss Anna Letttia, daughter of Mr. Elijah Waring; born at Neath, Glamorganshire. Her hymns have appeared in "Hymns and Meditations by A. L. W." (1850), in "Additional Hymns" (1858), and in the "Sunday Magazine" (1871).
- WATTS, The Rev. Isaac, D.D., eldest son of Mr. Isaac Watts, a schoolmaster at Southampton, where he was born, July 17, 1674; Minister of the Congregational Church in Bury-street, London; died at Stoke Newington, at the residence of Lady Abney, Nov. 25, 1748. His hymns appeared in "Horæ Lyricæ" (1705), in "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" (1707, enlarged ed. 1709), in "Divine Songs for Children" (1715), in the "Psalms of David Imitated" (1719), and appended to his "Sermons."
- WEISSEL, The Rev. George; born at Domnau, Prussia, in 1500; for three years Rector at Friedland, and in 1623 Minister of the Rosegarden Church at Königsberg. He died at Königsberg, August 1, 1635.
- WESLEY, The Rev. CHARLES, M.A., third son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire; born at Epworth, Dec. 18, 1708; was educated at Westminster School, and at Christ Church, Oxford; took Holy Orders, 1735, and accompanied his brother John to Georgia, in North America, as a missionary; after their return to England, joined him as a preacher; became the poet of the Methodists; died in London, March 29, 1788. His hymns (more than six thousand in number) appeared under various titles between 1738 and 1788.

- WESLEY, The Rev. John, M.A., second son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire; born at Epworth, June 27, 1703; was educated at the Charterhouse, London, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he became a Fellow of Lincoln College, 1726; took Holy Orders in 1725, and went in 1735 as a missionary to Georgia, in North America; after his return in 1738 commenced to preach from place to place, and founded the religious body known as Methodists; died in London, March 2, 1791. His hymns, which were for the most part translations from the German, appeared in his "Collection of Psalms and Hymns" (1738), etc.
- WHATELY, The Most Rev. Richard, D.D., fourth son of the Rev. Joseph Whately, D.D., of Nonsuch Park, Surrey, and Prebendary of Bristol Cathedral; born in London, Feb. 1, 1787; educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1808; took Holy Orders, 1814; appointed Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, 1825; Archbishop of Dublin, 1831; died in Dublin, Oct. 8, 1863. He is the author of well-known treatises on logic and rhetoric. His works on theology and other subjects are numerous.
- WHITE, HENRY KIRKE, son of a butcher at Nottingham, where he was born, March 21, 1785; died while a student at the University of Cambridge, Oct. 19, 1806. His hymns appeared in Dr. Collyer's Collection (1812), and in his Poetical Works.
- WHITING, WILLIAM, son of Mr. William Whiting; born at Kensington, London, Nov. 1, 1825; Master of Winchester College Choristers' School. His hymn "Eternal Father, strong to save" (1860), appeared in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." Died 1878.
- WHITMORE, Lady Lucy Elizabeth Georgina, daughter of Orlando Bridgeman, second Earl of Bradford; born Jan. 22, 1792; married in 1810 to Mr, William Wolryche Whitmore, of Dudmaston, Shropshire; died March 17, 1840. She published "Family Prayers for Every Day in the Week," etc., and "Fourteen Original Hymns" (1824, 2d ed. 1827).
- WHITTEMORE, The Rev. JONATHAN; born at Sandy Beds, England, April 6, 1802: Minister of the Baptist Church for 20 years in Northamptonshire, afterwards at Eynsford, Kent; died in London, Oct. 31, 1860.
- WHYTEHEAD, The Rev. Thomas; born at Thormanby, in the North Riding of the County of York, England, Nov. 30, 1815. Educated at Beverly Grammar School and at St. John's College, Cambridge, In 1839 Curate of Freshwater in the Isle of Wight; in 1841 appointed Chaplain to the late Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand. On reaching New Zealand he ruptured a blood-vessel, and died in October 1842, greatly lamented. He was the First Principal of Bishop Selwyn's College in New Zealand. One of his last works was to translate Bishop Ken's "Evening Hymn" into Maori.
- WILLIAMS, Miss Helen Maria; born in the north of England in 1762. At the age of 18 she visited London, and was introduced in literary society; where, as well as in Paris, she became well known through her political verses and essays. She died in Paris, Dec. 14, 1827.
- WILLIAMS, The Rev. ISAAC, B.D., son of Isaac Lloyd Williams, barrister; born in 1802; educated at Trinity

- College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1826; took Holy Orders in 1829; became a Fellow of his College in 1832; Rector of Bisley, Gloucestershire, 1842; died at Stinchcombe, near Dursley, Gloucestershire, May 1, 1865. His hymns appeared in "Thoughts in Past Years" (1831), in "The Baptistery" (1842), in "Sacred Verses with Pictures" (1845), in "Ancient Hymns for Children," in "Hymns on the Catechism" (1843), in "Lyra Apostolica" (1836), in "Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary" (1839), etc.
- WILLIAMS, The Rev. Peter, born, of respectable parents, in the parish of Llansadurnen, near Langharne (now spelled Laugharne), Carmarthenshire, Jan. 7, 1722; educated at the Carmarthen College, on leaving which he opened a school at Conwyl, near Carmarthen; took Holy Orders, and was appointed Curate of Eglwyscymmin, in the same county. About 1748 he joined the Calvinistic Methodists, subsequently preached in Independent and Baptist Chapels, without attaching himself to either body, and finally built a chapel for himself, in Carmarthen, where he preached for the remainder of his life; died Aug. 8, 1796.
- WILLIAMS, The Rev. WILLIAM, born at Cefnycoed, near Llandovery, Carmarthenshire, 1717; at first studied medicine, but soon afterwards (1740) took deacon's orders; subsequently left the Church of England and became an itinerant preacher of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists; died at Pantycelyn, near Llandovery, Jan. 11, 1791. His Welsh hymns appeared in his "Alleluia" (1745-47), in "The Sea of Glass" (1762), in the "Visible Farewell," and in "Alleluia Again." His English hymns appeared in "Hosanna to the Son of David" (1759), and in "Gloria in excelsis" (1772). These two works were reprinted by the late Mr. Sedgwick in 1859.
- WINKWORTH, Miss Catherine, daughter of Mr. Henry Winkworth, of Alderley, near Manchester; born in London, Sept. 13, 1827. Her translations from the German appeared in "Lyra Germanica" (two series, 1855 and 1858), in the "Church Book for England" (1869), and in the "Christian Singers of Germany" (1869). Died in 1878.
- WOODFORD, The Rt. Rev. James Russell, D.D., only son of Mr. James Russell Woodford; born at Henley-on-Thames, April 30, 1820; educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at Pembroke College, Cambridge, of which he was a scholar, and where he was graduated in 1842; took Holy Orders in 1843; Vicar of Kempsford, Gloucestershire, 1855, and afterwards of Leeds, 1868; appointed Bishop of Ely, 1873.
- *WORDSWORTH, The Rt. Rev. Christopher, D.D., third son of the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and brother of the poet, William Wordsworth; born Oct. 30, 1807; educated at Winchester School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1830, and became a Fellow of his College; Head Master of Harrow School from 1836 to 1844; and after holding other appointments, Bishop of Lincoln (1869). His hymns appeared in the "Holy Year" (1862). With other works, he has published a valuable edition of the Holy Scriptures, with Notes and an Introduction.

YOUNG, Andrew, son of David Young, a teacher in Edinburgh; born in Edinburgh, April 23, 1807; educated in the University of Edinburgh; from 1840 to 1853 English Master in Madras College, St. Andrew's. His hymn, "There is a Happy Land" (1838), appeared in the "School Hymn Book," published by Messrs. Gall.

ZINZENDORF, NICOLAUS LUDWIG, COUNT VON, SON OF Georg Ludwig, one of the principal Ministers of State in Saxony; born at Dresden, May 26, 1700; educated at Halle and at Wittenberg, and from 1721 to 1732 Aulic Counsellor to the Elector of Saxony. He provided on his estate of Berthelsdorf, in Saxony, a place of refuge for the persecuted descendants of the ancient Brethren's Church in Moravia. He became the founder of their first and chief settlement at Herrnhut, and devoted himself to the ministry in the renewed Church of the Brethren, being consecrated as one of their bishops, and occupying the chief place among them until his death at Herrnhut, May 9, 1760. His hymns, numbering above 2000, are contained in his "Deutsche Gedichte" (1735), and in numerous collections from 1722 to 1758. A selection of 770 of these hymns was published by Albert Knapp in 1845.

COMPOSERS.

AHLE, JOHANN RUDOLPH, born at Mühlhausen, in Thuringia, Dec. 24, 1625; educated in the Latin School there, at the University of Göttingen, and completed his theological studies at Erfurt. He was invited in 1646 to become Precentor at St. Andreas. This he accepted, and became one of the most radical reformers of Church music, devoting himself with great assiduity to the instruction of his Choir. The proper authorities were not unmindful of the faithful labors of Ahle, and in consequence he was offered, in 1649, the lucrative position as Organist of St. Blasius. He remained faithful and indefatigable in labor, and became so popular with the masses that he was elected to the Senate in 1655, and finally Burgomaster in 1661. In all these various duties as Statesman, Organist, etc., he remained faithful till he died, on the 8th of July, 1673, in the 48th year of his age. After his death there were found twenty important works awaiting publication. He was the originator of the so-called "Sacred Aria."

ARMES, Philip, Mus. D., Oxon, born in Norwich, 1836; was a Chorister in Norwich Cathedral and later in Rochester Cathedral; became Organist at St. Andrew's, Wells street, London, in 1857; Organist at Chichester Cathedral in 1861, and appointed Organist in Durham Cathedral in 1862, which position he now holds.

ASHWORTH, CHARLES; edited a collection of tunes in four parts; n. d. 2d edition, 1765.

ATTWOOD, THOMAS, born in London, 1767; pupil of Dr. Nares, Dr. Ayrton, and Mozart; appointed Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1795; Organist and Composer to the Chapel Royal, 1796; died March 24, 1838.

AYLWARD, THEODORE EDWARD, born February 28, 1844; was appointed Organist of Llandaff Cathedral in March, 1870, and became Organist of the Cathedral at Chichester in October, 1876. Edited the musical portion of the "Sarum Hymnal" in 1868.

BACH, Johann Sebastian, son of Johann Ambrosius Bach, Musician to the Court and Town at Eisenach, in Thuringia, was born at Eisenach on the 21st of March, 1685, within a month after the birth of his great contemporary, Handel. Both his parents dying in his childhood, he remained for some time under the care of an elder brother, Johann Christoph, from whom he learned the rudiments of music. On his brother's death he entered the choir of the College

of St. Michael, Lüneberg, as a treble singer, where he remained three years. In 1703 he became a violinist in the band of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in 1704 Organist of the Church at Arnstadt, and in 1707 of the Church of St. Blasius, Mühlhausen. The following year he was appointed Court Organist, and in 1714 Director of the Court Concerts at Weimar. He was afterwards for six years Music Director to the Prince of Anhalt-Köthen, and finally became in 1723 Precentor and Music Director of St. Thomas's School, Leipzig, where he remained till his death, July 28, 1750. He was buried on the 30th of July in St. John's Churchyard, Leipzig. Bach is best known as the greatest of composers for the organ. He also wrote much for his favorite instrument, the clavichord, for which he composed his well-known work, "The Well-tempered Clavichord" (Das wohltemperirte Klavier). His vocal works are numerous, including Motets, Masses, about 200 Cantatas (a species of verse Anthems), and five " Passions," three of which are lost. The two which survive were both finished in 1729. The second and greater of these, "The Passion according to St. Matthew," was first performed in St. Thomas's Church on Good Friday. 1729; and, after the oblivion of a century, was revived by Mendelssohn at Berlin on the 12th of March, 1829. It has recently been performed in England and the United States. In the Passions, as well as in his Cantatas, Bach introduced many of the old German Chorals, re-harmonized by him. A collection of 371 of these was published by Kirnberger in 1874. Bach's life was uneventful, and was spent in the cultivation of his art, which he devoted almost exclusively to the service of his own (the Lutheran) Church. His individuality stands so apart from ordinary comprehension and sympathies, that his works are still far too little known, and his immense genius too little appreciated. Schumann says of Bach: "To him music owes almost as great a debt as a religion owes its Founder."

BACH, KARL PHILIPP EMANUEL, second son of Johann Sebastian Bach, often styled the Berlin or Hamburg Bach, born at Weimar, March 14, 1714. His father educated him with a view to philosophy and the Laws of Jurisprudence. But his musical genius would not remain fettered, and in 1731 appeared his first composition, entitled "Ein Menuett für Klavier mit uberschlagenen Händen," which he himself en-

graved (an art his father had taught him). He came to Berlin in 1738. In 1740 he was appointed "Kammermusicus und Clavicembalist" in the then recently instituted Royal Chapel; he was thus required to accompany Frederick the Great, who was celebrated as a flutist. Notwithstanding the irritable temperament of King Frederick, Bach was personally greatly appreciated, though his compositions were not liked at the Court. The seven years' war broke up the arrangement of the Royal Chapel, and as payments became irregular and finally ceased altogether, Bach fortunately received, in 1767, a call as Director of Music in St. Michael's, Hamburg, in which he succeeded the celebrated Telemann. He left Berlin much regretted by the King. The Princess Amalie, the King's sister, conferred the title of Kapellmeister upon him. He remained Organist at St. Michael's till his death, September or December 14, 1788. His compositions are numerous, mainly for the pianoforte. He wrote, also, two Oratorios, a celebrated "Sanctus," and a number of Chorales.

BAKER, Sir Henry Williams, Bart. See Biographical Index of Authors.

BARNBY, JOSEPH, son of Mr. Thomas Barnby; born at York, August 12, 1838; was at an early age a chorister in York Minster, and afterwards a student at the Royal Academy of Music, London; for nine years Organist of St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street, London; Conductor of Barnby's Choir, and afterwards of the Oratorio Concerts; Conductor to the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, and Succentor and Director of Musical Instruction at Eton College, 1875. Mr. Barnby has published an Oratorio, "Rebekah," and many other musical compositions both sacred and secular.

BARTHOLOMEW, Mrs. ANN SHEPPARD (MOUNSEY), born in London, April 17, 1811; commenced to study music under Logier in 1817; at nine years of age she received the encomiums of Spohr. In 1834 she was elected an associate of the Philharmonic Society; in 1839, a member of the Royal Society of Musicians. Since 1837 she has been Organist of St. Vedast's, near Cheapside, having held two similar appointments previously. She has published a large number of Piano and Organ Pieces, Songs, Part-Songs, Hymn-Tunes, a Cantata and Oratorio (The Nativity) for full Orchestra, performed at Mr. Hullah's Concerts. In 1853 she married Mr. William Bartholomew, well known for his English adaptations to many of Mendelssohn's works. Mendelssohn composed the celebrated "Hear my Prayer" for her.

BATTISHILL, JONATHAN, born in London, 1738; pupil of Savage; successively Organist of St. Clement's, Eastcheap, and Christ Church, Newgate St.; died Dec. 10, 1801.

BEETHOVEN, Ludwig van. Beethoven's grandfather, a native of Antwerp, settled in Bonn in 1732 as a musician at the court of the Archbishop-Elector of Cologne, and his father, Johann van Beethoven, became a tenor singer in the electoral chapel. Ludwig was his eldest surviving son, and was born at Bonn, probably on the 16th, and baptized on the 17th Dec. 1770. His musical genius was developed at an early age, when he received instruction from Pfeiffer, an oboist in the theatre, afterwards from Van den Eeden, the court organist, and, on his death, from

his successor, Neefe, After holding for some time the post of Assistant Organist, Beethoven left Bonn in 1702, and settled at Vienna, where he studied under Haydn and Albrechtsberger. In Vienna he remained for the rest of his life, and produced that series of works which has placed him the first of all instrumental composers. His works comprise nine Symphonies, 32 Sonatas for the pianotorte, five Concertos for the pianoforte and one for the violin, Overtures, and numerous compositions for stringed and other instruments, one Oratorio (Engedi-The Mount of Olives), two Masses, an Opera (Fidelio), besides many songs and minor works. In 1800 Beethoven suffered the greatest loss that can befall a musician; he became permanently deaf, and it was while laboring under this affliction that he produced his greatest works. He died at Vienna, March 26, 1827. Beethoven's earlier works are impressed by the influence of Haydn and Mozart. but he soon displayed his own strongly marked individuality. His Sonatas for the pianoforte are unequalled. In his Symphonies he carried that species of composition to the highest perfection which it has yet attained, and invented the "Scherzo," with which he replaced the "Minuet" and "Trio" of his predecessors. Beethoven wrote no hymn-tunes.

BISHOP, John, pupil of D. Roseingrave; Organist of Winchester Cathedral and College; died 1737.

BOURGEOIS, Louis. Born in Paris at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Settled in Geneva in 1541, and succeeded Guillaume Franc as Master of the Choristers at St. Peter's, 1545. Returned to Paris in 1557, and was still living in 1561. Recent researches have shown that Bourgeois was the musical editor of the French-Genevan Psalter from 1542 (when the first edition was published) until 1557. The psalm-tune known in England as the "Old Hundredth" appeared first as the melody of Psalm cxxxiv. in 1551 or 1552. Franc, to whom it has been often ascribed, also published an edition of the Psalms, of Marot and Beza, with tunes, in 1565, but this was a distinct work and intended for local use at Lausanne. The tunes in the French Psalter were given as melodies only, which were afterwards published with harmonies, by Goudimel, Le Jeune, and others; but these composers were in no other way connected with the Psalter, nor were their harmonized versions of the Genevan tunes ever used in the public worship of the Reformed churches. Many of the tunes appear to have been adapted by Bourgeois from popular melodies of the time. It is still uncertain who succeeded him as editor of the Psalter from 1557 until its completion in 1562.

BOYCE, WILLIAM, Mus. D., son of a cabinet-maker in London; born in London, 1710; received his first instruction in music from Charles King, Master of the children of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which he became a chorister. He was afterwards a pupil of Dr. Greene, and studied harmony under Dr. Pepusch; became Organist of Oxford Chapel, Vere-street, London, 1734, and in 1736 of St. Michael's, Cornhill; appointed in the same year one of the Composers, and Joint-Organist, to the Chapel Royal, and in 1749 Organist of All-Hallows Church, Thames-street, In that year he received the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Music from the University of Cambridge, and in 1755 was appointed Master of the Royal Band. He died Feb. 7, 1779, and was buried on the 16th in

St. Paul's Cathedral. Dr. Boyce was one of the ablest musicians of his time, and may be regarded as the last of the old English school of church composers. His works possess great merit, and are distinguished for originality. He composed Anthems and Services, a Serenata called "Solomon," written in 1743, and various minor works. He also carried out the design of his master, Dr. Greene, by compiling and publishing, under the name of "Boyce's Cathedral Music," a valuable collection of Anthems and Services by various composers, in three volumes, of which the first appeared in 1760.

BROWN, ARTHUR HENRY, son of Mr. Stephen Westwood Brown; born at Brentwood, Essex, July 24, 1830; Organist of the Church of St. Thomas the Martyr, Brentwood, 1842-1853, of the Church of St. Edward the Confessor, Romford, Essex, till 1858; and since that time again Organist of Brentwood, and a Professor of Music there; has published the "Gregorian Psalter," "Metrical Litanies for use in Church," "Canticles of Holy Church," "Accompanying Harmonies for the Gregorian Psalm Tones," "Hymns of the Eastern Church," "The Anglican Psalter," "Divers Carols for Christmas and other Tydes of Holy Church," and many other works.

BROWN-BORTHWICK, The Rev. ROBERT; is the only surviving son of the late William Brown, Esq., of Aberdeen and of Her Majesty's Civil Service. He was born May 18, 1840, educated at St. Mary's Hall in the University of Oxford, which—not intending to take Orders—he left, and after serving some years as Lieutenant in the East York Regiment of Militia, was ordained Deacon in 1865, and Priest in 1866. After holding several curacies and incumbencies, he was appointed in 1872 to the Vicarage of All Saints, Scarborough. He married in 1868 Miss Grace Borthwick, and then assumed the additional surname of Borthwick

CALKIN, John Baptiste, third son of Mr. James Calkin, a musician and composer; born in London in 1827; was Organist of the College of St. Columba, Rathfarnham, near Dublin, 1846-1853; is now Organist and Choirmaster at St. Thomas' Church, Camden New Town, London, and a Fellow of the College of Organists. He has composed two Services, many Anthems, Hymn-tunes, and other music.

CALLCOTT, WILLIAM HUTCHINS, son of John Wall Callcott, Mus. D.; born at Kensington Gravel Pits, London, Sept. 27, 18c7; studied music under his brother-in-law, Mr. William Horsley, Mus. B.; was Organist of Ely Chapel, Holborn, London, and afterwards, for sixteen years, of St. Barnabas' Church, Kensington. He has composed Anthems, Songs, etc. Died August 4, 1882.

CAREY, HENRY, a son of George Saville, 1st Marquess of Halifax, who died in 1695; born in London, about 1685, studied music first under Olaus Westeinson Linnert, a German, and afterwards received some further instruction from Rosingrave and from Geminiani, who settled in England in 1714. Carey's musical knowledge was slight, but he possessed considerable invention, and composed some successful songs of which he also wrote the words. He was the author of several dramatic works, the earliest of

which was produced in 1715. He died in London, Oct. 4, 1743.

CHOPE, The Rev. RICHARD ROBERT, son of Mr. Thomas Chope; born Sept. 21, 1830; educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he was graduated 'n 1855; took Holy Orders in 1856; is Vicar of St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate, London, since 1865; author of "The Hymn and Tune Book," "Choral Communion Office," "Carols for Use in Church," and of other works connected with Church music.

CLARK, JEREMIAH, born in London, 1670; educated in the Chapel Royal, under Dr. Blow; on the death of John Reading, became Organist of Winchester College from 1692 to 1695; in 1693 succeeded Dr. Blow (who resigned in his favor) as Master of the Children and Almoner of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, of which he was in 1695 appointed Organist; in 1700 became a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and in 1704 Joint-Organist with Dr. Croft; died in July, 1707. His anthems are distinguished for pathos.

CLAUDER, Joseph, sometimes called Joseph Claudero, the compiler of a work called "Psalmodia Nova," which appeared in Leipzig, 1630.

COOPER, ALEXANDER SAMUEL, born April 30, 1835; a chorister at St. Andrew's, Wells-street, and All Saints, Margaret-street, London, under Richard Redhead and John Foster. Studied the organ and piano under Edward J. Hopkins and Charles Hallé. Organist at Trinity College from 1854 to 1856; St. Columba College near Dublin, from 1856 to 1865; St. John's, Putney, from 1860 to 1867; Tonbridge School, Kent, from 1867 to 1869; St. John's, Notting Hill, from 1869 to 1871; Holy Trinity, Chelsea, from 1871 to 1873; Holy Trinity, Brompton, from 1873 to 1877; is at present Organist at Ester, Surrey, and Choirmaster at Camden Town Church, London.

CORNELL, JOHN HENRY, born May 8, 1828, in New York City. Was for many years Organist at St. Paul's Chapel (Trinity Parish) in that city, in which he still resides, devoting himself chiefly to the preparation of works of a theoretical and educational nature. His "Primer of Modern Musical Tonality" (1876), has attained considerable popularity.

COTTMAN, ARTHUR, died 1879.

COURTEVILLE, jun., RAPHAEL, son of Raphael Courteville, a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, who died in 1675; Organist of St. James' Church, Westminster, London, cir. 1691, where he was succeeded by his son of the same name.

CRASSELIUS, The Rev. Bartholomäus, born 1667, at Glaucha; 1707, Minister at Düsseldorf; died 1724. "Winchester New" is attributed to him, but incorrectly, as he wrote no tunes.

CROFT, WILLIAM, Mus. D., born at Nether-Eatington, Warwickshire, about 1677; educated in the Chapel Royal, under Dr. Blow; became Organist of St. Anne's, Westminster, a post which he held till 1711, and in 1700 a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, of which he was appointed in 1704 to one of the organist's places, jointly with Jeremiah Clark, on whose death in 1707 he became full Organist. In 1708 he succeeded Dr. Blow as Composer to the Chapel Royal and Organist of Westminster Abbey;

- received the degree of Doctor in Music from the University of Oxford in 7713; died in London Aug. 14, 1727, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In 1712 he published "Divine Harmony," a selection of Anthems with an introductory account of their composers and of Church music in general, and in 1724 his "Musica Sacra."
- CROSSLEY, THOMAS HASTINGS HENRY, SON OF Francis Crossley, a major-general in the East India Company's army; born at Glenburn, near Lisburn, County of Antrim, Aug. 1, 1846; educated at the Royal School of Dungannon and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1869; is a senior classical master in Trinity College, Glenalmond.
- CROTCH, WILLIAM, Mus. D., Oxon, born at Norwich, July 5, 1775; celebrated for his precocious musical talent; deputy for Dr. Randall at King's and Trinity College, Cambridge; appointed Organist of Christ Church, Oxford, 1790; Professor in that University, 1797; Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, 1822; "closed his peaceful, virtuous, and useful life," at Taunton, Dec. 29, 1847.
- CRÜGER, The Rev. JOHANN, the celebrated Composer of Chorals, born on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1598, in the village of Gross-Breesen, near Guben. In 1613 he entered the Jesuit College at Olmütz, and later the "Poetenschule" (School of Poets), at Regensburg. He travelled through Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, and arrived at Berlin 1615, where he was Tutor in the family of Colonel Christoph von Blumenthal five years. He finished his theological studies in 1620, at the University of Wittenberg. Here he developed his musical talents to such a degree that the Magistrate at Berlin appointed him, in 1622, Cantor (Precentor) at St. Nicolai's. He was the founder of the now celebrated Choir of the Domkirche (Minster) at Berlin. He was Music Director forty years. He died on the 23d of February, 1662.
- DARWALL, The Rev. Leicester, born at Walsall, Staffordshire, Jan. 10, 1873; entered Trinity College, Cambridge, 1831; took there the degrees of B.A., 1835, and M.A., 1838. Ordained, 1836, to the curacy of Blakeney, Norfolk, his rector being the Rev. J. Cotterill, father of the present Bishop of Edinburgh; Vicar of Criggion, Montgomeryshire, 1838, which position he still holds. His grandfather, formerly Vicar of Walsall, composed tunes to the whole book of Psalms (150), but is best known by his "148th," sometimes called "Portsmouth" in modern collections.
- DAYE'S PSALTER. John Daye was born at Dunwich, Suffolk, in 1522, and died July 23, 1584. His Psalter was entitled "The Whole Booke of Psalmes, collected into Englysh Metre by T. Starnhold, I. Hopkins, and others... with apt notes to synge them withal," 1562. It may not be uninteresting to note that the first metrical version of the Book of Psalms published in America was printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1640, by Stephen Daye, doubtless a member of the family of John Daye. This, known as the "Bay Psalm Book," is believed to have been the first book of any kind printed in North America.
- DECIUS, The Rev. Nicolaus, who was sometimes wrongfully known as Dechius, was a zealous promoter of the Reformation; born at Wolfenbüttel. He

- was known also as "Nicolas von Hofe," while others say his real name was Hovesch or von Hof. He was, in 1519, a Monk and Prior in the Chister Stetterburg at Wolfenbüttel. After he joined the Protestants he became a school teacher at Brunswick, at St. Catherine's and the Ægidien-School, and from thence accepted a ministerial call at Stettin as Pastor of St. Nicholas', in 1524. It is said he was, in 1529, poisoned by his former co-religionists.
- DOCKER, FREDERICK ARTHUR WILLIAM, born Aug. 14, 1852, late Organist to the "Oratorio Concerts" (Mr. Barnby, Conductor). Appointed Organist and Choirmaster at St. Andrews, Wells street, London, September, 1871; Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.
- DOUGALL, Neil, born in 1776; blind from his birth; was a violin player and teacher of music at Greenock, Scotland; died at Greenock in 1862. He composed several hymn-tunes.
- DRESE, ADAM, born in Thuringia, 1630 (1620); in his youth Duke Wilhelm IV. sent him to Warsaw (Polen), in order to be under the direction of the celebrated Kapellmeister Marco Sacchi, for instruction in composition. After his return Drese became Music Director in Weimar, and later, in the reign of Duke Bernhard, became his private Secretary and General Superintendent in Jena. The death of this Duke deprived him suddenly of these several positions, and he then sought comfort in reading the tracts of the Pietists, especially Spener's. In the midst of this misanthropic state of feeling and changed condition, he received and accepted a call as Music Director at Arnstadt, where he devoted himself to his profession till he died, in 1718?. He has written largely in Chamber Music and Church Music; also several Operas. Many of these are lost.
- DYKES, The Rev. John Bacchus, M. A., Mus. D., grandson of the Rev. Thomas Dykes, Ll.B., Incumbent of St. John's Church, Hull, and son of Mr. William Hey Dykes; born at Kingston-upon-Hull in 1823; educated at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, of which he was a scholar, and where he was graduated, 1847; took Holy Orders in the same year; Minor Canon and Precentor of Durham Cathedral, 1849; Vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham, 1862; received the Degree of Doctor in Music from the University of Durham in 1867; died Jan. 22, 1876. Dr. Dykes published a Morning, Evening, and Communion Service, as well as Anthems and many hymn-tunes, and largely contributed to the advancement of congregational hymnody in England.
- EBELING, JOHANN GEORG, Composer of Church Music, born at Lüneburg, circa 1620; succeeded the Rev. Johann Crüger as Precentor at St. Nicholas' Church, Berlin, 1662; in 1668 Professor of Music at Carolinen Gymnasium at Stettin, where he died; 1676. His works are numerous, his chorals being the most known.
- ELLIOTT, JAMES WILLIAM, Organist and Choirmaster of St. Marks, Hamilton Terrace; has written largely for the organ; also a Service and many hymn-tunes; resides in London.
- ELVEY, Sir George Job, Mus. D., born at Canterbury, March 27, 1816; entered New College, Oxford, graduated Mus. B. in 1838, Mus. D. in 1840; Organ-

ist of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor. 1835; and Organist to the Queen, 1837; knighted in 1871; resigned from St. George's Chapel and the profession in 1883. He has composed Church music of considerable merit.

ESTE'S PSALTER. THOMAS ESTE was a printer in London between the years 1588 and 1624. In 1609 he changed his name to S odham. In 15 is he published "The Whole Booke of Psalmes, with their wonted tunes, as they are song in churches, composed into foure parts." It contains the old church and nine new tunes, harmoniz I by to composers, George Kirbye, William Cobbold, Richard Allison, Edward Blancks, Michael Cavendish, John Douland, John Farmer, Giles Farnaby, Edmund Hooper, and Edward Johnson. It was the first Psalter in which the tunes are named-Cheshire, Kentish, and Glassenburie being thus distinguished. It was reprinted in 1594 and in 1604. Este's Psalter contains fifty-seven distinct tunes, exclusive of those of the Spiritual Songs and Hymns. Both "Winchester" and "Windsor" are among the nine new tunes. These were "Tunes usually sung in London and other places of this Realme," which were then for the first time placed in a collection with the usual Church tunes.

EWING, ALEXANDER, son of Mr. Alexander Ewing; born at Aberdeen, Jan. 3, 1830; educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen; is a Paymaster in the Army.

FARRANT, RICHARD, born probably about 1530; was a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1564, and afterwards Master of the children of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where he was also one of the Organists; on receiving these appointments he resigned his place at the Chapel Royal, but resumed it in 1569, retaining his appointments at Windsor till his death, Nov. 30, 1580. His compositions are distinguished for devotion and solemnity. Many of them are printed in Barnard's "Collection of Church Music," 1641, and a few in Dr. Boyce's "Cathedral Music."

FILITZ, FRIEDRICH, Ph. D., born March 16, 1804, at Arnstadt in Thuringia, studied philosophy, in which he received the title of Doctor. He was a close student of ancient Church Music He removed to Berlin in 1843, retired at Munich in 1848, and died Nov, 28, 1860?, at Bonn. Von Bünsen was his intimate friend, and assisted in publishing various Choral Books.

FRANC, or LeFRANC, Guillaume, son of Pierre Franc, of Rouen; established a Music School at Geneva, 1541; appointed Master of the children in St. Peter's Church, 1542; removed to Lausanne about 1545, becoming a member of the Cathedral Choir; died there, 1570. He published, in 1565, for local use at Lausanne, an early edition with tunes of Marot and Beza's Psalms, but this work was quite distinct from the French-Genevan Psalter edited by Bourgeois, and with which Franc had no connection.

FREYLINGHAUSEN, The Rev. JOHANN ANASTAsus, born Dec. 2, 1670, at Gandersheim, in Wolfenbüttel; educated at the Universities of Jena and Halle, succeeded his father-in-law, the Rev. August Herman Francke, as Pastor of St. Ulric's Church and Director of the Orphan-house in Halle; he died on Feb. 12, 1739. He was equally celebrated as a hymnwriter and a good church-musician, and was the editor of the "Geistreiches Gesangbuch," Halle, 1741.

FUSSELL, Peter, pupil of Kent; appointed Organist of Winchester Cathedral, 1774; died circa 1790.

GADE, Niels W., born Oct. 22, 1817, at Copenhagen, was instructed first by several teachers in Denmark. He soon attained to great eminence, receiving the approval of Spohr and Schneider. His first success was the "Ossian" Overture (1841), for which he received the prize of the Musical Union of Copenhagen. Gade then went to Leipzig, where he gained the intimate triendship of Mendelssohn, who assisted him greatly in his musical studies. Schumann also was greatly interested in him, though Gade's writings betray his leanings toward Mendelssohn, while likewise strongly marked with the Scandinavian characteristics. He has written seven Symphonies, besides Overtures, Cantatas, among which should be mentioned "The Holy Night," "Zion;" also planoforte pieces, &c., &c.

GARRETT, GEORGE MURSELL, Mus. D., born on June 8, 1834, at Winchester, in the County of Hants; he commenced to study music at the age of five years; his studies were afterward chiefly and finally directed by Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, whose assistant as Organist in the Cathedral and College at Winchester he became about the year 1851. In 1854 he became Organist of the Cathedral, Madras; the Indian climate not agreeing with him, he returned to England in 1856. He has since that time occupied the position as Organist and Choirmaster of St. John's College, Cambridge. He was graduated as Mus. Bac, in 1857, and as Mus. Doc. in 1867; both degrees being conferred during the professoriate of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. In 1873 he was appointed Organist to the University of Cambridge. He is also an Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, London; a Member-Associate of the (London) Philharmonic Society; and a Member of the Board of Musical Studies, and an Examiner in Music in St. John's College. Lately he has received the degree of M.A. "propter merita" by special grace of the Senate. His compositions have been chiefly Church Music.

GAUNTLETT, HENRY JOHN, Mus. D., eldest son of the Rev. Henry Gauntlett, Vicar of Olney, Buckinghamshire; born at Wellington, Shropshire, in 1806; settled in London in 1826; became, about 1827. Organist of St. Olave's, Southwark, London, an appointment which he held for more than twenty years; in 1830 he was admitted a member of the legal profession; in 1842 was appointed Organist to the King of Hanover, and in the same year received the degree of Doctor in Music from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The assimilation of the compass of the old English G organ to that of the organ long in general use in Germany, and the introduction into England of the Orchestral Bass, and consequent adoption of an extended pedal organ, were in no small degree due to the exertions of Dr. Gauntlett. In 1844 he published the first Gregorian Hymnal, followed by a Gregorian Psalter, a new Cathedral Psalter, and a Bible Psalter. Between 1848 and 1850 he compiled the music to the Rev. W. J. Blew's "Church Hymn and Tune Book," which became the model of many subsequent collections; edited the "Prayer Book Noted" and the "Church Musician" in 1850, and has at various times contributed to many different Hymnals. In 1851 he took out a patent for applying electric or magnetic action to the organ. Died Feb. 21, 1876.

GEE, SAMUEL, B.A.; born at Congleton in Cheshire, May 12, 1834; Organist of St. Mark's, Surbiton, Surrey, 1855-1857; St. Peter's, Chertsey, Surrey, 1857-1861; SS. Peter and Paul, Wantage, Berks, 1862-1864; Christ Church, Clapham, Surrey, 1864-1869; St. Mark's, Lewisham, Kent, 1870-1876; also Organist to the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot; sometime Succentor of the London Gregorian Association. Has written largely for the Church, especially in hymn-tunes.

GEISTREICHES GESANGBUCH. This book is generally ascribed to the Rev. Eberhard Philip Zuehlen, who was its compiler, and wrote the preface. It appeared in Darmstadt; Sebastian Griebel, Printer, 1698. The composers of the tunes in this work are unknown.

GIBBONS, ORLANDO, Mus. D., probably the son of William Gibbons, a musician at Cambridge; born at Cambridge, 1583; was appointed a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in 1604; was graduated Bachelor in Music at Cambridge in 1606, and received the degree of Doctor in Music from the University of Oxford, 1622, and appointed Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1623; died at Canterbury, June 5, 1625; buried in Canterbury Cathedral. He was eminent as an organist, and was the most distinguished English composer of his time. His contributions to the music of the Church are among the best productions in that style, and are remarkable equally for pleasing subjects and skilful construction. His Service in F is well known. He also excelled as a composer of madrigals. His five-part madrigals were published in 1612. The characteristics of his music are richness of harmony and grandeur.

GLUCK, Christoph Willibald, Ritter von, the reformer of the Opera and father of the lyric drama; born July 2, 1714, at Weidenwang, near Neumarkt, in the Upper Palatinate. When twelve years old he was sent for six years to the Jesuit School at Komotow in Bohemia, and in which he received his first musical instructions. Our space is too limited to do the semblance of justice to the noble work he did for art. He is the father of the now most advanced theories respecting the musical dramas, as indicated in all of Wagner's latest works, even the tetralogy "The Ring of the Nibelungs." He never was distinguished as a writer of sacred music. He wrote but little for the Church. He at one time taught music to Marie Antoinette. He died of apoplexy on the 25th of November, 1787.

GOSS, Sir John, Mus. D., son of Joseph Goss, Organist of Farcham, Hants, where he was born in 1800. In 1811 he became Chorister in the Chapel Royal under John Stafford Smith, afterward pupil of Thomas Attwood. In 1824, Organist of St. Luke's, Chelsea. In 1838, he succeeded his teacher, Attwood, as Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. He was knighted in 1872, and shortly afterward resigned at St. Paul's. He was graduated Doctor of Music at Cambridge in 1876. He has contributed to Church music largely. Among his many anthems,

those most widely known are "Christ our Passover" (1857) and "O Saviour of the World" (1869)-of which last it is not too much to say it is the most natural, purely written, and impressive anthem in the whole range of musical literature. For depth of expression it has been not inaptly compared to the last vocal production of Mozart, the motett, "Ave verum Corpus." His "Introduction to Harmony, etc.," (1833, 1847), has had a large circulation. In 1841 he edited a collection of "Chants, Ancient and Modern," and afterward, in conjunction with the Rev. William Mercer, M.A., "The Church Psalter and Hymn Book" (1854, 1864). He was a thoroughly pure writer, and his vocal compositions are remarkable for the beauty and symmetry of the stimmenführung (movement of the voices). He died at Brixton Rise, W. London, May 10, 1880, following so soon the lamented and beloved Henry Smart.

GOUDIMEL, CLAUDE, was one of the most learned and celebrated of Tone-masters of the 16th century, whom both Netherland and France claim as native. He was born about the year 1510, at Besançon, in Franche-Comté, and was probably a pupil of old Josquin, the most celebrated contrapunctist of the pre-Palestrina period. Goudimel founded a Music School at Rome in 1540, and among his pupils were Palestrina, Giovanni Animuccia, Stefano Bettini, Alessandro Merulo, and Giovanni Maria Nanini. After serving Rome in creating a taste for classical Italian Church music, he joined, in 1562, the reformed Church, in which he labored with equally great zeal to promote a higher standard in the hymns of the Church. It was he who rescued very many songs (melodies) from a worldly use and applied them to a sacred one. In this he incurred the hatred of the priests. He resided afterward at Lyons, and was one of the first of the Huguenots who suffered martyrdom on the 24th of August, 1572, in the St. Bartholomew massacre. After barbarous treatment, he was beheaded in the street and his body cast into the Rhone. His compositions, many of which are in manuscript, are all preserved. Many of these are from the Psalms. The Reformed Church counts to-day among its greatest treasures: "Les psaumes de David mis en rime française par Clément Marot et Théodore de Béze; mis en musique à 4 parties par Claude Goudimel." His great and beneficent labors should ever be remembered.

GOUNOD, CHARLES FRANCOIS, born in Paris, June 17, 1818. He received his early musical education from his mother, a distinguished pianist. Having finished his classical studies at the Lycée St. Louis, and taken his degree as Bachelier-és-lettres, he entered the Conservatoire in 1836. Gounod's residence at Rome exercised a strong influence upon his imagination, and his whole future career bears its trace. The years he spent at the Villa Medici were chiefly occupied in studying the works of the old masters, such as Palestrina. On returning to Paris he became Organist and "Maitre de Chapelle" of the "Mission Etrangères." For two years he studied theology, and in 1846 became an out-pupil at the "Seminaire," and it was thought he would take orders for the priesthood. He, however, renounced this idea, though his theological studies had given him a love for the classics. He has written many Operas and much Church music, among which may be mentioned "Messe solennelle in G," the second "Messe des Orphéonistes," "Stabat Mater," "Tobie," "Gallia," a "De Profundis," an "Ave Verum," "Sicut Serves," hymns and motetts, and a large number of songs. Among the latter, "Nazareth" and "There is a Green Hill" have become very popular. His "Meditation," for soprano solo and orchestra on the 1st Prelude of Bach, usually known as the "Bach-Gounod Ave Maria," has been always greatly admired.

GREATOREX, Thomas, born at North Wingfield, Derby, England, Oct. 5, 1758; pupil of Dr. Cooke; appointed Organist of Carlisle Cathedral, 1780; resigned about 1784; went abroad and afterwards settled in London; appointed Conductor of the Concerts of Ancient Music. 1793; Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1819; died July 18, 1831.

GREEN, James, probably of Lincolnshire or Nottinghamshire. He was Organist at Hull.

GREY, The Hon. and Rev. Francis Richard, M.A., eighth son of Charles second Earl Grey; born March 31, 1813; Rector of Morpeth since 1842; Honorary Canon of Durham; Proctor for the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Lindesfarne.

GUILMANT, FELIX ALEXANDRE, born at Boulognesur-Mer, France, where he was Organist of the Church of St. Nicholas; resides now in Paris.

HAMBURGER MUSIKALISCHES HANDBUCH, 1690. The exact title of this work is "Musikalisches Handbuch der geistlichen Melodien," Hamburg, 1600.

HANDEL, GEORG FRIEDRICH, son of Georg Händel, surgeon to Duke Augustus of Saxony; born at Halle, Feb. 23 (baptized 24th), 1685. His talent for music was apparent almost from his birth, but was at first repressed by his father, who intended to educate him for the profession of the law. After some time, however, chiefly through the mediation of the Duke of Saxe-Weisenfelds, Händel was permitted to follow the bent of his genius, and to take lessons from Zachau, Organist of the Cathedral at Hallé. His father's death (Feb. 11, 1697) while he was still a child threw him on his own resources, and a few years afterwards, in 1703, he joined the band of the theatre at Hamburg as a violinist, and produced there his first opera, "Almira," in 1705. After spending some years in Italy he returned to Germany, and at first settled in Hanover, where he was appointed Chapelmaster to the Elector, afterwards George I. of England. Here he made the acquaintance of some English noblemen who induced him to visit London, where he arrived about the end of 1710, and produced his opera "Rinaldo." In 1712 he returned to England, which thenceforward became his home. In 1718 he accepted the office of Chapelmaster to the Duke of Chandos, who then lived in a style of almost royal splendor at Cannons, near London; and it was for the Duke's private chapel, in which daily cathedral service was maintained, that Händel wrote the two Te Deums and the Anthems, known as the Chandos Te Deums and Anthems. For the Duke of Chandos were also composed Händel's first oratorio, "Esther," in 1720.

and the serenata, "Acis and Galatea," in 1721. In 1752 Händel's eyesight began to fail, and in the following year he became blind. After this time he composed little, but occasionally took his place at the organ during the performance of his works. He died in London, on the 14th of April, 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His works include upwards of 40 Operas, 2 English Serenatas, 4 Odes, 17 English Oratorios, besides Psalms, Te Deums, and other smaller works. His instrumental compositions are chiefly for the organ, for the harpsichord (his favorite instrument, on which as well as on the organ he was a performer of the highest rank), and for the hautboy. Händel is an exception among the great masters in having written three hymn-tunes, viz.: "The Invitation," "Sinners, obey the Gospel word ;" "Desiring to Love," "O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art;" and " On the Resurrection," " Rejoice, the Lord is King." The tunes are "Cannons," L.M., 1750; "Fitzwilliam," 8,8,6,8,8,6, and "Gopsall," 6,6,6,6,8,8. These were discovered in the Fitzwilliam Library, Cambridge, by Samuel Wesley, who published them with the original words. His account of their origin is as follows: "The late comedian Rich, who was the most celebrated harlequin of his time, was also the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre during the period when Handel conducted his Oratorios at that house. He married a person who became a serious character, after having formerly been a very contrary one, and who requested Handel to set to music the three Hymns, which I transcribed in the Fitzwilliam Library from the autography, and published them in consequence." Wesley subsequently arranged them for a work called "The Psalmist," by adding inner parts, but he carefully preserved the original treble and bass. Later editors have been less scrupulous, and two of the tunes have been going the round of modern Hymnals in grossly perverted shapes.

HART, Andro, Printer in Edinburgh early in the seventeenth century. He died 1621.

HASLER (or Hassler), JOHANN LEONARD, usually known from his residence in Austria as "Hans Leo von Hasler," born at Nüremburg, 1564; studied at Venice in 1584 under the celebrated Master Andrea Gabrieli. After a year's absence, and through the efforts of Gabrieli, he was appointed Organist in the house of the Fuggers at Augsburg (1585). In 1608 the (reigning) Princes of Saxony, Christoph II and Johann Georg, took him as Court-Organist to Dresden, the last of whom was his most devoted and inseparable friend. With this Prince he made a journey in 1612 to Frankfurt, where he died, June 8, 1612, Hasler was the most eminent Organist of his day. He wrote very many classical songs both secular and sacred, for four, five, six and eight voices. Many of his Chorals were published in the Hizler (Strasburg) Choral Book.

HATTON, John, of Warrington; afterwards of St. Helens, there resident in Duke-street, in the township of Windle; composed several Hymn-tunes; died 1793; his funeral sermon was preached at the Presbyterian Chapel, St. Helen's, Dec. 13.

HAVERGAL, Frances Ridley. See Biographical Index of Authors.

- HAVERGAL, The Rev. WILLIAM HENRY, M.A., son of Mr. William Havergal; born at High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, 1793; educated at St. Edmund Hall, Oxf., where he was graduated in 1815; took Holy Orders in 1816; Rector of Shareshill, near Wolverhampton, and Canon of Worcester Cathedral; died at Leamington, April 19, 1870. He published a "History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune," 1854; a reprint of Ravenscroft's Psalter, "Old Church Psalmody," and other works; he was the father of the late Miss Havergal.
- HAYDN, FRANZ JOSEPH, Mus. D., eldest son of Matthias Haydn, a wheelwright, was born March 31, 1732, at Rohrau, a village in Lower Austria. At an early age he learned the elements of music from a relation named Frank, a schoolmaster at Haimburg, and at eight years of age was admitted into St. Stephen's, the Cathedral Church of Vienna, as a chorister. Here he remained for eight years, when, on the breaking of his voice, he received his dismissal, and for ten years led a life of poverty and privation. Meantime, his works began to attract notice, and in 1761 he was appointed Music-director to Prince Antony Esterhazy, a distinguished amateur at Vienna, in whose service, and in that of his successor, Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, he continued for nearly thirty years. During this period he composed most of those quartets and symphonies with which the history of modern instrumental music commences. Haydn, indeed, may be regarded as the inventor of both these species of compositions, which, during his own lifetime, were further developed by Mozart, and subsequently carried by Beethoven to the utmost limits as yet attained. On Prince Esterhazy's death in 1790, Haydn accepted an invitation from John Peter Salomon, manager of the subscription concerts in London, to visit England, where he remained for about a year and a half, during which time (July, 1791) the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Music. In 1794 he returned to London for the same length of time. During his residence in England he wrote six quartets and twelve of his finest symphonies, known as the Salomon set, There also he heard for the first time the works of Hündel, and the impression he received from them had, no doubt, some share in inducing him to compose a work of the same class. After his return to Germany he commenced his greatest vocal work, "The Creation," finished in 1798, which was followed by "The Seasons" in 1801. During the latter years of his life Haydn resided at Gumpendorf, near Vienna, and died there on May 31, 1809. His works are very numerous, comprising about 120 Symphonies, 83 Instrumental Quartets, 44 Sonatas, 22 Operas, 19 Masses, 4 Oratorios, Trios, and many smaller compositions.
- HAYDN, Johann Michael, born at Rohrau, Sept. 14, 1737; a brother of Joseph Haydn; was for many years Music-director at Salzburg, where he died, Aug. 10, 1806.
- HAYES, WILLIAM, Mus. D., born at Gloucester in 1707; studied music under William Hine, Organist of Gloucester Cathedral; was Organist of St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, then of Worcester Cathedral, and in 1734 of Magdalen College, Oxford; received the degree of Bachelor in Music in 1735, and that of

- Doctor in 1749; appointed Professor of Music in the University in 1741; died at Oxford in 1777. He composed Services, Anthems, etc.
- HAYNE, The Rev. Leighton George, Mus. D., son of the Rev. Richard Hayne, D.D., Rector of Mistley, Essex; born in Exeter in 1836; educated at Eton and at Queen's College, Oxford; was graduated Bachelor in Music, 1850; Doctor in Music, 1860; took Holy Orders in 1861; Coryphæus of the University since 1863, and Public Examiner in the School of Music; Succentor and Organist of Eton College, 1868; Rector of Mistley, and Vicar of Bradfield, Essex, 1871; died March 3, 1883.
- HEINLEIN Paul, a celebrated Pianist and Organist, and eminent Composer, born April 11, 1626; the son of a celebrated physician. Dr. Sebastian Heinlein. In 1646 his father sent him to Linz and Münich, and the next year to Italy, then the country in which advantages for musical culture were the greatest. Here he remained three years, enjoying the instruction of the best Masters. On his return to Nürnberg he became Court-Musician; in 1655, Organist at the Ægidien Church; 1656, Director of Music of the Frauenkirche, and finally, in 1658, as Organist in chief at St. Sebaldus. Here he labored till he died, Aug. 6, 1686, honored as one of the best musicians of his time. He wrote very many compositions for the Piano and the Organ, and for Church Service.
- HERVEY, The Rev. Frederick Alfred John, born May 18, 1846; was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; Curate at Putney from 1869 to 1876; Rector of Upton-Pyne, Devonshire, till 1878; since Rector of Sandringham, Norfolk, and Domestic Chaplain to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. He was a pupil of Dr. Garrett, Organist to the University, and of St. John's College, Cambridge.
- HILLER, FERDINAND, Ph. D., born at Frankfort-onthe-Main, October 24, 1811; was designed for mercantile life, but his love for art was so strong that his parents were obliged to relinquish their preferences, and Hiller devoted himself to music. He received instructions successively from Hoffmann, Aloys Schmitt, Vollweiler, and Hummel. Among his intimate friends were Cherubini, Rossini, Chopin, Liszt, Meyerbeer, and Berlioz.
- HODGES, EDWARD, Mus. D., born July 20, 1796, at Bristol, England; Organist of Clifton Church, and afterwards of the Churches of St. James and St. Nicholas, Bristol. In 1838 he came to America, and in 1840 was appointed Organist of St. John's (P. E.) Chapel (Trinity Parish). In 1846 he became Organist of Trinity (P. E.) Church. He has written a number of Anthems, a Morning and Evening Service, and hymn-tunes, which were published in London and New York. He returned to England in 1863, and died at Clifton on Sept. 1, 1876.
- HODGES, The Rev. John Sebastian Bach, S.T.D., born in Bristol, England, 1830; studied at Columbia College, N. Y., 1846–50; was graduated from the Gen. Theol. Seminary, N. Y., 1854; Rector Grace (P. E.) Church, Newark, N. J., 1851–70; Rector St., Paul's (P. E.) Parish, Baltimore, Md., since 1870; he is the second son of Edward Hodges, Mus. D.
- HOGAN, The Rev. Frederick William, son of the Rev. James Hogan, Rector of Magherafelt, and

formerly Vicar-choral of Armagh Cathedral; born at Richill, County of Armagh, in 1845; educated at the Royal School of Armagh, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1868; took Holy Orders in 1869; Incumbent of Trinity Church, Crom.

- HOPKINS, Edward John, Mus. D., born at Westminster, London, June 30, 1818; one of the children of the choir of the Chapel Royal, 1826–1833; studied music under Thomas F. Walmisley; became Organist of Mitcham Church, Surrey, 1834, and of the Temple Church, London, 1843. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has recently (1882) conferred the degree of Doctor of Music on petition of the Master of the Temple (the Dean of Llandaff).
- HOWARD, SAMUEL, Mus. D., born in London 1710 (or, according to some, 1718); educated in the Chapel Royal, under Bernard Çates, and was afterwards a pupil of Dr. Pepusch; took the degree of Doctor in Music at the University of Cambridge; Organist of St. Bride's, and of St. Clement Danes', London; died July 13, 1782. Dr. Howard was known as the composer of many songs which were popular in their day.
- HOYTE, WILLIAM STEVENSON, T.C.L., F.C.O., born at Sidmouth in Devon, Sept. 22, 1844; was appointed Organist to St. Paul's, Bow Common, at the age of 18; from thence to St. Matthew's, City Road, and Holy Trinity, Westminster; appointed to All Saints, Margaret Street, in 1868; is now Professor of the Organ at Trinity College, London. He has composed a Communion Service in D; an Evening Service in Bh, and other works.
- HULLAH, JOHN, LL.D., born at Worcester, June 27, 1812, but came shortly afterward to London, where he still resides. In 1829 he received instruction of William Horsley. In 1832 he entered the Royal Academy of Music. He has devoted the greater part of his useful and busy life to popular instruction in vocal music. It is estimated that from the years 1840 to 1860, 25,000 persons were his pupils. In 1844, Mr. Hullah was appointed Professor of Vocal Music in King's College, London, which position he resigned in 1874. He now holds similar appointments in Queen's College and Bedford College, London. From 1870 to 1873 he was Conductor of the Concerts of the Royal Academy of Music. On the death of his teacher, Mr. Wm. Horsley, in 1858, Mr. Hullah became Organist of the Charter House. In 1876 the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Edinburgh. Mr. Hullah is the composer of hymn-tunes, together with a large number of very celebrated songs and four-part compositions.
- IRONS, Herbert Stephen, born at Canterbury in Kent, in 1834; he received his musical education under his uncle, the late Dr. Stephen Elvey, the Organist of New and St. John's Colleges, Oxford, and brother of Sir George Job Elvey, Mus. Doc., Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. In 1857 he was appointed Organist and Master of the Choristers at Southwell Minster, in Nottinghamshire. In 1872 he became Sub-organist at the Cathedral in Chester, a post he occupied for three years and over. He now resides at Nottingham, and is Organist of St. Andrew's Church; he is also Organist and Accompanist to the Sacred Harmonic Society in Nottingham.

- ISAAC, HEINRICH; born about 1440, in Prague. He was pupil of the celebrated Josquin Desprez, and with him was very popular at the Court of Lorenzo. He must have remained a long time in Italy, as in 1475 he was called as Director in the Church of San Giovanni. His reputation through Germany increased until he was called by the Emperor Maximilian I, as Director of Music. It is supposed that he died about the beginning of the 16th century.
- JENNER, The Rt. Rev. Henry Lascelles, D.D., son of Sir Herbert Jenner (afterwards Jenner-Fust); born at Chiselhurst, Kent, in 1820; educated at Harrow School, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge; took Holy Orders in 1843; Vicar of Preston, near Sandwich, Kent, 1854; consecrated the first Bishop of Dunedin, New Zealand, in 1866; but returned to his living at Preston in 1870, and resigned his bishopric the following year.
- JONES, WILLIAM, son of Mr. Morgan Jones, born at Lowick, Northamptonshire, July 30, 1726; educated at the Charter House, and at University College, Oxford, where he was graduated, 1749; took Holy Orders; Rector of Paston, Northamptonshire, and Perpetual Curate of Nayland, Suffolk, about 1776; died Feb. 6, 1800. He established the "British Critic" in 1793, and was the author of several philosophical and literary works.
- JOSEPHI (or JOSEPH), Georg, a musician in the Chapel of the Prince-bishop of Breslau, in the middle of the seventeenth century. He wrote a large number of melodies for the hymns of Johann Scheffler (Angelus Silesius), which are published in Scheffler's "Heilige Seelen-Lust oder Geistliche Hirtenlieder," Breslau, 1657, in three books. They contained 123 tunes, of which 107 are by Josephi. A fourth Book was soon afterward added, with 32 tunes, of which 30 are by Josephi. The work appeared in a completa form in 1668, with a fifth part containing 48 tunes by Josephi, and 2 by other composers, 205 tunes in all.
- KIRBYE, George, a musician in the family of Sir Robert Jermyn; said to have been Organist to Queen Elizabeth; was one of the harmonizers of "Este's Psalter," 1592. Distinguished as a composer of Madrigals at the close of the 16th and the beginning of the 17th centuries. His first book of Madrigals was published in 1597.
- KLUG, JOSEPH, a printer at Wittenberg, who printed "Geistliche Lieder," of which the title-page is lost, and title only conjectured; one edition, 1529, contained for the first time, "Ein' feste Burg"; there is also a later edition, 1535.
- KNAPP, WILLIAM, born 1698; Parish Clerk of Poole, Dorsetshire; died 1768.
- KNECHT, JUSTIN HEINRICH, a celébrated Organ, Violin, and Pianoforte performer, and equally eminent Theoretician and Composer, born at Biberach in Suabia on Sept. 30, 1752. He was the son of a Collaborator who was Cantor (Precentor) at the Trivialschule, and was taught by him in singing and on the violin, when he was but nine years old. In 1768 he entered College, then the Lyceum at Esslingen. In 1807 he was elected as Kapellmeister and Ecclesiastical Musik-Director at Stuttgart. This place he relinquished after two years, and returned to Biberach. Here he resumed his former activity, and

taught and wrote till his sudden death from apoplexy, on Dec. 1, 1817.

- KOCHER, CONRAD, Ph. D., of well-deserved reputation as an artist, born Dec. 16, 1786, at Dizingen, in Würtemberg. When seventeen years old, he became tutor in a family at St. Petersburg. He studied thoroughly the works of Haydn and Mozart; took lessons on the piano of Clementi, Klengel, and Berger, and in contrapoint of J. K. Müller. returned to his native village in 1820, having previously composed Sonatas for Piano, Quartettes, Songs, etc. He had also composed several Operas. Through the friendship of the celebrated publisher Cotta, who aided him financially, he went to Italy, where he with great zeal and devotion studied music, more especially in the celebrated Sixtien-Chapel. In 1827 he became Organist of the Stiftskirche at Stuttgart, and founded the still celebrated "Liederkranz." In the last years of his active life he devoted much time to the improvement of Church Music, having compiled several Collections of Chorals, prominent of which is the "Würtemberger Choralbuch" (Stuttgart, 1828); died in 1872.
- KÖNIG, JOHANN BALTHASAR, was in the beginning of the 18th century Director of Music in Frankfurt-am-Main, and compiled under the name of "Deutschen Liederschatz oder allgemeines evangelisches Choralbuch, u. s. w."—(Frankfort, 1738; 2d edition 1767) the most complete German Choral-Book, containing not less than 1940 melodies.
- LAHEE, HENRY, born April, 1826. Organist and Choirmaster from 1847 to 1873, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, London. Composer of Cantatas "The Building of the Ship," "The Blessing of the Children," and "The Sleeping Beauty" (for female voices).
- LAMPE, Johann Friedrich; born, 1693, in Saxony, where he studied music at Helmstadt; settled in London about 1725, as a bassoon player in the opera band; composed many single songs, and set to music several operas, the best known of which is Henry Carey's burlesque opera "The Dragon of Wantley;" was also the author of a Treatise on Thorough-bass. He died in Edinburgh, where he had gone to reside the year before, July 25, 1751, and a hymn upon his death is found among Charles Wesley's "Funeral Hymns," 1759.
- LANGRAN, James, son of Mr. Joseph Langran, born in London, Nov. 10, 1835; Organist of Holy Trinity Church, Tottenham, 1859, and of the Parish Church, 1870. He was musical editor of the "New Mitre Hymnal."

LEIGH, The Rev. WALTER.

LESLIE, HENRY DAVID, Composer and Conductor, honorary member of the R. A. M.; was born in London, June 18, 1822, and educated at the Palace School, Enfield. He commenced his musical studies in 1838, under the direction of Charles Lucas, late Principal of the R. A. M. For several seasons he played violoncello in the Sacred Harmonic Society's Concerts. In 1847, on the establishment of the Amateur Musical Society, he was appointed its Honorary Secretary, and retained that post until 1855, when he became its Conductor. He continued to hold that position until the dissolution of the

Society in 1861. In 1855 was founded the Choir that bears his name. Besides this, he has a Choir of 240 carefully selected male voices, and a Festival Choir which numbers nearly 1000 members. In 1864, at the request of the Marquis Townshend, Mr. Leslie undertook the post of Principal of the National College of Music, an Institution framed on the principle of the Foreign Conservatories. In 1863 he accepted the Conductorship of the Herefordshire Philharmonic Society. In 1874 Mr. Leslie became the Director and Conductor of a body of amateurs known as the Guild of Amateur Musicians, H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh being the Patron. The Chorus consists of some 160 voices, and the Band is composed of leading Professionals. Two Concerts are given in each year, in March and May.

- LUTHER, The Rev. MARTIN, D.D. See Biographical Index of Authors.
- LYTE, The Rev. Henry Francis. See Biographical Index of Authors.
- MACIRONE, CLARA ANGELA, of an ancient and noble Italian family, chiefly known by her Part-Songs, Songs, and other compositions and Anthems performed in the Hanover Square Rooms Concerts and in Canterbury Cathedral, is a musician and composer now resident in London. Miss Macirone studied in the Royal Academy of Music, and received the distinction of a special testimonial in recognition of her musical attainments as a singer, pianist, and composer. She enjoyed the friendship and guidance of Mendelssohn, and began her career by a series of brilliant concerts in London. She became Professor at the Royal Academy of Music. Miss Macirone is now the Head Music-Mistress of two great Music Schools, one numbering upwards of 100 pupils, in which her system of organization has produced a great effect in developing the utmost power in both teachers and taught.
- MACFARREN, Sir George Alexander, M.A., Mus, D., born in London, England, March 2, 1813, entered the Royal Academy of Music, 1829; appointed Principal and Chairman of Committee of Management, February, 1875, and Professor of Music in Cambridge University, in March. 1875. The degrees of Mus. D. in 1875, and M.A. in 1878, by that University, were conferred upon him. The title of knighthood conferred on May 7, A. D. 1882.
- MASON, Lowell, Mus. D., born January 8, 1792, at Medfield, Massachusetts, and resided at Savannah, Georgia, from 1811 to 1827, when he settled in Boston; died at Orange, New Jersey, Aug. 11, 1872.
- MATTHEWS, The Rev. TIMOTHY RICHARD, B.A., is the youngest of four sons of the late Rev. Mr. Matthews, Curate of Colmworth, near Bedford, from 1818 to 1830. The Rev. T. R. Matthews was born at Colmworth, Nov. 4, 1826; educated at the Bedford Grammar School, and on his father's death became private tutor to the two sons of the Rev. Lord Wrio thesley Russell, Canon of Windsor. He entered Caius College, Cambridge, in 1849; took the degree of B.A. in 1853, and was ordained by the present Bishop of London (then Bishop of Lincoln), the Rev. Dr. Jackson, in September, 1853. From Sept., 1854, to May, 1859, Curate of St. Mary's, Nottingham,

and Curate in sole charge of the village of North Coates from Sept. 15, 1859, to April 23, 1869; from which latter date he has held the living to which he was appointed by the Queen, as Duchess of Lancaster, on the nomination of the Earl of Dufferin, who was at that time Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He married on August 25, 1859, Margaret Mary, elder daughter of John Northon Thompson, Surgeon, of Nottingham.

MEADOWS, WILLIAM, born April 28, 1832, trained at York. Organist and Choirmaster of Standish, Lancashire. Choirmaster and Deputy Organist of Holy Trinity, Brompton, London.

MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, JAKOB LUDWIGFE-LIX, Ph.D., son of a banker, Abraham Mendelssohn, and grandson of the celebrated Jewish philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, was born at Hamburg, Feb. 3, 1809. After three years his family removed to Berlin, where, having at an early age displayed extraordinary ability in music, he received instruction in that art from Berger and Zelter, and pursued his general studies at the University. He soon attained to the highest rank among the musicians of his time, equally as a composer and a pianist. In 1826 he wrote the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," to which the remainder of the music was added in 1843. In 1829 he visited England for the first time, and was received there with the greatest distinction. The next four years were spent in travelling through Italy, Switzerland, France, and England, and in 1834 he accepted the directorship of the concerts and theatre at Düsseldorf. It was here that he invented a new class of compositions for the pianoforte, entitled "Songs without words" (Lieder ohne Worte), of which several series afterwards appeared. From 1835 to 1843 Mendelssohn resided chiefly at Leipzig, as director of the Gewandhaus concerts. During this period he produced his first oratorio, "St. Paul," performed for the first time at Düsseldorf in 1836, his "Hymn of Praise" (Lobgesang), 1840, and other important works. Soon afterwards, the death of a beloved sister, Madame Hensel, caused a shock from which he never recovered. His health had been for some time before impaired by overwork, and he died at Leipzig, Nov. 4, 1847. In 1836, the University of Leipzig conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor in Philosophy. His works include compositions of nearly every class, comprising Symphonies, Overtures, Quartets for stringed instruments, Concertos and other pieces for the pianoforte, Sonatas for the Organ, two Oratorios, Psalms, and much vocal music, secular and sacred.

METCALFE, WILLIAM.

MILLER, EDWARD, Mus. D., Cantab., born at Norwick, 1731; pupil of Dr. Burney; Organist of Doncaster for fifty-one years; "a warm-hearted, simple-hearted, right-hearted man, an enthusiast in his profession, yet not undervaluing, much less despising, other pursuits;" died Sept. 12, 1807.

MONK, EDWIN GEORGE, Mus. D, Oxon, F.R.A.S., was born in Frome, Somerset, Dec. 13, 1819. In 1844 he became Organist and Teacher of Music in the newly-formed College of St. Columba in Ireland. Leaving Ireland after three years, Mr. Monk set-

tled in Oxford, where he was concerned in the formation of the "University Motet and Madrigal Society," and in other musical engagements. In 1848 he removed to the neighboring College of St. Peter, Radley, where for twelve years he acted as Lay-Precentor, Organist, and Music-Master. During this period, he obtained the Degree of Mus. B., and in 1856 of Mus. D. at Oxford. In 1859 he was appointed Choirmaster and Organist of York Cathedral, which position, on account of ill health, he relinquished in 1883. He is the Editor of "The Anglican Chant Book," "The Anglican Choral Service Book," "The Anglican Hymn Book," and, conjointly with the Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, "The Psalter and Canticles, Pointed for Chanting," and "The Anglican Psalter Chants." He has also published a Service, several Anthems, etc., etc., and various secular compositions.

MONK, WILLIAM HENRY, (no relation to the foregoing Edwin George Monk, Mus. D.), was born in London in 1823. He studied under Thomas Adams, J. A. Hamilton, and G. A. Griesbach. After filling the office of Organist at Eaton Chapel, Pimlico; St. George's Chapel, Albemarle Street; and Portman Chapel, St. Marylebone, he was appointed in 1847 Director of the Choir in King's College, London, and in 1849, Organist. In 1874, upon the resignation of Mr. John Hullah, he became Professor of Vocal Music in the College. He was early associated with Mr. Hullah in his great work of popular musical education. In 1851 he became Professor of Music at the School for the Indigent Blind. In 1852 he was appointed Organist of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, where a voluntary choir, under his direction, has ever since sustained a daily choral service. He has delivered lectures on music at the London Institution (1850 to 1854), the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, and the Royal Institution, Manchester. He was appointed a professor in the National Training School for Music, 1876, and in Bedford College, London, 1878. He was musical editor of "The Parish Choir" after the tenth number, and one of the musical editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." He has edited many other works of a similar character, including some for the Church of Scotland, and has made various contributions to many of the modern Hymnals.

MORAVIAN PSALTER.

NARES, James, Mus. D., elder son of Mr. Nares, Steward to the Earl of Abingdon; born at Stanwell, Middlesex, in 1715; educated in the Chapel Royal under Mr. Bernard Gates, and afterward a pupil of Dr. Pepusch; Organist of York Cathedral, and from 1756 of the Chapel Royal, London, where in the following year he became also Master of the boys; received the degree of Doctor in Music from the University of Cambridge; died Feb. 10, 1783. He published a Service, 26 Anthems, and other compositions.

NAYLOR, John, Mus. D., born June 8, 1838; admitted as a Chorister in the Choir of the Parish Church, Leeds, Yorkshire, in 1848; appointed Organist and Choirmaster of the Parish Church, Scarborough, Yorkshire, 1856; was graduated a Bachelor of Music, Oxford, 1863; and a Doctor of Music, Oxford, 1872; appointed Organist and Cheirmaster of

All Saints' Church, Scarborough, Yorkshire, 1873. Composer of many hymn-tunes in "Leeds' Tune Book," "The Hymnary" (Barnby), "Church Hymns" and other Hymnals.

NEANDER, The Rev. Joachim, born at Bremen in 1640. Rector of the Reform School at Düsseldorf from 1674 to 1679; died while Pastor in Bremen on May 31, 1680.

NEUMARCK, Georg, born at Langensalza in Thuringia, March 16, 1621; after some years of poverty and privation, became in the year 1651 Librarian at Weimar. He wrote a very large number of scientific works; played on the Viola da Gamba, Viola, and Violoncello, and has immortalized himself through his hymns, prominent amoug which is the well-known "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten" (If thou but suffer God to guide thee). He died at Weimar, July 8, 1681.

NICOLAI, The Rev. Philipp, D.D., son of Theodor (Theodorich) Nicolai, Lutheran Pastor at Mengeringhausen, in Waldeck, where he had introduced the reformed doctrines; born at Mengeringhausen, Aug. 10, 1556; Pastor of St. Catherine's, Hamburg; died at Hamburg, Oct. 26, 1608. His hymns, four in number, appeared as an Appendix to his "Freudenspiegel des ewigen Lebens" (1599, preface dated Aug. 10, 1598).

OAKELEY, Sir HERBERT STANLEY, Mus. D ; born at Ealing, Middlesex; second son of Sir Herbert Oakeley, Bart., his mother, Atholl Murray, being a daughter of Lord Charles Murray, fourth son of the Duke of Atholl; educated at Rugby, he came to Christ Church, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1854. During his college career he took an active part in the Oxford Amateur Musical Society, of which the present Archbishop of York was president. Leaving the University, he came to Leipzig, took lessons of Plaidy and Moscheles on the pianoforte, of Papperitz on the organ, and later, of Dr. Johann Schneider, the great Dresden organist, and also of Professor Breidenstein of the University of Bonn. In 1865 he assumed the Professoriate of the Reid Chair in the University at Edinburgh, at the time when Mr. Gladstone was Lord Rector. In 1864 he was elected a member of a society of artists at Rome, "Quirites," and in 1871 he received the degree of Mus. Doc. Cant. In 1876, at the inauguration of the Scottish National Monument to the late Prince Consort at Edinburgh, the music was, by the Sovereign's command, directed and composed by Dr. Oakeley, who subsequently received from the Oueen the honor of knighthood. The University of Oxford added, on June 19, 1879, the still more welcome honor of Mus. Doc. honoris causa, the degree being conferred at the same time upon Doctors Macfarren and Sullivan. The art-world in Scotland owes Dr. Oakeley a great debt of gratitude in introducing the greatest works of Mozart, Beethoven, and later masters. He has written for pianoforte, organ, orchestra, for solo voices and chorus, and has made many contributions to the collections of hymn-tunes and chants, etc. Of his music for Church use, his Service in E flat is considered one of the best. His tune "Edina," in this Hymnal, is very popular.

OUSELEY, The Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore, Bart., Mus. D., son of Sir William Gore Ouseley, whom he succeeded as second baronet in 1844; born in London Aug. 12, 1825; was educated at Chris. Church, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1846; took the degree of Bachelor in Music in 1850, and that of Doctor in 1854, and was appointed Professor of Music in the University in the next year; is in Holy Orders; Precentor of the Cathedral of Hereford, 1855, and Incumbent of St. Michael's, Tenbury, 1856. He has published Oratorios, Anthems, and Church music of various kinds.

PALESTRINA, GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA, WAS born about 1524 at Palestrina, a town in the States of the Church, from which he derived his name. At Rome he studied music in the school established there in 1540 by Claude Goudimel. In 1551 he became Master of the children in the Chapel founded by Pope Julius II, and in 1555 was appointed by Julius III a member of the choir of the Pontifical Chapel, Paul IV, however, who succeeded to the papacy in the same year, considering a married man to be ineligible for this post, dismissed Palestrina from the choir. He then became Chapel-master of the Church of St. John Lateran, and in 1561 of that of St. Maria Maggiore. For many years before this time the music of the Church had been gradually debased. It was overladen with inappropriate embellishment and mere contrapuntal devices, or in many instances supplanted altogether by themes borrowed from secular music. In 1562, the Council of Trent resolved on a reformation of these abuses, and was at first disposed to forbid altogether the use of any music in the Church, excepting the Gregorian Chant. The genius of Palestrina saved his art from extinction. He had already written some works which, from their simplicity and devotional character, had produced a deep impression on those at Rome who heard them. The Roman Cardinals cited these works as evidence that the later improvements in musical science were not incompatible with the solemnity and purity demanded by ecclesiastical music, and Palestrina was commissioned to write a Mass which would fulfil the conditions imposed by the Council. In 1565 he produced three Masses, which excited universal admiration, and of which the third is known as the "Missa Papæ Marcelli," a name given to it by the composer in memory of his friend, Pope Marcellus II, who had succeeded Julius III in 1555, but died after a reign of only twenty days. Palestrina was then named composer to the Apostolic Chapel. In 1571 he returned to his former post at St. Peter's, and became also director of the music to the Oratory founded by St. Filippo Neri. He died at Rome, Feb. 2, 1594.

PARRY, CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS, Mus. D., born Feb.27,1848; was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he was graduated Mus. B. in 1867, and B.A. in 1870. He took some lessons in harmony from Dr. G. J. Elvey in 1868, and studied since with Professor Alexander Mactarren and Mr. Dannreuther. He resides in London, where he is known as an accomplished performer on the piano. He has composed a number of classical works for Orchestra, Pianoforte, Chamber music, the Organ, and also for the Church Service. At the Gloucester Festival on September 7,

1880, was performed his setting of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," a Cantata for Solo voices, Chorus and Orchestra.

PARRY, THOMAS GAMBIER.

PERGOLESI (Pergolese), GIOVANNI BATTISTA, son of Francesco Andrea Pergolesi, was born at Jesi, in the Roman States, Jan. 3, 1710. The place and date of his birth have been disputed, but the discovery of the registry of his baptism has set the question at rest, At ten years of age he went to Naples, where he was admitted into the Conservatorio dei Poveri di Giesu-Cristo, and studied the violin under Domenaco Matteis. His progress was so rapid that Matteis recommended him strongly to Gaëtano Greco, then at the head of the Conservatorio di San-Onofrio, whose pupil he became. From the year 1731 Pergolesi wrote several operas, but excepting "La Serva Padrona," none were successful. He then for two years occupied himself exclusively with music for the Church, and composed also a number of Trios for stringed instruments. In 1734 he was appointed Chapel-master of the Church of Santa Maria di Loreto. In the following year he produced his opera "L'Olimpiade" at Rome, and, on its complete failure, returned to Loreto. Soon afterwards his health compelled him to seek a warmer climate, and he fixed his residence at Pozzuoli, near Naples. Here he wrote his celebrated "Stabat Mater," the cantata "Orfeo," and his "Salve Regina." He died on March 16, 1736.

PETER, CHRISTOPH, circa 1655.

PLAYFORD, John, born 1613; Music Publisher, and Clerk of the Temple Church; died, 1693.

PRÆTORIUS, Jacob, born 1600; Organist at Hamburg in the beginning of the seventeenth century; died Oct. 21, 1651.

PRYS, Ven. Edmund, Archdeacon of Merioneth, early in the seventeenth century.

PURCELL, HENRY, Son of Henry Purcell, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal. Born, 1658; appointed Organist of Westminster Abbey, 1680; and of the Chapel Royal, 1682; died Nov. 21, 1695.

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621. THOMAS RA-VENSCROFT was born in 1592, and was educated as a Chorister in St. Paul's Cathedral under Edmund Pearce. At fourteen years of age he took the degree of Bachelor in Music at Cambridge. In 1621 he published his "Whole Booke of Psalms," after which nothing is known of him. He is supposed to have died before 1630. His Psalter, of which a second edition appeared in 1633, contains 98 distinct tunes, of which 40, to which names were appended, had been recently composed, the rest, for the most part, being the usual "Church tunes," which were printed, for one voice only, in the Psalters of the day. The practice of calling tunes by the names of places seems to have been established in England by Ravenscroft, although it did not actually originate with him, as such names are found in the "Scotch Psalter" of 1615, and some are employed by Este in his Tune Books of 1592 and 1594, all the tunes in which are included in "Ravenscroft's Book of Psalms." A reprint of "Ravenscroft's Psalter" was published in 1845, with introductory remarks by the Rev. W. H. Havergal

READING, John, born, 1677; died, 1764; Choristen in the Chapel Royal; Organist of Dulwich College, 1700–1702; Lay-Vicar, 1702, and Master of the Choristers, 1703, in Lincoln Cathedral; then Organist of St. John's, Hackney; afterwards of the parish churches of St. Mary Woolchurchaw, and St. Dunstan-in-the-West, London. He appears to have been a son of John Reading, who in 1667 was admitted a Lay-Vicar of Lincoln Cathedral, and in 1670 Master of the Choristers. The elder Reading is doubtless the same who was Organist of Winchester Cathedral, 1675–1681, then of Winchester College until his death in 1692, and was the composer of the "Election Grace," for the scholars of the College, of "Dulce Domum.

REAY, SAMUEL, Mus. B., son of Mr. George Agnew Reay; born at Hexham, Northumberland; educated in Durham Cathedral, where he was a chorister, and was graduated Bachelor in Music at the University of Oxford in 1871; was Organist of St. Peter's Church, Tiverton, Devonshire, 1847-54; of the Parish Church. Hampstead; of St. Saviours's, Warwick-road, Paddington, and or St. Stephen's, Westbourne-park Road, London, successively, 1854-59; appointed Organist and Precentor of St. Peter's College, Radley, 1859; Organist and Choirmaster of the Parish Church, Bury, Lancashire, 1861, and in 1864, Organist and Master of the Song School of the Parish Church, Newark-on-Trent. Mr. Reay has published a Service, Anthems, many Part-songs, some Songs, and other compositions, and has contributed several Hymn-tunes to Chope's "Congregational Hymn and Tune Book," 1862; to "The Hymnary," 1872; to "Tunes New and Old," and to other collections.

REDHEAD, RICHARD, born at Harrow, in the County of Middlesex, March 1, 1820; educated at Magdalene College, Oxford; appointed Organist of old Margaret Chapel, Margaret street, Cavendish Square, in 1839. and successively of the temporary and the present Church of All Saints, built on the site of the old chapel, which appointment he resigned in 1859; is now Organist of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, which office he has held since 1864. In 1843 he published, in conjunction with the late Canon Oakeley, then Minister of Margaret Chapel, the first Gregorian Psalter, with the title "Laudes Diurnæ." This has been followed by a long list of compositions for the Church, the most important being several books of hymn-tunes, the "Introits for the Several Seasons of the Christian Year," "The Music of the Divine Liturgy," " The Book of Common Prayer, with Ritual Song," etc., etc.

REINAGLE, ALEXANDER ROBERT, son of Mr. Joseph Reinagle, born at Brighton, Aug. 21, 1799, some time Organist of St. Peter's-in-the-East, Oxford; resident at Kidlington, near that city; died there April 6, 1877.

RITTER, Peter, born at Manheim, 1760; pupil of Abbe Vogler; appointed Chapel-master to the Grand Duke of Baden, 1811; died at his native place, July 31, 1846.

ROSENMÜLLER, JOHANN, born in Saxony (Chursachsen) in the beginning of the 17th century (1610?). After an education at an Academy, he became Collaborator or Assistant Professor in 1647 at the St. Thomas' School in Leipzig. In 1648 he was elected Music-director of the Choir, and subsequently held the same position at Wolfenbüttel, where he died in 1686.

ROWDEN. The Rev. GEORGE CROKE, D.C.L., Precentor and Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, and Chaplain to the Royal Society of Musicians; died at the Chautry, April 17, 1863.

SCHEIDEMANN, DAVID, was Organist at St. Michael's, Hamburg, circa 1585; has arranged in four parts several melodies of the Lutheran Hymn Book.

SCHEIN, JOHANN HERMANN, born at Grünhain in Saxony, on the 29th of January, 1586, where his tather, the Pastor of the Lutheran Church, had lived and died. His mother sent him to Dresden, where, through the influence of the Court-Preacher. Polycarp Leyser, he was admitted in the Choir as Soprano in the Prince's Chapel. Four years later, in May, 1603, he entered the University at Leipzig. He accepted a call in 1613 as Music-director at Weimar from the Duke Johann Ernst. Two years later he returned to Leipzig, and assumed the position as Cantor or Precentor. He died in 1630, in his 44th year. He devoted his life to the elevation and improvement of Church music. He compiled many works and is the author of very many hymns and tunes.

SCHNEIDER, FRIEDRICH JOHANN CHRISTIAN, born in Alt-Waltersdorf, near Zittau, border of Bohemia, on Jan. 3, 1786. After the exhibition of marvellous talent in youth, he entered the University of Leipzig, and interested himself in the development of musical art there. He became well-known as Pianist and Composer. In 1807 he became Organist at St. Paul's; 1810, Director of Music of the Seconda-Opera-Troupe, and in 1812, Organist at St. Thomas'. He labored in these various positions till 1821, when he was called by the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau as Musicdirector. Here he organized aside of the Sing-Academy the "Gymnasial-Singer Chor," which was a branch or part of the Normal-School. Besides this he founded a "Liedertafel." The greatest success of his life was the founding of the Musical Institute in 1829. Very few can number such eminent pupils as Schneider, among whom were Baake, Thiele, Gustay Flügel, Gathy, Otten, Drechsler, Dümer, Dr. Stade, Markul, Fritz Spindler, Derkum, Robert Franz, Anschütz (late of New York) Rebling, Bernsdorf, Tausch. He also directed a large number of Music Festivals, to which he gave his best energies. Aside of his well-known Oratorio, the "Last Judgment" (1819), "The Flood" (1823), "Lost Paradise" (1824), "Pharaoh" (1828), "Christ the Child" (1829), "Gideon" (1829), "Gethsemane and Golgotha" (1838), he wrote a large number of less known works, such as "Die Todtenfeier" (1821), "Jesus' Birth " (1825), "Jesus the Master" (1827), etc., etc.; also 14 Masses, a Gloria and a Te Deum, 25 Cantatas, 5 Hymns and 13 Psalms and Motets, Songs for Choirs, 7 Operas, 23 Symphonies, 23 Overtures, 60 Sonatas, 7 Concertos with Orchestra, Quartettes, 12 Rondos, Piano-Trios, a large number of smaller works, and nearly 400 Songs for Men's Voices, and 200 Songs for Voice with Piano Accompaniment. The untiring, active Master died Nov. 23, 1853. Though he was much appreciated during his lifetime, he seems almost forgotten now. His great light is overshadowed by the still greater orbs Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann.

SCHOP, JOHANN, was born and died at Hamburg; Music-director in 1641, and "Rathsmusikant" in 1654; was an excellent violinist. He composed tunes for many of the sacred songs of his friend Johann Rist.

SCHULTHES, WILHELM AUGUST FERDINAND, born at Hesse-Cassel, Germany, Sept 9, 1816; received his first musical instruction from an organist (Mr. Burbach), in a small town in Thuringia; after his collegiate instruction was finished, he studied the pianoforte under Rosenhayn and Pixis; in harmony, under H. Esser. He then sojourned in Paris and Brussels. When twenty-five years of age he settled in London, England, where the late Reverend Frederic William Faber, D.D., received him in the Roman Catholic Church. He held the position of Director of Music at the London Oratory of St. Philip Neri for twenty years, and for fifteen years also Professor of Music in the Convents of the Sacred Heart at Rochampton, and College at Wandsworth (both near London). He died at Paris, August 16,

SCHUMANN, ROBERT, Ph. D.. born June 8, 1800. in Zwickau. Schumann removed to Leipzic, and entered the University in 1828, for the purpose of the study of law. In 1830 he concluded to devote his life to music. This was at first most bitterly opposed by his mother, but she finally yielded to the son's determination. He returned to Leipzig in 1830, for the purpose of placing himself under the tuition of Friedrich Wieck, from whom he had previously taken lessons. In the autumn of 1831 he began with great energy to take lessons in composition of Heinrich Dorn, the principal Kapellmeister (Music-director). He had then already written a number of compositions, some of which were published at a later period. He led soon the opposition against certain traditional forms of compositions, and in order to give these views a greater tangibility, he established an organ advocative of such in 1834, called: "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik." This Journal made a deep impression on the Art-World, and very many espoused the views of Schumann. This period can be called with propriety the Pre-Wagner. Schumann's compositions grew gradually in popularity. They were called, because of their peculiar identity, "oppositionell." They had an individuality which gave them with those who believed in the intellectual in art a decided preference. In 1840 he married the daughter of his teacher (Wieck), Clara, a very superior pianiste. To extend his views, he projected a residence in Vienna. But here he was disappointed. He returned to Leipzig in April, 1839. At this time he received from the University at Jena the title of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1843 he became one of the Instructors in the then recently founded Conservatory in Leipzig. In the following year he removed to Dresden, where he established a Choral Society. A number of concerts, in conjunction with Mme. Schumann, were given in various parts of the country. Toward the close of 1850 he received a call as Music-director in Düsseldorf. Here he labored successfully three years, from Oct. 24, 1850. In November, 1853, in company with his wife, he made a professional tour to the Netherlands. where he had the joy to find his works appreciated more than he had in his native land. to him the most unexpected joy. A few months

afterwards, to the great grief of his many friends and admirers, this accomplished and eminent man, who had done so much for the happiness of others, was called to pass through a protracted and mysterious season of declining health. To these infirmities he at length succumbed and died near Bonn, attended by his wife, July 29, 1856, and was buried July 31, 1856.

SCOTCH (The) PSALTER. The version of the Psalms first used in Scotland after the Reformation was by John Wedderburn, a native of Dundee, whence his collection seems to have been sometimes known as the Dundee or Dundie Psalms. In 1556, a Form of Prayer was drawn up for the use of an English congregation at Geneva, of which John Knox and Goodman were appointed Co-Pastors. It contains fifty-one Psalms, of which forty-four were. with some alterations, those published in England by Sternhold and Hopkins, not long before. About 1560 this collection was introduced into Scotland with the number of the Psalms increased to eighty-seven. The whole Psalter was published in 1564, and was based on that of Geneva. Of the subsequent editions the most important were those of 1595, 1615 (that of Andro Hart), and 1635. This Psalter continued in use till 1650, when it was superseded by the metrical version of the Psalms employed at the present time.

SHEPPARD, The Rev. HENRY FLEETWOOD, born in London, Feb. 5, 1824. At the age of seventeen, his father procured for him an appointment in a government office. After ten years, desiring to take Orders, he resigned and went to Cambridge, entering at Trinity Hall. In January, 1855, he took the degree of B.A., and was elected Travelling Bachelor to the University. He was required to go to Bohemia for the purpose of making search respecting certain MSS, of Bishop Grossetête. pleting this work he returned to England, resigned his office, and was ordained by the Bishop of Chester on Trinity Sunday, 1856. After serving two or three curacies, he was presented to the living of Kilnhurst in 1859, and took the degree of M.A.; here he remained until the close of 1868, when he was presented to the benefice, Thurnscoe Rectory, Yorkshire, which he now (1883) holds. For the past nineteen years he has been precentor and editor to the "Doncaster Church Choral Union," and has published sundry contributions to Church Music. He has lately published a small collection of original hymn-tunes dedicated to the Archbishop of York.

SHRUBSOLE, WILLIAM, born in 1758, a chorister in Canterbury Cathedral, and afterwards Organist of Spafields Chapel, London, from 1784 to his death in 1866. He is not to be confounded with his contemporary, the hymn-writer of the same name.

SIDEBOTHAM, The Rev. John, M.A., of Lincoln and New Colleges, Oxford; born July 2, 1830, in Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex; King's Scholar of the King's School, Canterbury, from 1843 to 1848; entered Lincoln College, Oxford, March 15, 1849, as a Commoner; Smith's Exhibitioner from 1850 to 1855; B.A. in 1853; M.A. (New College) 1855; admitted (adeundem) M.A. of Cambridge, 1855; ordained Deacon by the Right Rev. Dr. Wilberforce, Bishon of Oxford; Priest, by the Right Rev. Dr. Davys. Bishop of Peterborough, in 1855; is now

Vicar of Aymestry in the County and Diocese of Hereford; presented by the Lord Chancellor Cairns Oct. 31, 1876; instituted Jan. 11, 1877; Surrogate for the Diocese of Hereford in 1877; was Chaplain of New College, Oxford, from 1855 to 1866; Incumbent of Canons Ashby, Northants, from 1855 to 1866; City Preacher at St. Martin, Curfew, Oxford, from 1859 to 1869; Rector of All Saints with St. Mary de Castro and St. Mildred's, Canterbury, from 1869 to 1877, having been presented to it by Lord Chancellor Cairns in November, 1868, and instituted in January 6, 1877.

SILAS, EDWARD, born 1827, at Antwerp, was a pupil (on the piano) of Kalkbrenner till 1842, was also taught by Benoist and Halévy, resided several years after in Mannheim, and resides (since 1849) in London. He received a prize for a Mass in 1866. He has written an Oratorio, a Symphony, several Overtures, Songs, Pianoforte Pieces, and Anthems and Hymatunes.

SILCHER, FRIEDRICH, Ph. D., born June 27, 1789, at Schnaith, near Schorndorf, in Würtemberg. He developed early musical talent, and was first taught by his father, afterwards by Organist Auberlen in Fellbach, near Stuttgart. He resided there as music teacher till 1817, when, after composing a Cantata for Tübingen to commemorate the 300th Anniversary of the Reformation-Festival, he was called thence as Music-director. He received in 1852 the honorary title of Doctor in Philosophy. He died at Tübingen, Aug. 26, 1860.

SMART, Sir George Thomas, born in London, May, 1776; Knighted, 1811; appointed Organist of the Chapel Royal, 1822; was also Composer to the Queen; conducted the music at the Coronations of William IV and Victoria, and at numerous provincial Festivals; died Feb. 23, 1867.

SMART, HENRY, was born (London, Oct. 25, 1812,) in a musical family, his father, Henry Smart, being a well-known and highly accomplished violinist; and his uncle, Sir George Thomas Smart, not only held the post of Organist to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, but was the most celebrated conductor of his day. Henry Smart received a commission in the Indian Army, but, declining it, was articled to a solicitor, and finally adopted music as his profession, and studied chiefly under Mr. W. H. Kearns; was Organist of the parish church, Blackburn, in Lancashire, 1831-36; also of St. Giles', Cripplegate; of St. Luke's, Old Street, London, 1844-64, and finally at St. Pancras, Euston Road, a post he held at the time of his decease. Although afflicted with blindness, he was a most cheerful and genial companion, active and enthusiastic in his work. As a composer of church music, he obtained a world-wide reputation, his hymn-tunes, services, and anthems having been long recognized as master works. Few composers of this century have equalled Henry Smart in his contributions to the Church of thoroughly pure and elevating hymn-tunes. At the head of his important secular compositions must be placed the Cantata, "The Bride of Dunkerron" (written for and produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1864). which achieved a great success, and which has become since one of the most popular of his secular compositions. He wrote the Oratorio "Jacob"

(1874), and the two beautiful Cantatas, for female voices, "King Rene's Daughter" (1871), and "The Fishermaidens." Mr. Smart seemed to have had a special and very unusual talent in writing for female voices; his compositions in this line are numerous, and among these are the very best of his smaller works. To his excellence as a composer for the organ, upon which he was an able performer, his numerous compositions amply testify. He also devoted much study to the mechanism of the organ, and has designed several of the largest in England, one of them being in the Leeds Town Hall, where he was often seen and heard during the summer evenings. He died, deeply lamented, July 6, 1879.

SMITH, Isaac, Precentor of Alie-street Meeting-house, London, in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He published "A Collection of Psalm Tunes in Three Parts," N.D. (cir. 1770).

SMITH, Samuel, was born at Kendal, in the County of Westmoreland, Aug. 23, 1804; he engaged in mercantile pursuits in Halifax, county of York; but removed to Bradford in 1841, and was Mayor of that city in the years 1852, 1853, 1854. He died at his residence, Warley, near Halifax, July 3, 1873.

SOHR (Sohre or Sohren?), Peter, was in 1668 school-teacher, and in the year 1683 Cantor and Organist at Elbing in Prussia, and died circa 1692.

SPARK, WILLIAM, Mus. D., the son of the late Senior Lay Vicar of Exeter Cathedral, Mr. William Spark; was elected Chorister of the Cathedral in 1834, and was articled to Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley for five years. On the removal of the latter to Leeds, to become Organist and Choirmaster at the Parish Church, he accompanied him. and was soon afterwards elected Master of the boys. In 1842, in addition to his duties as Deputy Organist, he was elected Organist and Choirmaster at Chapeltown Church, near Leeds, afterwards Organist at St. Paul's Church, Leeds. At the close of his term with Dr. Wesley, he was elected Organist and Choirmaster of the Parish Church, Tiverton, Devon; and after that at St. James, after two years service at Daventry in Northants, where he remained four years. On the removal of Dr. Wesley from Leeds to Winchester, in 1850, he was appointed Organist and Choirmaster of the Parish Church of St. George's, Leeds, which post he still holds. He is celebrated as an Organist, and also as a Conductor. "The Organists' Quarterly Journal" has been issued by him since 1869. He was also Editor of "The Practical Choirmaster" for three years, from 1872. He assisted in establishing the College of Organists in London. Among his compositions are the Cantatas "Trust and Triumph," "Ode to Labor," "The Birthday Festival," Anthems, Services, Glees, Part-Songs, Organ Sonatas, Pianoforte Pieces, etc., etc.

SPERATUS (Spretten) The Right Rev. Paul, of noble rank, was born Dec. 14, 1484. He was one of the very first composers of sacred songs in the Protestant Church. On account of his intimacy with Luther he suffered much persecution, but through Luther's friendship he was appointed Court-preacher in Königsberg. Speratus died at Liebmühl on Dec. 17, 1554, as Bishop of Pomerania.

SPOHR, Louis, Ph. D., son of Karl Heinrich Spohr, a physician, was born at Brunswick, April 5, 1784. In 1786 his family removed to Seesen, which has been sometimes erroneously believed to have been his birthplace. As in the case of most other great artists, his musical talent was apparent in his childhood, and the acquisition of a violin when he was five years of age laid the foundation of his future eminence as a performer on that instrument. He was at first intended by his father for the medical profession, but having obtained permission to follow that of music, went to Brunswick, where he studied harmony under Hartung, and the violin under Kunisch and Maucourt. The Duke of Brunswick, who perceived Spohr's talent, gave him a post in the Court orchestra in 1799, and in 1802 placed him for a year under the tuition of Franz Eck, with whom he visited St. Petersburg. In 1805 he became Concertdirector to the Court of Saxe-Gotha, and thenceforward spent a portion of almost every year in artistic tours through various parts of Europe. In 1822 he was appointed Director of the orchestra of the Court Theatre at Cassel, an office which held till 1857, when he retired on a pension, and died at Cassel, Oct. 22, 1859. As a violinist, Spohr was one of the greatest of his time; and as a composer holds a high position, though he cannot, perhaps, be placed in the foremost rank. He cultivated with success almost every species of composition, and produced Operas (of which the principal are Faust, 1813, and Jessonda, 1823), a number of Oratorios and Cantatas, 10 Symphonies, 34 String Quartets, one Pianoforte Sonata, Violin Concertos, and many other works.

STAINER, John, M.A., Mus. D., born June 6, 1840; Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral from 1847-1856; Organist of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, (founded by the Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley) from 1856-1859; Organist at Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1859-1872, and to the University of Oxford, from 1860-1872. Became Mus. Bac. in 1859; B.A., in 1863; Mus. Doc. in 1865; M.A., in 1866; was Examiner for the University of Oxford from 1867-1870; Examiner for University of Cambridge, 1879 and 1880; Examiner for University of London in 1879 and 1880; appointed Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, 1872; a Fellow of the College of Organists; and Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music; one of the Vice-Presidents of the Musical Association; a member of the Board of Musical Studies of the University of Cambridge; a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, etc., etc. Dr. Stainer has attained great celebrity through his compositions for the Church, such as anthems, his service and hymn-tunes. He is one or the most eminent of Organists, and is equally celebrated as a Choirmaster and Conductor.

STATHAM, Francis Reginald, the fourth son of a practising solicitor in Liverpool, was born in February, 1844, and educated for a commercial life. He abandoned commerce for literature, and published among other works, three volumes of poems. Is 1871 he became identified with a religious movement; during that time he contributed to various jcurnals and periodicals. He proceeded in 1877 to Natal, South Africa, where he assumed the editorship of the "Natal Witness;" in December, 1879, undertook the editorship of the "Cape Post" at Capetown. He has

written a "Unison Evening Service (Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis) in E flat," an Advent-Anthem "Rejoice in the Lord," besides hymn-tunes, songs, etc., etc. He is entirely self-taught in musical composition, being a strong believer in the practical usefulness of Dr. Stainer's theories of harmony.

STATHAM, The Rev. W.

- STEGGALL, CHARLES, Mus. D., son of Mr. Robert William Steggall, born in London, June 3, 1826; educated at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was a pupil of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett; appointed a Professor of the Academy in 1851, and took the degree of Doctor in Music at the University of Cambridge in the next year; Organist successively of Christ Chapel, Maida-hill, 1847, and of Christ Church, Paddington, London, 1855; Organist of Lincoln's Inn since 1864.
- STEPHENS, CHARLES EDWARD, Pianist and Organist of the Parish Church at Hampstead, was born in London, March 18, 1821. His teacher in pianoforte playing was Cipriani Potter. He also took lessons on the violin of Blagrove, and in composition of Hamilton. He has written for the Church, three Concert Overtures, one Symphony, besides for the voice and pianoforte.
- STEWART, Sir Robert Prescott, Mus. D., son of Mr. Charles Frederick Stewart, Librarian of the King's Inns, Dublin; born in Dublin, Dec. 16, 1825; educated in the school of Christ Church Cathedral. where he was one of the children of the choir, and became in 1844 the Organist; was appointed in the same year Organist of the Chapel of Trinity College, and in 1852, a Vicar Choral of St. Patrick's Cathedral; took the degree of Doctor in Music at the University of Dublin in 1851, and was appointed University Professor in 1861; received Knighthood in 1872 from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Spencer; has been Conductor to the University of Dublin Choral Society from 1846, and to the Philharmonic Society from 1873. His published works are chiefly Anthems, Services, Glees and Songs.
- STOERL, JOHANN GEORG CHRISTIAN, Kapellmeister and Court-Organist to the Duke of Würtemburg, born 1676 at Kirchberg, in Hohenlohe. He died at Stuttgart in 1743. He wrote a great deal for the Church, both of Motets and Hymn-tunes.
- STRATTNER, GEORG CHRISTOPH, born in Hungary, 1650, member of the Chapel-Choir of the Prince of Durlach, in 1691 Music-Director in Frankfort, afterward Assistant-Director in Weimar, where he died in 1705.
- SULLIVAN, Sir Arthur Seymour, Mus.D., son of Mr. Thomas Sullivan, a native of Cork; born in London, May 13, 1842; was a Chorister in the Chapel Royal; studied music under Sir W. Sterndale Bennett at the Royal Academy of Music, London (where he gained the Mendelssohn Scholarship), and at the Conservatory of Leipzig. Sir Sullivan has published many compositions, both instrumental and vocal, including Symphonies, Overtures, Music to the "Tempest," and to the "Merchant of Venice," "The Light of the World," an Oratorio, produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1873, "The Prodigal Son," an Oratorio, a "Festival Te Deum, composed to celebrate the recovery of the

- Prince of Wales, 1872," Anthems, and numerous Songs. He was musical editor of the new Hymnal published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; was knighted on May 7, A.D. 1883.
- TALLIS, Thomas, born probably about 1520; admitted a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal before the death of Henry VIII (1547); Organist of the Chapel Royal in the reign of Elizabeth; died Nov. 23, 1585, and was buried in the parish church of Greenwich. Tallis may be regarded as the founder of the School of English Church composers. The Intonations and Responses which Merbecke had noted from Gregorian sources, and the Litany of Cranmer were harmonized by Tallis with remarkable ability.
- TAYLOR, James, Mus. Bac., Oxon, born June 25, 1833. Organist to the University of Oxford and of New College; also Conductor of the Oxford Philharmonic Society.
- TESCHNER, Melchior, was Precentor (Cantor) at Frauenstadt in Silesia, circa 1613.
- TOURS, BERTHOLD, born in Rotterdam, Dec. 17, 1838, received musical instructions from his father, Bartholomeus Tours, who was an excellent organist. Berthold lived some years at Brussels and then came to Leipzig, where he studied in the Conservatory, and afterward to London, where, since 1861, he has resided. His most pretentious work is his Morning and Evening Service in F. He is the author of several very fine Anthems and Hymn-tunes. He has written both for the Organ and Piano; also songs both sacred and secular. The Messrs, Novello, Ewer & Co., Publishers, London, entrusted to Mr. Tours the musical editing of several operas, among which are Wagner's Tannhäuser and Lohengrin.
- TREMBATH, Henry Gough, Mus. B., Oxon, born July 29, 1845, in Penzance, Cornwall; became Organist and Choirmaster of St. John's, Truro, Cornwall, in 1863; St. Mary's Parish Church, in 1869, though retaining the St. John's by deputy. In 1874 he became Organist of St. John the Baptist, Woodlands, Isleworth; elected to the Council of College of Organists in 1876; Hon. Local Secretary (Richmond Centre), of Trinity College, London, 1879; won the Lincolnshire prize for composition in 1873, and the College of Organists' prize for the best setting of "Cantate" and "Deus Misereatur" in 1874, which service was performed in St. Paul's Cathedral at the College of Organists' Grand Festival in October, 1874.
- TROYTE, ARTHUR HENRY DYKE, of Huntsham, Devonshire, second son of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., of Killerton, Devonshire; born May 3, 1817; was educated at Harrow School, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1832; died at Bridehead, near Dorchester, June 19, 1857. He assumed the name of Troyte instead of Acland in 1852.
- TURLE, JAMES, son of Mr. James Turle, born at Taunton, March 5, 1802; educated in the Cathedral of Wells; Organist of Christ Church, Surrey, afterwards of St. James', Bermondsey, London; Deputy-Organist of Westminster Abbey from 1819 to 1831, then Organist. Mr. Turle has published many compositions for the church. He edited the Hymnal published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowl-

edge in 1862. Mr. Turle died July 11, 1882. John Frederick Bridge, Mus.D., Oxon, for many years Deputy-Organist, succeeds Mr. Turle as Organist at the Abbey.

TURTON, The Right Rev. Thomas, D.D., born Feb. 25, 1780; educated at Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1805, and became Regius Professor of Divinity in 1827; consecrated Bishop of Ely, 1845; died Jan. 7, 1864.

VULPIUS, Melchior, a prominent composer of Church music—much of which is now obsolete—was born in Wasungen in the district of Henneberg, in Thuringia, circa 1560; became Precentor (Cantor) at Weimar in 1600, which position he held till he died in 1616.

WALMISLEY, THOMAS ATTWOOD, Mus. D., born Jan. 21, 1814. He received his musical education from his father, the Organist of St. Martin's in the Fields, and who is well known as the composer of excellent vocal music. Mr. Walmisley soon became an excellent performer on the Organ, and in 1830 was appointed Organist of Croydon Church. In 1833, when he was only nineteen years of age, he was chosen to fill the important situation as Organist of Trinity and St. John's Colleges at Cambridge; and three years later, on the death of Dr. Clarke Whitfeld, the University bestowed upon him the honorable appointment of the Professorship, which, together with his Organist situations, he held as late as 1839. In 1847 he received at Cambridge the degree of Doctor of Music. Mr. Walmisley has written several prizecompositions, both secular and sacred. Died 1856.

WAINWRIGHT, ROBERT, Mus. D., Oxon, son of John Wainwright, succeeded his father at the Collegiate Church; appointed Organist of St. Peter's, Liverpool, March 1, 1775; composed Oratorios, Anthems, and Services, and was celebrated for the great rapidity of his execution on the organ; died July 15, 1782, aged 34.

WEBBE, jun., Samuel, born in 1740 in Minorca, where his father held a government appointment. His father having died suddenly, leaving his family unprovided for, he was at first apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, but, on the expiration of his indentures, commenced to study music, in which he received his first instruction from Barbandt, Organist of the Bavarian Chapel, London; and afterwards, under circumstances of great difficulty, acquired a considerable in London, 1816. He was distinguished as a composer of Glees, and also wrote Masses, Anthems, Songs, etc.

WEBER, FREDERIC, born Nov. 5, 1819, in the kingdom of Wittemberg, Germany. After being an assistant music-master in a seminary, he accepted a similar position in England in 1841. In 1844 he settled in London, and was appointed Organist of the Hamburg Church. In 1849 he was appointed Organist of Her Majesty's German Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, which place he still fills. He is a prominent music-teacher, and has compiled "The Pianist's Practical Guide to Theoretical Knowledge and Manual Execution," "Church of England Choral Book," and has composed a number of hymnunes in the German choral style; also a number of songs and pieces for the pianoforte, and quite recently a Trio for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, His "Family Singing Book" and "School Singing Book" are well-known and popular. Mr. Weber is an earnestly devoted teacher.

WESLEY, SAMUEL, son of the Rev. Charles Wesley, and nephew of the Rev. John Wesley, born Feb. 24, 1766; celebrated in infancy as a musical prodigy, and rose to eminence in later life; died Oct. 11, 1837.

WESLEY, SAMUEL SEBASTIAN, Mus. D., son of Mr. Samuel Wesley, a distinguished composer and organist, who was a son of the Rev. Charles Wesley; born in London, 1810; was Organist of Hereford Cathedral, 1832, of Exeter Cathedral, 1835, of Leeds Parish Church, 1842, of Winchester Cathedral, 1849, and of Gloucester Cathedral, 1865; was graduated Doctor of Music at the University of Oxford, 1830; died at Gloucester, April 19, 1876. He has published many compositions for the organ, Anthems, Services, and other works, and was editor of the "European Psalmist."

WESTLAKE, FREDERICK, was born Feb. 25, 1840, at Romsey, Hampshire. In January, 1855, he became a student of the Royal Academy of Music, and has been connected with that Institution ever since. He is now Professor of the Pianoforte, and has been a very successful teacher. He has published quite a number of compositions, among which the Duo Concertante for Pianoforte and Violoncello, the Mass in E flat for Voices in Unison, Episodes for the Pianoforte, and a Set of Part Songs, are best known.

WHEALL, WILLIAM, Mus. B., Organist of St. Paul's, Bedford, was graduated at Cambridge, 1719; died 1745.

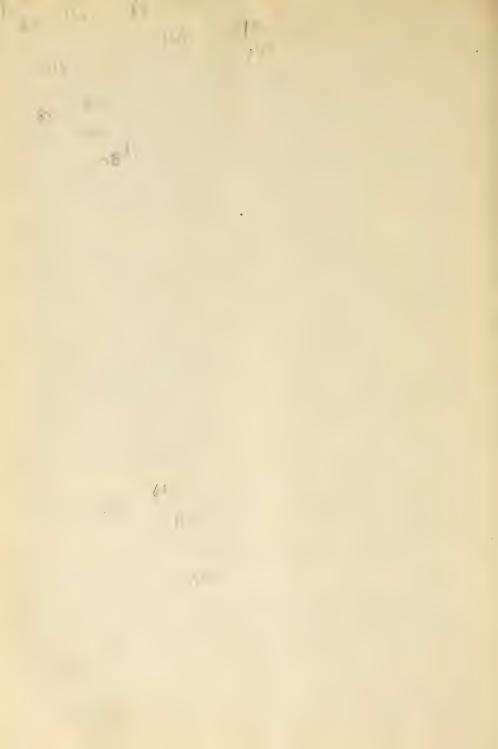
WILKES, J. P.

WILLIAMS, AARON, born 1731; Music-engraver and Publisher; Clerk of the Scotch Church, Londonwall; "Teacher of Psalmody;" died 1776.

WILLING, CHRISTOPHER EDWARD.

WILSON, Hugh, a weaver in Kilmarnock in the early part of this century.

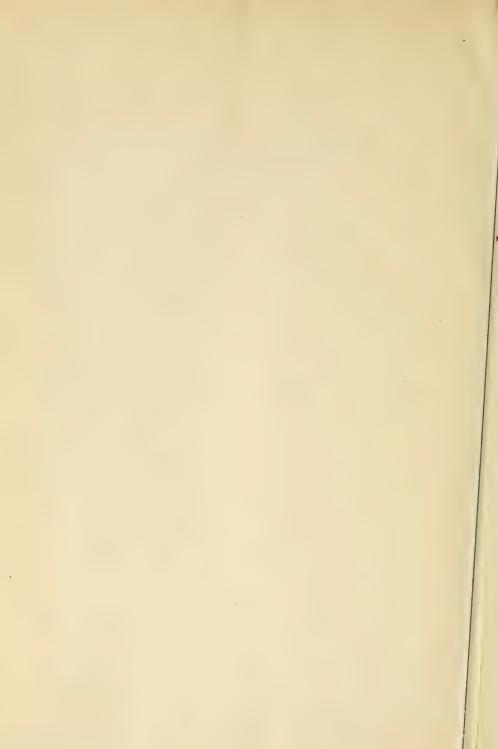
WINN, WILLIAM, born May 8, 1828, Bramham, Yorkshire; appointed in 1855 principal bass at Lincoln's Inn Chapel in place of Mr. J. Alfred Novello, resigned; in 1865 appointed Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal; in 1867 appointed Vicar Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, conducted the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's, on the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his severe illness.

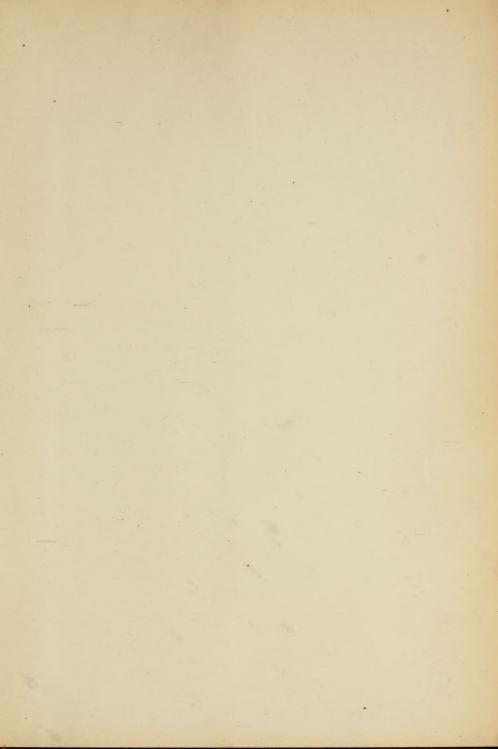














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